



M. V. G. Luche Sculp:

Mr. John Oldham



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M. John Oldham

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THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM,

Together with his

REMAINS.

The Seventh Edition, Corrected.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Dan. Brown*, at the *Black Swan* without
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the *Golden-Ball* over against the *Royal Ex-*
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SATYRS

UPON THE

JESUITS :

Written in the YEAR 1679.

And some other

PIECES

By the same

H A N D.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Dan. Brown, John Nicholson, Benj.
Tooke, and George Strahan, 1710.

SATYRS

UPON THE

RESULTS :

Written in the Year 1579.

And some other

PIECES

By the same

HAND.

LONDON.

Printed for Dan. Brown, John Widdowes, and
John, and George, Stationers, 1770.

Advertisement.

THE Author might here (according to the laudable Custom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Discourse of the Original Progress, and Rules of Satyr, and let him understand, that he has lately read Casaubon, and several other Criticks upon the Point; but at present he is minded to waive it, as a Vanity he is in no wise fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief Account of what he Publishes, in order to prevent what Censures he foresees may colourably be past thereupon: And that is as followeth.

What he calls the Prologue, is in imitation of Persius, who has prefix'd somewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may serve for a pretty good Authority. The First Satyr he drew by Sylla's Ghost in the great Johnson, which may be perceived by some Strokes and Touches therein, however short they come of the Original. In the Second he only followed the Swing of his own Genius. The Design, and some Passages of the Franciscan of Buchanan. Which ingenuous Confession he thinks fit to make, to shew he has more Modesty than the common Padders in Wit of these times. He doubts, there may be some few Mistakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could not inform himself in. If the skilful Reader meet with any such, he may the more easily pardon them upon that Score. Whence he had the hint of the Fourth, is obvious to all, that are any thing acquainted with Horace. And without the Authority of so great a President, the making of an Image speak is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects that some will tax him with Buffoonry, and turning holy things into Ridicule. But let them read, how severely Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, and the gravest Fathers, have rally'd the Fopperies and Superstitions of the Heathen, and then consider whether those, which he has chosen for his Argument, are not as worthy of Laughter. The only difference is, that they

Advertisement.

they did it in *Prose*, as he does in *Verse*, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem (which is the most liable to censure) tho' the World has given it the Name of a Satyr against Vertue, he declares 'twas never designed to that intent, how apt soever some may be to wrest it. And this appears by what is said after it, and is discernable enough to all, that have the sense to understand it: 'Twas meant to abuse those, who valued themselves upon their Wit and Parts, in praising Vice; and to shew that others of sober Principles, if they would take the same Liberty in Poetry, could strain as high Rants in Prophaness as they. At first he intended it not for the Publick, nor to pass beyond the Privacy of two or three Friends; but seeing it had the Fate to steal abroad in Manuscript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledge; he now thinks it a Justice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those faults, which it has suffered from Transcribers, and the Press hitherto, and which make it a worse Satyr upon himself than upon what it was design'd.

Something should be said too of the last Trifle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occasioned upon reading the late Translations of Ovid's Epistles, which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Those being already fore-stall'd, he thought fit to make choice of the same Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much Liberty. Had he seen Mr. Sandys his Translation before he began, he never durst have ventured: Since he has, and finds reason enough to despair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loth to burn it, and chooses rather to give somebody else the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleases, either like it, or put it to the use of Mr. Jordan's Words. 'Tis the first attempt he ever made in this kind, and like enough to be the last, his Vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another way.

SATYRS

UPON THE JESUITS.

PROLOGUE.

FOR who can longer hold? when every *Press*,
The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace?
When every scribbling *Fool* at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen and rises up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?
When all with license *rail*, and who will not,
Must be almost suspected of the *PLOT*,
And bring his *Zeal*, or else his Parts in doubt? }

In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose:
Mistaken honest men, who gravely *blame*,
And hope that gentle *Doctrine* should reclaim.
Are *Texts*, and such exploded Trifles fit
T' impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit*?
Would they the dull old *Fisher-men* compare
With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar*?

Such thread-bare Proofs, and stale *Authorities*
May *U*, poor simple *Hereticks* suffice:

But to a fear'd *Ignatian's* Conscience,
Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
Whose Faith in Contradiction bore, whom Lies,
Nor Nonsense, nor Impossibilities,
Nor Shame, nor Death, nor Damning can assail:
Not these mild fruitless Methods will avail.

'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the sharps of Wit
For such a Prize are th' only Weapons fit:
Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,
Where *Indignation* can create a Muse:

Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very spite
Would make the arrant'st *Wild*, or *Withers* write.

It is resolved: henceforth an endless War,
I and my Muse with them, and theirs declare;
Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor *St. Omer's Dose*,
Nor all that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd, and sworn Revenge deter.

Sooner shall false *Court-Favourites* prove just,
And faithful to their King's and Country's trust:
Sooner shall they detect the Tricks of *State*,
And *Knave*'ry, *Suits*, and *Bribes*, and *Flatt'ry* hate:
Bawds shall turn *Nuns*, *Salt D—s* grow chaste,
And *Paint*, and *Pride*, and *Lechery* detest:
Popes shall for *Kings* *Supremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Hugenots* be try'd:

Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola* and *Hell*
Give o're to Plot, be Villains, and Rebel;

Than

Than I with utmost Spite and Vengeance cease
To prosecute and plague their cursed Race.

The Rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or *proffer'd Lust* deni'd ;
The malice of *Religious* angry *Zeal*,
And all, *cashier'd* *resenting States-men* feel :
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to write
And sell their very Souls to Hell for spite :
All this urge on my rank envenom'd spleen,
And with keen Satyr edge my stabbing Pen :
That its each home-set Thrust their blood may draw,
Each drop of Ink like *Aqua fortis* gnaw.

Red hot with Vengeance thus, I'll brand disgrace
So deep, no time shall e'er the marks deface :
Till my severe and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
More dreaded than the *Bar*, and frighten worse
Than damning *Pope's Anathema's* and Curse.

S A T Y R I.

Garner's Ghost addressing to the Jesuits, met in
private Cabal just after the Murder of God-
frey.

BY Hell 'twas bravely done! what less than
this?

What *Sacrifice* of meaner worth, and price
Could we have offer'd up for our success?

So fare all they, who e'er provoke our hate,
Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate;
Fare each like this bold meddling *Fool*, and be
As well secur'd, as well *dispatch'd* as he:

Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain
His reaking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein?

That were a glorious *Sanction*, much like thine,
Great *Roman*! made upon a like design:

Like thine; we scorn so mean a *Sacrament*,
To seal, and consecrate our high intent,

We scorn base Blood should our great League
cement:

Thou didst it with a slave, but we think good
To bind our Treason with a bleeding God.

Would it were *His* (why should I fear to name,
Or you to hear't?) at which we nobly aim!

Lives yet that hated *Enemy* of our *Cause*?

Lives *He* our mighty Projects to oppose?

Can *His* weak Innocence, and Heaven's Care
 Be thought Security from what we dare?
 Are you then *Jesuits*? are you so for nought?
 In all the *Catholick* depths of Treason taught?
 In *Orthodox*, and solid Pois'ning read?
 In each profounder art of Killing bred?
 And can *you* fail, or bungle in your trade?
 Shall one poor *life* your cowardice upbraid?
 Tame dastard slaves! who your *profession* shame,
 And fix disgrace on your great *Founder's* name.
 Think what late *Sec'taries* (an ignoble Crew,
 Not worthy to be rank'd in sin with you)
 Inspir'd with lofty wickedness, durst do:
 How from his Throne they hurl'd a Monarch down,
 And doubly eas'd him of both Life and Crown:
 They scorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
 In open face of heav'n the work they did,
 And brav'd its vengeance, and its pow'rs defid.
 This is his *Son*, and mortal too, like him,
 Durst you usurp the glory of the crime;
 And dare ye not? I know, you scorn to be
 By such as *they*, out-done in villany,
 Your proper *Province*; true, you urg'd them on,
 Were Engins in the Fact, but they alone
 Shar'd all the open Credit, and Renown.

But hold! I wrong our *Church*, and *Cause*, which
 need

No foreign Instance, nor what others did:
 Think on that matchless *Assassin*, whose name
 We with just Pride can make our happy claim;

He, who at killing of an *Emperour*,
 To give his Poison stronger Force and Pow'r
 Mixt a *God* with't, and made it work more sure:
 Blest memory! which shall through Age to come
 Stand sacred in the Lists of *Hell* and *Rome*.

Let our great *Clement* and *Ravillac's* name,
 Your Spirits to like heights of sin inflame;
 Those mighty *Souls*, who bravely chose to die
 T' have each a *Royal Ghost* their Company.
 Heroick Act! and worth their Tortures well,
 Well worth the suffering of a double Hell,
 That they felt here, and that below they feel.

And if these cannot move you as they shou'd
 Let *me* and *my Example* fire your blood:
 Think on my vast attempt, a glorious deed,
 Which durst the Fates have suffer'd to succeed,
 Had rival'd *Hell's* most proud *exploit*, and *boast*,
 Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of Fates* depos'd.
 Curst be the day, and ne'er in time inroll'd,
 And curst the Star whose spiteful influence rul'd
 The luckless Minute, which my Project spoil'd:
 Curse on the *Pow'r*, who, of himself afraid,
 My glory with my brave design betray'd:
 Justly he fear'd, lest I, who strook so high
 In guilt, should next blow up his Realm, and Sky;
 And so I had; at least I would have durst,
 And failing, had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my bravery in Sin,
 Your work had never thus unfinish'd been:
 Had I been Man, and the great Act to do;
 Had dy'd by this, and been what I am now,
 Or what *His Father* is: I would leap Hell
 To reach *His Life*, tho' in the midst I fell,

And

And deeper than before. —

Let rabble Souls, of narrow aim and reach,
Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach:
Let them with slavish awe (disdain'd by me)
Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,
And think't a sacred Relick of the Sky:
Well may those Fools a base Subjection own,
Vassals to every *Ass*, that loads a Throne:
Unlike the Soul, with which proud I was born,
Who could that sneaking thing a *Monarch* scorn,
Spurn off a Crown, and set my foot in sport
Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.

But say, what is't that binds your hands? do's fear
From such a glorious Action you deter?
Or is't Religion? but you sure disclaim
That frivolous Pretence, that empty Name:
Meer bugbear word devis'd by *Us* to scare
The senseless rout to slavishness and fear,
Ne'er known to awe the brave, and those that dare.
Such weak, and feeble things may serve for checks
To rein, and curb base mettled *Hereticks*,
Dull Creatures, whose nice bogling Consciences
Startle, or strain at such slight Crimes as these;
Such, whom fond inbred Honesty befools,
Or that old musty Piece the *Bible* gulls:
That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our *Foes*,
Whereby they still uphold the tottering Cause.

Let no such Toys mislead you from the Road
Of Glory, nor infect your Souls with good:
Let never bold encroaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy Face to enter there,

No, not in very *Dream*: have only will
 Like *Fiends* and *Me* to covet, and act ill;
 Let true substantial wickedness take place,
 Usurp and Reign; let it the very trace
 (If any yet be left) of good deface,
 If ever qualms of inward Cowardise
 (The things, which some dull sots call Conscience)
 rise,

Let them in streams of Blood and Slaughter drown,
 Or with new weights of Guilt still press 'em down.
 Shame, Faith, Religion, Honour, Loyalty,
 Nature it self, whatever checks there be
 To loose, and uncontrol'd Impiety,
 Be all extinct in you: own no remorse
 But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,
 Or too much pity shewn,—

Be diligent in Mischiefs Trade, be each
 Performing as a *Devil*, nor stick to reach
 At Crimes most dangerous; where bold despair,
 Mad lust, and heedless blind revenge would ne'er
 Ev'n look, march you without a blush, or fear,
 Inflam'd by all the hazards that oppose,
 And firm, as burning *Martyrs* to your *Cause*,

Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be
 Disciples of great *Loyola* and *Me*;
 Worthy to undertake, worthy a *Plot*,
 Like *this*, and fit to scourge a *Huguenot*.

Plagues on that *Name*! may swift confusion
 seize,

And utterly blot out the cursed Race:
 Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom
 Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome* :

Whose

Whose pois'nous Filth, dropt from ingendring
Brain,

By monstrous Birth did the vile *Insects* spawn,
Which now infest each Country, and defile
With their o'erspreading swarms this goodly *Isle*:
Once it was ours, and subject to our Yoke,
Till a late reigning *Witch* th' Enchantment broke:
It shall again, *Hell* and I say't: have ye
But courage to make good the Prophecie:
Not Fate it self shall hinder.—

Too sparing was the time, too mild the Day,
When our great *Mary* bore the *English* sway?
Unqueenlike pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.

Four, or five hundred, such like petty sum
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,
Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,
Or been thought fit t'have been her *Counsellor*,
She should have rais'd it to a nobler score.
Big *Bonfires* should have blaz'd, and shone each day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane, and Street
Thick flaming *Hereticks* should serve to light,
And save the needless Charge of *Links* by night:
Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
Which never should be quench'd, never expire,
But with the Lives of all the *Miscreant rout*,
Till the last gasping Breath had blown it out.

So *Nero* did, such was the prudent Course
Taken by all his mighty Successors,
To tame like *Hereticks* of old by force;

They

They scorn'd dull Reason, and pedantick Rules
 To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:
Racks, Gibbets, Halters, were their Arguments,
 Which did most undeniably convince:
 Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the Dispute,
 And reverend *Bears* their Doctrines did confute:
 And all, who would stand out in stiff defence,
 They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into sense:
 Better than all our *Sorban* *Dotards* now,
 Who would by dint of words our Foes subdue,
 This was the rigid *Discipline* of old,
 Which modern sots for *Persecution* hold;
 Of which dull *Annalists* in story tell
 Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* swell
 With *Martyr'd Fools*, that lost their way to Hell.

From these our *Church's* glorious *Ancestors*
 We've learnt our Arts, and made their Methods ours,
 Nor have we come behind the least degree,
 In acts of rough and manly Cruelty:
 Converting Faggots, and the pow'rful Stake,
 And Sword resistless our *Apostles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
 Were all the num'rous *Profelytes* of *Huss*
 Crush'd with their Head; so *Waldo's* cursed Rout,
 And those of *Wiccliff* here were rooted out, (chose,
 Their names scarce left.—Sure were the means we
 And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the dross
 of those foul *Heretics*, and sovereign *Steel*
 Lopt off th' infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his
 A deed, for which the day deserves its red (deed,
 Far more than for a paltry *Saint* that dy'd:

How

How goodly was the Sight! how fine the show
 When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow
 The blood of *Huguenots*; when the full *Sein*,
 Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o'er-ran!
 He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal
 By parcels and piece-meal; he scorn'd *Retail*
 I'th Trace of Death: whole Myriads dy'd by th'
 great,

Soon as one single Life; so quick their Fate,
 Their very Pray'rs and Wishes came too late.

This a *King* did: and great and mighty 'twas,
 Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r and Place,
 And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause*:
 Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Mac-quire* arose,
 The bold *Mac-quire* (who read in modern Fame,
 Can be a stranger to his Worth, and Name?)
 Born to out-sin a *Monarch*, born to *Reign*
 In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain;
 Dread memory! whose each mention still can make
 Pale *Hereticks* with trembling horror quake,
 T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a crime
 Like his; who would not fall and die like him?
 Never had *Rome* a nobler Service done,
 Never had *Hell*; each day came thronging down
 Vast shoals of Ghosts, and *mine* was pleas'd and glad,
 And smil'd, when it the brave revenge survey'd.

Nor do I mention these great Instances
 For Bounds and Limits to your Wickedness:
 Dare you beyond, something out of the road
 Of all example, where none yet have trod,
 Nor shall hereafter: what mad *Cataline*
 Durst never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign.

Make

Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confess,
 How much a *Christian Crime* can Conquer his:
 How far in gallant mischief overcome,
 The *old* must yield to *new*, and *modern Rome*,
 Mix *Ills* past, present, future, in one Act;
 One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact
 Which *Hell* and *very I* may envy——

Such as a *God* himself might wish to be
 A Complice in the mighty *villany*
 And barter's *Heaven*, and vouchsafe to die,

Nor let delay (the bane of Enterprize)
 Marr yours, or make the great importance miss.
 This *fact* has wak'd your *Enemies*, and their fear;
 Let it your vigor too, your haste and care,
 Be swift and let your deeds forestal intent,
 Forestal ev'n wishes, ere they can take vent,
 Nor give the Fates the leisure to prevent.
 Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap
 Your gath'ring thunder, now with sudden clap,
 Break out upon your *Foes*; dash, and confound,
 And spread a voidless ruin all around.

Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give light;
 You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.
 Do't more effectually; I'd see it glow
 In flames unquenchable as those below.
 I'd see the *Miscreants* with their Houses burn,
 And all together into Ashes turn.

Bend next your fury to the curst *Divan*;
 That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain
 Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.
 Unkennel those *State-Foxes*, where they lie
 Working your speedy Fate, and Destiny.

Lug by the Ears, the doting *Prelates* thence,
 Dash *Hereſie* together with their Brains
 Out of their ſhatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*
 And *Commons* at one ſtroke, and let your Swords
 Adjourn 'em all to th' other World.—

Would I were bleſt with fleſh and blood again,
 But to be Actor in that happy Scene!

Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view,
 Revenge ſhall take its fill, in ſtate I'll go
 With captive *Ghoſts* t' attend me down below.

Let theſe the Handſels of your vengeance be,
 But ſtop not here, nor ſlag in Cruelty.
 Kill like a Plague, or *Inquiſition*; ſpare
 No Age, Degree or Sex only to wear
 A Soul, only to own a Life, be here.
 Thought crime enough to looſe't: no time nor place
 Be Sanctuary from your outrages.
 Spare not in Churches kneeling *Prieſts* at pray'r,
 Tho' interceeding for you, ſlay ev'n there.
 Spare not young *Infants* ſmiling at the Breſt,
 Who from relenting Fools their mercy wreſt:
 Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
 From thence, and drown 'em in their *Mothers* blood.
 Pity not *Virgins*, not their tender Cries,
 Tho' proſtrate at your feet with melting Eyes,
 All drown'd in Tears; ſtrike home as 'twere in *Luſt*,
 And force their begging Hands to guide the Thruſt.
 Ravish at th' Altar, kill when you have done,
 Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one.
 Nor let gray hoary Hairs protection give
 To Age, juſt crawling on the verge of Life:

Snatch

Snatch from its leaning Hands the weak support,
And with it knock't into the Grave with sport;
Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry,
You've kindly rid him of his Misery.

Seal up your Ears to Mercy, lest their Words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords.
(Their Tongues too) down their Throats; let 'em
not dare

To mutter for their Souls a gasping Pray'r,
But in the utterance choak't, and stab it there.
'Twere witty handsom Malice (could you do't)
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.

Make Children by one Fate with Parents die,
Kill ev'n *Revenge* in next Posterity:
So you'll be pester'd with no Orphans cries;
No childless Mothers curse your Memories;
Make Death and Desolation swim in blood
Throughout the *Land*, with nought to stop the *flood*
But slaughter'd Carcasses; till the whole *Isle*
Become one *Tomb*, become one *Fun'ral Pile*:
Till such vast Numbers swell the countless Sum,
That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.

Great was that *Tyrants* wish, which should be
Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin; (mine,
Freely I would bestow't on *England* now, (grow,)
That the whole Nation with one Neck might
To be slic'd off, and you to give the blow. }
What neither *Saxon* Rage could here inflict,
Nor *Danes* more savage, nor the barb'rous *Pill*;
What *Spain* or *Eighty Eight* could e'er devise,
With all its *Fleet* and *freight* of Cruelties;

What

What ne'er *Medina* wish'd, much less could dare,
 And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;
 What may strike out dire Prodigies of old,
 And make their mild, and gentler acts untold;
 What Heav'n's Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
 Foreign Invasions, nor Domestick Wars,
 Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;
 All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.

But why do I with idle Talk delay
 Your hands, and while they should be acting, stay?
 Farewell——

If I may waste a Pray'r for your success,
 Hell be your aid, and your high Projects bless!
 May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,
 That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;
 If any here feel pity or remorse,
 May he feel all, I've bid you act, and worse!
 May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,
 And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell!

May's Name and Carcase rot, expos'd alike to be
 The everlasting Mark of grinning Infamy.

S A T Y R II.

NAY, if our sins are grown so high of late,
 That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate,
 May't please some milder Vengeance to devise,
 Plague, Fire, Sword, Death, or any thing but this:
 Let it rain scalding Show'rs of *Brimstone* down,
 To burn us as of old the *lustful Town*:
 Let a new *Deluge* overwhelm agen,
 And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin:
 Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
 To have this worst of *Ills* remov'd away.
 Judgments of other kinds are often sent
 In mercy only, not for punishment:
 But where these light, they shew a Nation's fate
 Is given up, and past for reprobate.

When God his stock of wrath on *Egypt* spent
 To make a stubborn *Land*, and *King* repent,
 Sparing the rest, had he this one Plague sent;
 For this alone his *People* had been quit,
 And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Profelyte*.

Wonder no longer why no *Curse*, like these,
 Was known or suffer'd in the Primitive Days:
 They never sinn'd enough to merit it, (fit,
 'Twas therefore what Heavens just pow'r thought
 To scourge this latter and more sinful Age
 With all the *dregs*, and *squeefings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit
 For all her loss sustain'd in *Eighty Eight*;

For

For all the *Ills* our Warlike *Virgin* wrought,
Or *Drake*, or *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.
AmPLY was she reveng'd in that one birth, (forth;
When Hell for her the *Biscain* Plague brought
Great Counter Plague! in which unhappy we
Pay back her Sufferings with full Usury:

Than whom alone none ever was design'd
T^entail a wider Curse on Human Kind,
But *he* who first begot us, and first sinn'd:
Happy the World had been, and happy thou,
(Less damn'd at least, and less accurst than now)
If early with less guilt in War th' hadst dy'd,
And from ensuing mischiefs Mankind freed.

Or when thou view'dst the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,
Th' hadst suffer'd there thy brother *Traitor's* doom.
Curst be the womb, that with the *Fire-brand* teem'd,
Which ever since has the whole Globe inflam'd;
More curst that ill aim'd *Shot*, that basely mist,
That maim'd a *Limb*, but spar'd thy hated *Breast*,
And made th' at once a *Cripple* and a *Priest*.

But why this wish; The *Church* if so might lack
Champions, good *Works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*,
These are the *Janizaries* of the *Cause*,
The *Life-Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, chose
To break the force of *Huguenots*, and *Foes*.

The Church's *Hawkers in Divinity*;
Who 'stead of *Lace* and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry:
Rome's Strowlers, who survey each Continent,
Its *Trinkets* and *Commodities* to vent.
Export the *Gospel*, like mere *ware* for sale,
And truck't for *Indigo*, and *Cutchineal*.

As the known *Factors* here, the *Brethren*, once
Swopt *Christ* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.

And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,
And thus by scoffing *Hereticks* defam'd?

They, by whose means both *Indies* now enjoy
The two choice Blessings, *Pox* and *Poper*?

Which buried else in ignorance had been,
Nor known the worth of *Beads* and *Bellarmin*?

It pitied holy *Mother-Church* to see
A World so drown'd in gross *Idolatry*:

It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold
Bad *Errors* and unpardonable *Gold*.

Strange! what a fervent zeal can *Coin* infuse!

What *Charity Pieces of Eight* produce!

So you were chose the fittest to reclaim

The *Pagan* World, and giv't a *Christian* Name.

And great was the success; whole *Myriads* stood

At *Font*, and were baptiz'd in their own blood.

Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn

Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.

Yet these were in Compassion sent to Hell,

The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,

Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship you,

The more inhuman *Devils* of the two.

Rare way and method of *Conversion* this,

To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!

If to destroy, be *Reformation* thought;

A *Plague* as well might the good *Work* have wrought.

Now see we why your *Founder* weary grown

Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;

He found 'twas dull, he found a *Gown* would be

A fitter Case, and Badge of Cruelty.

Each

Each sniv'ling *Hero* Seas of blood can spill,
 When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.
 Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,
 When press'd by *Wine*, or *Punk*, to knock o'th' head :
 Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns
 Prompted by poor Revenge, or Injury, (to be
 But does it of true inbred cruelty :

Your cool, and sober *Murderer*, who prays,
 And stabs at the same time, who one hand has
 Stretch'd up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Pass.

So the late *Saints* of blessed Memory,
 Cut Throats in Godly pure Sincerity :
 So they with lifted Hands, and Eyes devout,
 Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
 Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)
 His bloody Tragedy of old design'd,
 One death alone quench'd his revengeful mind,
 Content with but a quarter of Mankind :
 Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on
 Their savage Cruelty, the rest had gone :
 His hand had sent old *Adam* after too,
 And forc'd the Godhead to create a new. (thought

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but
 Bare sin : 'tis something ev'n to own a fault.

But here the boldest flights of wickedness
 Are stamp'd *Religion*, and for currant pass.
 The Blackest, ugliest, horrid'st, damned'st Deed,
 For which *Hell-flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,
 If done for *Holy Church* is sanctifi'd.

This consecrates the blessed *Work* and *Tool*,
 Nor must we ever after think 'em foul.

To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,
Are thus but petty Trifles venial Things,
Not worth a *Confessor*; nay, Heav'n shall be
It self invok'd t' abet th' impiety.

' Grant, gracious Lord (*Some Reverend Villain prays*)
' That this the bold Assertor of our *Cause*
' May with success accomplish that great end,
' For which he was by thee, and us design'd.
' Do thou t' his Arm and Sword thy strength impart,
' And guide 'em steddy to the *Tyrant's* heart.
' Grant him for every meritorious thrust
' Degrees of bliss above among the Just;
' Where holy *Garnet*, and *S. Guy* are plac'd,
' Whom works like this before have thither rais'd.
' Where they are interceeding for us now;
' For sure they're there. Yes questionless, and so }
Good *Nero* is, and *Dioclesian* too,
And that great antient Saint *Herostratus*,
And that great godly *Martyr* at *Tholouse*.

Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tow'r*,
If you'll be *Canoniz'd*, and Heaven insure.
Dull *primitive Fools* of old! who would be good,
' Who would by virtue reach the blest abode!
Far other are the ways found out of late,
Which Mortals to that happy place translate:
Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,
The chief Ingredients now of *Saintship* are,
And *Tyburn* only stocks the *Calendar*.

Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill fate, or chance
Threw him upon gross times of Ignorance;
Who knew not how to value or esteem
The worth and merit of a glorious crime!

Should

Should his kind Stars have let him acted now,
H'ad dy'd *absolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.

Hear'st thou, great God, such daring blasphemy,
And let'st thy patient Thunder still lie by?
Strike and avenge, lest impious *Atheists* say,
Chance guides the world, and has usurp'd thy sway;
Lest these proud prosperous *Villains* too confess,
Thou'rt senseless, as they make thy Images.
Thou just and sacred Power! wilt thou admit
Such Guests should in thy glorious presence sit?
If Heav'n can with such company dispense,
Well did the *Indian* pray, Might he keep thence.

But this we onely feign, all vain and false,
As their own *Legends, Miracles, and Tales*;
Either the groundless calumnies of spite,
Or idle rants of Poetry and Wit,

We wish they were: but you hear *Garnet* cry,
"I did it, and would do't again; had I
"As much of Bloud, as many Lives as *Rome*
"Has spilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
"As many Souls as Sins; I'de freely stake
"All them and more for *Mother-Churches* sake,
For that I'll stride o're Crowns, swim through a
Flood,

"Made up of slaughter'd *Monarch's* Brains and
Blood.

"For *that* no lives of *Hereticks* I'll spare,

"But reap 'em down with less remorse and care

"Than *Tarquin* did the poppy-heads of old,

"Or we drop beads, by which our prayer's are told,

Bravely resolv'd? and 'twas as bravely dar'd
But (lo!) the Recompence and great Reward,
The *wight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.

Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cause,
A few *red letters*, and some *painted straws*.
Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*,
And play their Souls against no stakes away.

'Tis strange with what an holy impudence
The Villain *caught*, his innocence maintains;
Denies with oaths the fact until it be

Less guilt to own it than the perjury;
By the *Mass* and blessed *Sacraments* he swears,
This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,
And the whole muster-roll in *Calendars*.

Not yet swallow the Falsehood? if all this
Won't gain a resty Faith; he will on's Knees
The *Evangelists* and *Ladie's Psalter* kiss
To vouch the Lye; nay more, to make it good
Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heaven and God,
Damn'd faithless *Hereticks*! hard to convince,
Who trust no Verdict, but dull obvious Sense.
Unconscionable *Courts*, who *Priests* deny
Their *Benefit o'th' Clergy*, Perjury.

Room for the *Martyr'd Saints*! behold they come!
With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom?
Not *Knights o'th' Post*, nor often carted *Whores*
Shew more of Impudence, or less Remorse.

O glorious and heroick Constancy!
That can forswear upon the *Cart*, and die
With gasping Souls expiring in a Lye.
None but tame Sheepish *Criminals* repent,
Who fear that idle Bugbear Punishment;

Your

Your Gallant Sinner scorns that Cowardice,
 The poor regret of having done amiss:
 Brave he, to his first Principles still true,
 Can face Damnation, Sin with Hell in view:
 And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath
 And blow it thither with his dying Breath.
 Dare such as these profess *Religions* Name?
 Who, should they own't, and be believ'd, would
 shame

It's Practice out o'th' World, would *Atheists* make
 Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?
 Is *Heaven* for such, whose Deeds make *Hell* too good,
 Too mild a *Penance* for their cursed Brood?
 For whose unheard of Crimes and damned sake
 Fate must below new sorts of Torture make,
 Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,
 'Twas thought no Guilt like this could thither come.

Base recreant Souls! would you have Kings trust
 you?

Who never yet kept your Allegiance true
 To any but *Hell's Prince*? who with more ease
 Can swallow down most solemn Perjuries
 Than *Bullies* common Oaths and canting Lies?
 Are the *French Harries* Fate so soon forgot?
 Our last blest *Tudar*? or the *Powder-Plot*?
 And those fine Streamers that adorn'd so long
 The *Bridge* and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,
 Were they not stoln, and now for *Relicks* gone?

Think *Tories* loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters*;
 Robb'd *Tygers* gentle; courteous, fasting *Bears*,
Atheists devout, and thrice wrack'd *Mariners*:

Take *Goats* for Chast, and cloyster'd *Marmosites*,
 For plain and open two-edg'd *Parasites*:
 Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stems*,
 And binding *Drunkard Oaths*, and *Strumpet's Vows*:
 And when in them these Contradictions meet,
 Then hope to find 'em in a *Loyalite*:
 To whom, tho' gasping, should I credit give,
 I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.

Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here!
 No Scarecrow frightens like a *Priest-Gelder*:
 Hunt them as *Beavers* are, force them to buy
 Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.
 Or let that wholesome *Statute* be reviv'd,
 Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:
 Tax every *Shire* instead of them to bring
 Each Year a certain Call of *Jesuits* in:
 And let their mangled Quarters hang the *Isle*
 To scare all future Vermin from the Soil.
 Monsters avaunt! may some kind Whirlwind sweep
 Our Land and drown these *Locusts* in the deep:
 Hence ye loth'd Objects of our Scorn and Hate,
 With all the Curses of an injur'd *State*:
 Go foul *Impostors*, to some duller Soil,
 Some easier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile:
 Where your gross common *Gulleries* may pass,
 To slur and top on bubbled *Consciences*:
 Where *Ignorance* and th' *Inquisition* Rules,
 Where the vile Herd of poor *Implicit Fools*
 Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led
 Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank and pay their Guide,
 Go where all your black *Tribe* before are gone,
 Follow *Chastel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,

Your

Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thousands more,
And those, who hence have lately rais'd the Score.
Where the *Grand Traitor* now and all the Crew
of his *Disciples* must receive their Due:

Where Flames and Tortures of Eternal Date
Must punish you, yet ne're can expiate:

Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown Cruelties,
Such as no Wit but yours could ere devise.

No Guilt but yours deserve; make *Hell* confess
It self out-done, its *Devils* damn'd for less.

S A T Y R I I I.

Loyola's Will.

Long had the fam'd *Impostor* found Success,
Long seen his damn'd Fraternities increase,
In Wealth and Power, Mischief and Guile improv'd
By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld and lov'd:
Laden with years, and Sins, and numerous Skars,
Got some i' th' Field, but most in other Wars,
Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
Grown ripe for Hell, and *Roman* Calendar, }
He thinks it worth his Holy Thoughts and Care, }
Some hidden Rules and Secrets to impart,
The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,
Which to his Successors may useful be
In conduct of their future Villany.

Summon'd together, all the Officious Band
 The Orders of their Bed-rid Chief attend;
 Doubtful what Legacy he will bequeath,
 And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:
 With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below
 To meet Commands of their Dread Monarch go.

On Pillow raz'd, he do's their Entrance greet,
 And joys to see the Wif'd Assembly meet:
 They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,
 Then a deep Silence stills th' expecting Croud.
 Like *Delphick* Hag of old by Fiend posselt,
 He swells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Breast,
 His bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-Balls glow,
 And from his Mouth long flakes of Drivel flow:
 Thrice with due Reverence he himself doth cross,
 Then thus his Hellish Oracles disclose.

Ye firm Associates of my great Design,
 Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn
 The faithful Band, whom I, and *Rome* have chose,
 The last Support of our declining Cause:
 Whose Conquering Troops I with Success have led
 'Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head;
 Who e're to the mad *German* owe their Rise,
Geneva's Rebel, or the hot-brain'd *Swiss*;
 Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke,
 And durst throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke:
 You, by whose happy Influence *Rome* can boast
 A greater Empire, than by *Luther* lost:
 By whom wide Nature's far-stretch't Limits now,
 And utmost *Indies* to its Crosier bow:

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cause,
 Maintain our Party, and subdue our Foes:

Kill

Kill Hereſie, that rank and poiſonous Weed,
 Which threatens now the Church to overſpread:
 Fire *Calvin*, and his Neſt of Upſtarts out,
 Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;
 Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more
 The inceſtuous *Monk* of *Wittenburg* adore:
 Make Stubborn *England* once more ſtoop its Crown,
 And Fealty to our Prieſtly Sovereign own:
 Regain our Church's Rights, the *Iſland* clear
 From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
 Plot, enterprize, contrive, endeavour: ſpare
 No toil nor Pains: no death nor danger fear:
 Reſtleſs your Aims purſue: let no defeat
 Your ſprightly Courage and Attempts rebate,
 But urge to freſh and bolder ne're to end
 Till the whole world to our great *Caliph* bend:
 Till he thro' every Nation every where
 Bear ſway, and Reign as abſolute as here:
 Till *Rome* without Controul and Conteſt be
 The Universal Ghottly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would
give,

And let me to that happy Juncture live:
 But 'tis decreed!——at this he pauſ'd and wept,
 The reſt alike time with his Sorrow kept:
 Then thus continued he——Since unjuſt Fate
 Envies my race of Glory longer date;
 Yet, as a wounded General, e're he dies,
 To his ſad Troops, ſighs out his laſt Advice,
 Who tho' they muſt his fatal Abſence moan,
 By thoſe great Leſſons conquer when he's gone;

So I to you my last Instructions give,
 And breath out Counsel with my parting Life:
 Let each to my important words give Ear,
 Worth your Attention, and my dying Care.

First, and the chiefeſt thing by me enjoyn'd.
 The Solemn ſt tie, that muſt your Order bind,
 Let each without demur, or ſcruple pay
 A ſtrict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway:
 To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,
 Altho' a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend ſit there:
 Who e're is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,
 Believe all Vertues with the Place conferr'd:
 Think him eſtabliſh'd there by Heaven, tho' he
 Has Altars robb'd for Bribes the choice to buy,
 Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony:
 Tho' he be Atheiſt, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
 Blaſphemer, Sacrilegious, Perjur'd too:
 Tho' Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,
 What e're Old *Sodom's* Neſt of Lechers were:
 Tho' Tyrant, Traitor, Poiſ'oner, Parricide,
 Magician, Monſter, all that's bad beſide:
 Fouler than Infamy; the very Lees.
 The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-ſhore of Vice:
 Strait count him Holy, Vertuous, Good, Devout,
 Chaſt, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, what not?

Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
 Pow'r to Predeſtinate without his leave:
 None be admitted there, but who he pleaſe,
 Who buys from him the Patent for the Place,
 Hold theſe amongſt the higheſt rank of Saints,
 Whom e're he to that Honour ſhall advance,

Tho'

Tho' here the Refuse of the Jail and Stews,
 Whom Hell it self would scarce for lumber chuse:
 But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worse,
 Whom he, when Gout, or Tiffick Rage, shall curse:
 Whom he in anger Excommunicates
 For *Friday* Meal and abrogating Sprats,
 Or in just Indignation spurns to Hell
 For jeering holy Toe and Pantofle.

What e're he says esteem for Holy Writ,
 And Text Apocryphal if he think fit:
 Let arrant Legends, worst of Tales and Lies,
 Falser than *Capgraves* and *Voragines*,
 Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*,
 If sign'd with Sacred Lead, and Fisher's Seal,
 Be thought Authentick and Cononical.
 Again, if he ordain't in his Decrees,
 Let very Gospel for meer Fable pass:
 Let Right be Wrong, Black White, and Virtue Vice,
 No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:
 Forswear your Reason, Conscience, and your Creed,
 Your very Sense, and *Euclid*, if he bid.

Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,
 To break all God's Commands, than one of his:
 When his great Missions call, without delay,
 Without reluctance readily Obey,
 Nor let your Inmost Wishes dare gainsay:
 Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
 Or farthest Bounds of *Southern* unknown Land,
 Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,
 Thro' Rocks and Dangers, loss of Blood and Lives;
 Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience shown,
 Outstrip his Courage, Glory and Renown;
 Whom

Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Despair,
Nor scorching Heats of Burning Lime could scare :
Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wracks could make re-
From propagating Holy Faith and Gain. (frain

If he but nod Commissions out to kill,
But beckon Lives of Hereticks to spill ;
Let the *Inquisition* rage, fresh Cruelties
Make the dire Engins groan with tortur'd Cries :
Let *Campo Flori* every day be show'd,
With the warm Ashes of the *Lutheran* Brood :
Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters ore,
And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore :
Swifter than Murthering Angels, when they fly
On Errands of avenging Destiny.
Fiercer than Storms let loose, with eager hast,
Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature wast.
Sack, ravish, burn, destroy, slay, massacre,
Till the same Grave their Lives and Names interr.

These are the Rights to our great *Musty* due,
The sworn Allegiance of your Sacred Vow :
What else we in our Votaries require,
What other Gifts next follows to enquire.

And first it will our great Advice besit,
What Souldiers to your Lists you ought admit,
To Natives of the Church and Faith, like you,
The foremost rank of Choice is justly due
'Mongst whom the chiefest place assign to those,
Whose Zeal has mostly Signaliz'd the Cause.
But let not Entrance be to them deni'd,
Who ever shall desert the adverse Side :
Omit no Promises of Wealth and Power,
That may inveigled Hereticks allure :

Those

Those whom great learning, parts, or wit renowns }
Cajole with Hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns, }
Provincialships, and Palls, and Triple Crowns. }
This must a Rector, that a Provost be,
A third succeed to the next Abbacy:
Some Princes Tutors, others Confessors
To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors:
These are strong Arguments, which seldom fail,
Which more than all your weak disputes prevail.

Exclude not those of less desert, decree
To all Revolters your Foundation free:
To all whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Lust,
To Need and Popery shall have reduc'd:
To all, whom slighted Love, Ambition crost,
Hopes often bilk't, and sought Preferment lost,
Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,
Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall Proselite:
Those Powerful Motives, which the most bring in,
Most Converts to our Church and Order win:
Reject not those, whom Guilt and Crimes at home
Have made to us for Sanctuary come:
Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind
Here quick admittance, and safe Refuge find:
Be they from Justice of their Country fled
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons di'd:
No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse,
From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it self broke loose.
By this you shall in Strength and Members grow
And shoals each day to your throng'd Cloysters flow:
So *Rome's* and *Mecca's* first great Founders did,
By such wise Methods make their Churches spread.

When

When shaven Crown, and hallowed Girdle's
Power

Has dubb'd him Saint that Villain was before ;
Enter'd, let it his first Endeavour be
To shake off all remains of Modesty,
Dull sneaking Modesty, not more unfit
For needy flattering Poets, when they writ,
Or trading Punks, than for a *Jesuit* :
If any Novice feel at first a blush,
Let Wine, and frequent converse with the Stews
Reform the Fop, and shame it out of Use ;
Unteach the puling Folly by Degrees,
And train him to a well-bred Shamefulness.
Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,
Accomplish't Mankind's highest Excellence :
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate :
Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
An Ass a Bishop, can vilest Blockheads rear
To wear Red Hats, and sit in *Porphry* Chair.
'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.

Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
How small a Dram does the just Compound make.
As much as is by Crafty *States-men* worn
For Fashion only, or to serve a turn :
To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
Think it enough the empty Form to have :
The outward Show is seemly, cheap and light,
The Substance Cumberfome, of Cost and Weight :
The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,
None, or but few the Thoughts within Descry.
Make't

Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
To stalk behind, and hit your Mark more sure:
A Cloak to cover well hid *Knavery*,
Like it when us'd, to be with ease thrown by:
A shifting Card, by which your Course to steer,
And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer.

Let no nice, holy, Conscientious As
Amongst your better Company find place,
Me and your great Foundation to disgrace:
Let Truth be banish't, ragged Vertue fly,
And poor unprofitable Honesty;
Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray;
To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey:
These lie remote and wide from Interest,
Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *East* from *West*,
Far as they e're were distant from this Brest.

Think not your selves t' Austerities confin'd,
Or those strict Rules which other Orders bind:
To *Capuchins*, *Carthusians*, *Cordeliers*,
Leave Penance, meager abstinence, and Prayers:
In lousie rags let *begging Friars* lye,
Content on straw, or boards to mortifie:
Let them with Sackcloth discipline their Skins,
And scourge them for their madness and their Sins:
Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's starve,
Who from the Liberties of Nature swerve:
Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
And plac't in nastiness and want of Meat:
Live you in *Luxury* and pamper'd *Ease*,
As if whole Nature were your *Caterefs*.
Soft be your Beds, as those, which Monarch's *Whores*
Ly on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperours*:

D

Your

Your *Wardrobes* stor'd with choice of Suits, more
Dear

Than *Cardinals* on High Processions wear:
With Dainties load your Board, whose every Dish,
May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius* Wish,
Each fit a longing *Queen*: let richest *Wines*
With *Mirth* your Heads Inflame, with *Lust* your
Veins:

Such as the Friends of Dying *Popes* would give
For *Cordials* to prolong their gasping Life.

Ner'e let the *Nazarene*, whose Badge and Name
You wear, upbraid you with a Conscious Shame:
Leave him his slighted *Homilies* and *Rules*,
To stuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools*:
Disdain that he and the poor angling *Tribe*,
Should Laws and Government to you prescribe:
Let none of those good Fools your *Patterns* make;
Instead of them the mighty *Judas* take.

Renown'd *Iscaiot*, fit alone to be

Th' Example of our great Society:

Whose daring Guilt despis'd the common *Road*,
And scorn'd to stoop at Sin beneath a God.

And now 'tis time I should *Instructions* give,
What *Wiles* and *Cheats* the Rabble best deceive:

Each *Age* and *Sex* their different *Passions* wear,
To suit with which requires a prudent Care:

Youth is *Capricious*, *Headstrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,
Given to *Lawless* Pleasure, Age to gain:

Old *Wives* in *Superstition* over-grown,

With *Chimny Tales* and *Stories* best are won:

'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to descry,

What several Baits to each you ought apply.

The Credulous, and easie of Belief,
 With *Miracles*, and well fram'd Lies deceive.
 Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud*: drain
 Saint *Francis* and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran*:
 Sooner shall *Popes* and *Cardinals* want Pride,
 Than you a *Stock* of Lies and Legends need.

Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen,
 Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine*:
 How she writ *Billets Doux*, and *Love-Discourse*,
 Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours*:
 How *Hosts* distrest, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
 Which vanquish't *Foes*, and murdered at twelve
 Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles* met, (Score.
 And *Mackril* with Bait of *Doctrine* caught:
 How *Cattle* have *Judicious Hearers* been,
 And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen*:
 How consecrated *Hive* with *Bells* was hung,
 And *Bees* kept *Mass*, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:
 How *Pigs* to th' *Rosary* kneel'd, and *sheep* were
 To bleat *Te Deum* and *Magnificat*: (taught
 How *Fly-Flap* of Church-Censure, Houses rid
 Of *Insects*, which at *Curse* of *Fryer* dy'd:
 How travelling *Saint*, well mounted on a *Switch*,
 Rid *Journies* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch*:
 And ferrying *Cowls Religious Pilgrims* bore
 O're waves without the help of *Sail* or *Oar*.
 Nor let *Xaviers* great *Wonders* pass conceal'd,
 How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Waser* quell'd;
 How zealous *Crab* the sacred *Image* bore,
 And Swam a *Cath'lick* to the distant *Shore*.
 With *Shams* like these the giddy *Rout* misled,
 Their *Folly* and their *Superstition* feed.

'Twas found a good and gainful Art of Old
 (And much it did our Churches Power uphold)
 To feign *Hobgoblins*, *Elves* and walking *Sprites*,
 And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights :
 White Sheets for *Ghosts*, and *Will-a-wisps* have past
 For Souls in *Purgatory* unrelast.
 And Crabs in Church-Yards crawl'd in *Masquerade*,
 To cheat the Parish, and have *Masses* said.
 By this our *Ancestors* in happier Days,
 Did store of Credit and Advantage raise :
 But now the Trade is fall'n, decay'd and Dead,
 Ere since *contagious Knowledge* has or'e-spread :
 With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
 Of *Hecla*, *Patricks hole*, and *Mongibel* ;
 Believ'd no more than Tales of *Troy*, unless
 In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance* like this.
 Henceforth be wary how such things you feign,
 Except it be beyond the *Cape*, or *Line* :
 Except at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Peru*,
 At the *Malucco's*, *Goa*, or *Pegu*,
 Or any distant or *remoter Place*,
 Where they may currant and unquestion'd pass :
 Where never *poching Hereticks* resort.
 To spring the Lye, and make't their *Game* and *Sport*.
 But I forget (what should be *mention'd* most)
Confession, 'our chief Priviledge and *Boast* :
 That Staple ware which ne're returns in vain,
 Ne're balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.
 'Tis this that spies through Court-intrigues, and
Admission to the Cabinets of Kings : (brings
 By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,
 And make our *Foot-stools* of their *Thrones* and *Necks* :
 Give

Give 'em *Commands*, and if they *Disobey*,
 Betray 'em to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey:
 Hound the Officious Curs on Hereticks,
 The Vermin which the Church infest and vex:
 And when our turn is serv'd, and Business done,
 Dispatch 'em for Reward, as useless grown:

Nor are these half the Benefits and Gains,
 Which by wise Manag'ry accrue from thence:
 By this w' unlock the Misers hoarded Chests,
 And Treasure, though kept close as States-mens
 Breasts:

This does rich Widows to our Nets decoy,
 Let us their Jointures, and themselves enjoy:
 To us the Merchant does his Customs bring,
 And pays our Duty tho' he cheats his King:
 To us Court-Ministers refund, made great
 By Robbery and Bankrupt of the State:
 Ours is the Souldiers Plunder, Padders Prize,
 Gabels on Lechery, and the Stews Excise:
 By this our Colledges in Riches shine,
 And vye with *Becket's* and *Loretto's* Shrine.

And here I must not grudge a word or two
 (My younger Vot'ries) of Advice to you:
 To you whom Beautie's Charms and generous Fire
 Of boiling Youth to sports of Love inspire:
 This is your Harvest, here secure and cheap
 You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap:
 Riot in free and uncontroul'd Delight,
 Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite.
 Taste every dish of Lust's variety,
 Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,
 With Bribes and Bishopricks, and Simony.

But this I ever to your care commend,
 Be wary how you openly Offend:
 Let scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our shame,
 And fix disgrace on the great Order's fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs
 To ease the burthens of her Sins and Cares;
 When youth in each, and privacy conspire
 To kindle wishes, and befriend desire;
 If she has Practis'd in the Trade before,
 (Few else of Profelytes to us brought o're)

Little of Force, or Artifice will need
 To make you in the victory succeed:
 But if some untaught Innocence she be,
 Rude, and unknowing in the mystery;
 She'l cost more labour to be made comply.

Make her by Pumping understand the sport,
 And undermine with secret trains the Fort.
 Sometimes, as if you'd blame her gaudy dress,
 Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace;
 Find Opportunity her Breasts to Press:

Oft feel her Hand, and whisper in her ear,
 You'l find the secret marks of lewdness there:
 Sometimes with naughty sence her blushes raise,
 And make 'em guilt, she never knew, confess:
 " Thus (may you say) with such a leering smile,
 " So Languishing a look your hearts beguile:
 " Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens speak,
 " These Signs deny, these Assignations make:
 " Thus 'tis you clip, with such a fierce embrace
 " You clasp your Lover to your Breast and Face;

" Thus

" Thus are your hungry lips with Kisses cloy'd,
 " Thus is your Hand, and thus your Tongue employ'd.

Ply her with talk like this; and, if sh' incline,
 To help devotion give her *Aretine*
 Instead 'oth' Rosary: never despair,
 She, that to such discourse will lend an Ear,
 Tho' chaster than cold cloyster'd Nuns she were,
 Will soon prove soft and pliant to your use,
 As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let loose.
 Credit experience; I have tri'd 'em all,
 And never found th' unerring methods fail:
 Not *Ovid*, tho' 'twere his chief Mastery,
 Had greater Skill in these *Intrigues*, than I:
 Nor *Nero's* learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe
 What choice Records of Lust are extant now.
 This heretofore, when youth, and sprightly *Blood*
Ran in my Veins, I tasted and enjoy'd:
 Ah those blest days!—(here the old Lecher smil'd,
 With sweet remembrance of past pleasures fill'd)
 But they are gone! Wishes alone remain,
 And Dreams of Joy ne're to be felt again:
 To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
 To whom this counsel and advice I give.

But the dear mention of my gayer days
 Has made me farther, than I would, digress:
 'Tis time we now should in due place expound,
 How guilt is after shrift to be atton'd:
 Enjoyn no *sow'r Repentance*, *Tears* and *Grief*;
 Eyes weep no cash, and you no profit give:
 Sins, tho' of the first rate, must punish'd be,
 Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality:

The Poor, whose purse cannot the Penance bear,
 Let whipping serve, bare-feet, and shirts of hair:
 The richer Fools to *Compostella* send,
 To *Rome*, *Monferrat*, or the *Holy Land*:
 Let Pardons, and th' Indulgence-Office drain
 Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope's* with gain:
 Make 'em build Churches, Monasteries found,
 And dear bought Masses for their crimes compound.

Let Law and Gospel rigid precepts set,
 And make the paths to bliss rugged and strait:
 Teach you a smooth and easier way to gain
 Heav'n's joys, yet sweet and useful sin retain:
 With every frailty, every lust comply,
 T' advance your Spiritual Realm and Monarchy:
 Pull up weak Vertue's fence, give scope, and space,
 And *Purlieus* to *out-lying Consciences*:
 Shew that the Needle's eye may stretch, and how
 The largest *Camel-vices* may go thro'.

Teach how the *Priest Pluralities* may buy,
 Yet fear no odious Sin in Simony,
 While Thoughts and *Ducats* well directed be:
 Let Whores adorn his exemplary life,
 But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.
 Sooth up the *Gaudy Atheist*, who maintains
 No Law, but Sense, and *owns no God* but *Chance*.
 Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boistrous Ruffin* tell,
 He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honour kill:
 Bid *Strumpets* persevere, absolve 'em too,
 And take their dues in kind for what you do:
 Exhort the painful and industrious *Bawd*
 To *Diligence* and *Labour* in her Trade:

Nor think her innocent Vocation ill,
 Whose incomes do's the sacred Treasure fill :
 Let Griping Usurers Extortion use,
 No Rapine, Falshood, Perjury refuse,
 Strick at no Crime, *which covetous Popes would scarce*
Act to enrich themselves and Bastard-Heirs :
 A small Bequest to th' Church can all attone,
 Wipes off all scores, and Heav'n and all's their own.
 Be these your *Doctrines*, these the *Truths* you preach, }
 But no forbidden Bible come in reach, }
 Your *Cheats* and *Artifices* to *Impeach*. }
 Lest thence lay-Fools *Pernicious knowledge* get,
 Thro' off Obedience, and your Laws forget :
 Make 'em believe 't a spell more dreadful far
 Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar*.
 Happy the time, when th' unpretending Crowd
 No more than I, its Language understood.
 When the worm-eaten Book, link'd to a chain,
 In dust lay moulding in the *Vatican* ;
 Despisd, neglected, and forgot, to none,
 But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known :
 Then in full pow'r our *Sovereign Prelate* sway'd,
 By *Kings* and all the *Rabble-World* Obey'd :
 Here humble *Monarch* at his feet kneel'd down,
 And begg'd the Alms and Charity of a Crown :
 There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
 Poor Scepter'd slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side :
 None, tho' in thought, his Grandure durst blaspheme,
 Nor in their very sleep a *Treason Dream*.

But since the broaching that mischeivous Piece,
 Each *Alderman* a *Father Lumbard* is :

And

And every Cit dares impudently know
 More than a Council, *Pope* and *Conclave* too.
 Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the crew
 Of former Crawling Sects that poison drew:
 Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,
 We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:
 Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare
 About him that unlawful Weapon wear;
 But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
 The dangerous Works of that old *Lollard*, *Paul*;
 That arrant *Wickliffist*, from whom our Foes
 Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cause;
 Would he in his first Years had Martyr'd been,
 Never *Damascus* nor the Vision seen;
 Then he our Party was, stout, vigorous,
 And fierce in chase of Hereticks like us:
 Till he at length by th' Enemies seduc'd,
 Forsook us, and the hostile side espous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* mist his aims,
 These holy Shreds had all consum'd in flames:
 But since th' immortal Lumber still endures,
 In spite of all his industry and ours;
 Take care at least it may not come abroad,
 To taint with catching Heresie the Crowd:
 Let them be still kept low in sense, they'l pay
 The more respect, more readily obey.
 Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts dis-
 A bounteous and abundant Ignorance, (pense
 That they may never swerve, nor turn awry
 From sound and orthodox Stupidity.

But these are obvious things, easie to know,
 Common to every *Monk* as well as you;

Greater.

Greater Affairs and more important wait
To be discuss'd, and call for our debate:
Matters that depth require, and well besit
Th' Address and Conduct of a *Jesuit*. (Throne,
How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what shakes a
How the first seeds of Discontent are sown
To spring up in Rebellion; how are set
The secret snares that circumvent a State:
How bubbled Monarchs are at first beguil'd,
Trapann'd, and gull'd, at last depos'd, and kill'd.

When some proud Prince, a Rebel to our
For disbelieving Holy Churches Creed, (Head,
And *Peter-pence* is Heretick decree'd;
And by a solemn and unquestion'd Pow'r
To Death, and Hell, and You, deliver'd o're:
Chuse first some dext'rous Rogue, well tri'd and
known,

(Such by Confession your Familiars grown;)
Let him by Art and Nature fitted be
For any great and gallant Villany,
Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,
Which deepest Casuists in their searches miss;
Watchful as Jealousie, wary as Fear,
Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,
But close as plotting Fiends in Council are. }
To him in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,
The worth and merit of the Deed propound:
Tell of whole Reams of Pardon new come o're,
Indies of Gold, and Blessings endless store:
Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,
And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom;

And

And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn
 On Factors there, and at first sight paid down.
 With Arts and Promises like these allure,
 And make him to your great design secure.

And here to know the sundry ways to kill,
 Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel* :
 Dull *Northern* Brains in these deep Arts unbred,
 Know nought but to cut Throats or knock o'th'
 No flight of Murder of the subtil'st shape, (Head.
 Your busie search and observation scape :
Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,
 And juggling steals away a Life unseen :
 How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,
 And creep insensibly by Touch or Scent :
 How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle Pomel may
 An unperceiv'd but certain Death convey ;
 Above the reach of Antidotes, above the pow'r
 Of the fam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.
 What e're is known to quaint *Italian* spite,
 In studied Pois'ning skill'd and exquisite :
 What e're great *Borgia* or his *Sire* could boast,
 Which the Expence of half the Conclave cost.

Thus may the business be in secret done,
 Nor Authors, nor the Accessaries known,
 And the flurr'd guilt with ease on others thrown,
 But if ill Fortune should your Plot betray,
 And leave you to the rage of Foes a prey ;
 Let none his Crime by weak confession own,
 Nor shame the Church, while he'd himself attone.
 Let varnish'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocrisies,
 Pretended Holiness, and useful Lies,
 Your well-dissembled Villany disguise.

A thousand wily Turns and Doubles try,
To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry :
Cog, sham, outface, deny, equivocate,
Into a thousand shapes your selves translate :
Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
“ Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are
Forswear upon the Rack, and if you fall, (caught :
Let this great comfort make amends for all,
Those whom they damn for Rogues next Age shall
Made Advocates i'th' Churches Litany. (see

Who ever with bold Tongue or Pen shall dare
Against your Arts and Practices declare ;
What Fool shall e're presumptuously oppose,
Your holy Cheats and godly Frauds disclose,
Pronounce him Heretick, Firebrand of Hell,
Turk, Jew, Fiend, Miscreant, Pagan, Infidel ;
A thousand blacker Names, worse Calumnies,
All Wit can think, and pregnant Spite devise :
Strike home, gash deep, no Lies nor Slanders spare ;
A Wound, though cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Those whom your Wit and Reason can't decry,
Make scandalous with Loads of Infamy :
Make *Luther* Monster, by a Fiend begot, (Foot :
Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven
Make Whoredom, Incest, worst of vice and shame,
Pollute and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.
Tell how strange Storms usher'd his fatal end,
And Hells black Troops did for his Soul contend.

Much more I had to say ; but now grow faint,
And strength and spirits for the Subject want :
Be these great Mysteries I here unfold,
Amongst your Order's Institutes enroll'd :

Pre-

Preserve them sacred, close and unreveal'd;
 As ancient *Rome* her *Sybil's* Books conceal'd.
 Let no bold Heretick with sawcy eye
 Into the hidden unseen Archives pry;
 Lest the malicious flouting Rascals turn
 Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn.
 Let never Rack or Torture, Pain or Fear,
 From your firm Breasts th' important Secrets tear:
 If any treacherous Brother of your own
 Shall to the World divulge and make them known,
 Let him by worst of Deaths his Guilt atone.
 Should but his Thoughts or Dreams suspected be,
 Let him for safety and prevention die,
 And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secresie.

But one thing more, and then with joy I go,
 Nor as a longer stay of Fate below:
 Give me again once more your plighted Faith,
 And let each seal it with his Dying Breath:
 As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore
 The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and swore
 Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r:
 Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the same)
 An endless Hatred to the *Lutheran* Name:
 Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,
 Or Truce, or Commerce with the cursed Race:
 Now through all Age, when Time or Place foe're
 Shall give you pow'r, wage an immortal War:
 Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your selves survive,
 And in your very Dust and Ashes live.
 Like mine, be your last Gasp their Curse—— At this
 They kneel, and all the Sacred Volumn kiss;

Vowing

Vowing to send each year an Hecatomb
Of *Huguenots*, an Offering to his Tomb.

In vain he would continue ——— Abrupt Death
A Period puts, and stops his impious Breath :
In broken Accents he is scarce allow'd
To falter out his Blessing on the Crowd.

Amen is echo'd by Infernal Howl,
And scrambling Spirits seize his parting Soul.

S A T Y R I V.

S. Ignatius his Image brought in, discovering the
*Rogueries of the Jesuits, and ridiculous Super-
stition of the Church of Rome.*

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
Thrown out a Pissing-post for every Dog:
The Workman yet in doubt what course to take,
Whether I'd best a Saint or Hog-trough make,
After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,
And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent :
And well I may resemble him, for he
As stupid was, as much a Block as I.
My right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand,
To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustain'd.
My Sword and Souldiers Armour here had been,
But they may in *Monferrats* Church be seen :

Those

Those theré to *blessed Virgin* I laid down
 For Cassock, Surcingle, and shaven Crown,
 The spiritual Garb in which I now am shown.

With due Accoutrements and fit disguise
 I might for Centinel of Corn suffice :
 As once the well-hung *God* of old stood guard,
 And the invading Crows from Forrage scar'd.
 Now on my Head the Birds their Reliques leave,
 And Spiders in my mouth their Arrows weave :
 And persecuted Rats oft find in me
 A Refuge and Religious Sanctuary.
 But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e're
 The *Inquisition* and its vengeance fear,
 I charge stand off, at peril come not near :
 None at twelve score untruss, break wind, or piss ;
 He enters *Fox* his Lifts that dares transgress :
 For I'm by Holy Church in reverence had,
 And all good Catholick Folk implore my aid.

These Pictures which you see my Story give,
 The Acts and Monuments of me alive :
 That Frame wherein with Pilgrims weeds I stand,
 Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land*.
 This me and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,
 When I for Grant of my great Order come,
 There with Devotion rapt I hang in Air,
 With Dove (like *Mahomets*) whisp'ring in my ear.
 Here *Virgin* in Galesh of Clouds descends,
 To be my safeguard from assaulting Fiends.

Those Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,
 My great Atchievements since my death proclaim :
 Pox, Ague, Dropsie, Palsie, Stone, and Gout,
 Legions of Maladies by me cast out,

More

More than the *College* know, or ever fill
 Quacks Wiping-paper, and the Weekly Bill.
 What *Peter's* shadow did of old, the same
 Is fancied done by my all-powerful Name;
 For which some wear't about their Necks, and Arms,
 To guard from Dangers, Sicknesse, and Harms,
 And some on Wombs the Barren to relieve,
 A Miracle I better did alive.

Oft I by crafty *Jesuit* am taught
 Wonders to do, and many a Juggling Feat:
 Sometimes with Chafing-dish behind me put,
 I sweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-House shut,
 And drip like any Spitch-cock'd *Huguenot*:
 Sometimes by secret Springs I learn to stir,
 As Paste-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire:
 Then I *Tradescan's* Rarities out-do,
 Sands Water-works, and *German* Clock-work too,
 Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew*.
 Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Priest
 Instead of a Familiar posselt.
 The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
 And cause Amazement in the gaping Rout.
 Such Holy Cheats, such *Hocus* Tricks as these,
 For Miracles amongst the Rabble pass.
 By this in their esteem I daily grow,
 In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.
 This draws each Year vast Numbers to my Tomb,
 More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.
 This brings each Week new Presents to my Shrine,
 And makes it those of *India* Gods out-shine.
 This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Cross,
 Another massie Candlesticks bestows.

E

Some

Some Altar-cloaths of costly work and price,
 Plush, Tissue, Ermin, Silks of noblest Dies;
 The *Birth* and *Passion* in Embroideries:
 Some Jewels, rich as those, th' *Ægyptian* Punk
 In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk;
 Some offer gorgeous Robes, which serve to wear
 When I on Holy Days in state appear;
 When I'm in pomp on high Processions shown,
 Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.
Lucullus could not such a Wardrobe boast,
 Less those of Popes at their Election cost;
 Less those, which *Sicily's* Tyrant heretofore
 From plunder'd Gods and *Joves* own Shoulders tore
 Hither as to some Fair, the Rabble come,
 To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome*;
 Where Priests, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear
 T' expose the Fripp'ry of their hallow'd Ware:
 This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,
 The Shop where all their staple Drugs are made;
 Prescriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain,
 All from the Church Dispensatories ta'en.

The Pope's Elixir, Holy Waters here,
 Which they with Chymick Art distill'd prepare:
 Choice above *Goddard's* Drops, and all the Trash
 of modern Quacks; this is that sovereign Wash
 For fetching Spots, and Morpew from the Face,
 And scowring dirty Cloaths and Consciences.
 One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray
 The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara*:
 This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire* Drum
 And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.

That Vessel consecrated Oyl contains,
Kept Sacred, as the fam'd *Ampoule* of *France*;
Which some profaner *Hereticks* would use
For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, of Boots, and Shoos,
This makes the Chrism, which mix'd with Snot of
Priests,

Anoint young Cath'licks for the Churches lists:
And when they're crost, confest, and die; by this
Their lanching Souls slide off to endless Bliss:
As *Lapland* Saints, when they on Broomsticks fly,
By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,
And safe Repository of their God.

A Cross is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,
And Flies which would the Deity bespite;
And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,
And to lew'd Scoffers cause of Scandal give.

Here are perform'd the Conjurings and Spells;
For Christning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers
Bells;

For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and
Bawms,

Shrines, Crosses, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs:
Of wondrous Virtue all (you must believe)

And from all sorts of Ill preservative;
From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,
Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and Devil and all,
Here Beads are blest, and *Pater-nosters* fram'd,
By some the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)

Which of their Pray'rs and Oraisons keep tale,
Lest they and Heav'n should in the reck'ning fail.

Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,
Are by Priests Breath perfum'd and Sanctifi'd ;
Made some of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow some,
A Gift, which *Irish Emma* sent to *Rome* :

For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
She's now amongst her Country Saints inroll'd.
Here holy Banners are reserv'd in store,
And Flags, such as the fam'd *Armado* bore :
And hallow'd Swords and Daggers kept for use,
When resty Kings the Papal Yoke refuse ;
And consecrated Rats-bane to be laid

For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade.

But that which brings in most of Wealth and
Gain,

Does best the Priests swoln Tripes, and Purfes
strain ;

Here they each week their constant Auctions hold
Of Reliques, which by Candles Inch are sold :

Saints by the dozen here are set to sale,
Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.
Hither are Loads from empty Channels brought,
And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought ;
Which serve for Retail through the World to vent,
Such as of late were to the *Savoy* sent :

Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets shorn,
And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn ;
Like those, which some old Hag at midnight steals,
For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,
Are past for Sacred to the cheapning Rout ;
And worn on Fingers, Breasts, and Ears about.

This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit
Of good *St. George*, *St. Patrick*, or *St. Kit*.

These

These Locks *S. Bridget's* were, and those *S. Clare's*;
Some for *S. Catharine's* go, and some for *her's*
That wip'd her *Saviour's* feet, wash'd with her
Tears.

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here
Those which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.
Here may you the grand Traitor's Halter see,
Some call't the Arms of the Society:
Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his, not,
That was embezl'd by the *Huguenot*.
Here *Garnet's* Straws, and *Becket's* Bones, and Hair,
For murd'ring whom, some Tails are said to wear;
As Learned *Capgrave* does record their Fate,
And faithful *British* Histories relate.
Those are *S. Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,
Strangely preserv'd, and kept alive till now:
That's the fam'd *Wildefort's* wondrous Beard,
For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant spar'd;
Yon is the *Baptist's* Coat, and one of's Heads,
The rest are shewn in many a place besides;
And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,
As on their Belts Six Operators wear.
Here Blessed *Mary's* Milk, not yet turn'd sour,
Renown'd (like *Asses*) for its healing Pow'r,
Ten *Holland* Kine scarce in a Year give more.
Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
Fellow to that, which once reliev'd *Poitiers*:
Besides her *Husbands* Utensils of Trade,
Wherewith some prove, that Images were made.
Here is the Soldier's Spear, and Passion-Nails,
Whose quantity would serve for building *Pauls*:

Chips, some from Holy Crofs, from *Tyburn* some,
 Honour'd by many a *Jesuit's* Martyrdom:
 All held of special, and mirac'lous Pow'r,
 Not *Tabor* more approv'd for Agues Cure:
 Here Shoos, which, once perhaps at *Newgate* hung,
 Angl'd their Charity, that pass'd along,
 Now for St. *Peter's* go, and th' Office bear
 For Priests, they did for lesser Villains there.

These are the Fathers Implements, and Tools,
 Their gawdy Trangums for inveigling Fools:
 These serve for Baits the simple to ensnare,
 Like Children sprited with Toys at Fair.

Nor are they half the Artifices yet,
 By which the Vulgar they delude and cheat:
 Which should I undertake much easier I,
 Much sooner might compute what Sins there be
 Wip'd off, and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*.

What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,
 Or Vices treated on by *Escobar*:
 How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,
 Or greater numbers by Confession made.

One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell
 The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of Hell;
 How far, and wide th' Infernal Monarch reigns,
 How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains:
 Who are his Ministers pretends to know,
 And all their several Offices below:
 How many Chaudrons he each year expends
 In Coals for roasting *Huguenots*, and Fiends:
 And with as much exactness states the Case,
 As if h'ad been Surveyor of the Place.

Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,
 Of wild *Chimera's Limbo's Purgatories*,
 And bloated Souls in smoaky durance hung,
 Like a *Westphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue,
 To be redeem'd with Masses, and a Song.
 A good round Sum must the Deliv'rance buy,
 For none may there swear out on poverty.
 Your rich, and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,
 No *Fleet*, or *King's-bench* Ghosts are thence releas'd.

A third, the wicked, and debauch'd to please,
 Cries up the virtue of Indulgences,
 And all the Rates of Vices do assess;
 What Price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,
 And Customs for each Sin imported there:
 How you at best advantages may buy
 Patents for Sacrilege, and Simony.
 What Tax is in the Lech'ry Office laid
 On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the
 Trade:

What costs a Rape, or Incest, and how cheap
 You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep;
 How easie Murder may afforded be
 For One, Two, Three, or a whole Family;
 But not of *Her'ticks*; there no Pardon lacks,
 'Tis one o'th' Churches meritorious Acts.

For Venial Trifles, less and slighter Faults,
 They ne'er deserve the Trouble of your Thoughts.
 Ten *Ave Marias* mumbled to the Cross,
 Clear Scores of twice ten thousand such as those:
 Some are at sound of Christen'd Bell forgiven,
 And some by squirt of Holy Water driven:

Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,
As Men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.

But nothing with the Crowd does more enhance
The Value of these holy *Charlatans*,
Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view,
Where spiritual Jugglers their chief Mast'ry shew:
Hey Jingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis Bread you see;
Presto be gone! 'tis now a Deity. (Priest,
Two Grains of Dough, with Cross, and stamp of
And five small words pronounc'd, make up their
Christ.

To this they all fall down, this all adore,
And strait devour what they ador'd before;
Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,
To be digested, and at length beshit:
From Altar to Close-Stool, or Jake preferr'd,
First Wafer, than a God, and then a——

'Tis this that does th' astonish'd Rout amuse,
And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse:
To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight
His Maker make, create the Infinite.
None boggles at th' impossibility;
Alas, 'tis wondrous Heavenly Mystery!
None dares the Mighty God-maker blaspheme,
Nor his most open Crimes, and Vices blame:
Saw he those hands that held his God before,
Strait grope himself, and by and by a Whore;
Should they his aged Father kill, or worse,
His Sisters, Daughters, Wife, himself to force.

And here I might (if I but durst) reveal
What pranks are plaid in the Confessional:

How

How haunted Virgins have been dispossess'd,
 And Devils were cast out to let in Priest:
 What Fathers act with Novices alone,
 And what to Punks in shrieking Seats is done;
 Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessor,
 To clear old Debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.
 Oft have I seen these hallow'd Altars stain'd
 With Rapes, those Pews with Buggeries profan'd:
 Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Bawd,
 Of note, and long experience in the Trade,
 Has more, and fouler Scenes of Lust survey'd.
 But I these dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,
 For fear I should the Inquisition feel.
 Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,
 Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies,
 Their Cringings, Crossings, Censings, Sprinklings,
 Christs,
 Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorcisms;
 Their Motly Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,
 Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, & Cowls,
 Should I tell all their several Services,
 Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries;
 Their solemn Poms, their Pageants, and Parades,
 Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades,
 With thousand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more;
 'Twould swell the sum to such a mighty score,
 That I at length should more voluminous grow,
 Than *Crab*, or *Surius*, lying *Fox*, or *Stow*.

Believe what e'er I have related here,
 As true, as if 'twere spoke from *Porph'ry* Chair.
 If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,
 Let worst of Fates attend me, let me be

Pist

Pist on by Porter, Groom, and Oyfter-whore,
Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-shore :
Or make next Bonfire for the Powder-Plot,
The sport of every sneering Huguenot.

There like a Martyr'd Pope in flames expire,
And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

Ande

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*—Juven. Sat.

O D E.

I.

NOW Curses on you all! ye vertuous Fools }
Who think to fetter free-born souls, }
And tie e'm to dull Morality and Rules.. }

The Sagarite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of learned Ideots, who his steps pursue ;
And those more silly Profelytes, whom his fond
Precepts drew. (drown'd,

Oh had his Ethicks been with their wild Author
Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found.
Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,
And made by unjust Flames expire :

They ne'er had then seduc'd Morality,
Ne'er lasted to debauch'd the World with their lewd
Pedantry,
But damn'd and more (if Hell can do't) be that
thrice cursed Name,

Who e'er the Rudiments of Law design'd,
Who e'er did the first Model of Religion frame,
And by that double Vassalage enthrall'd Mankind,
By nought before, but their own Pow'r or Will
confin'd :

Now quite abridg'd of all their Prim'tive Liberty,
And slaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.

More

More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of Sense
 And ne'er from their first Charter swerve, (observe,
 Happy whose lives are meerly to enjoy, (annoy.
 And feel no stings of Sin, which may their bliss
 Still unconcern'd as Epithets of Ill, or Good,
 Distinctions unadulterate Nature never understood.

II.

Hence hated Virtue from our goodly Isle,
 No more our Joys beguile;
 No more with thy loath'd presence plague our happy state, (or great,
 Thou enemy, to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave,
 Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,
 To some unfruitful, unfrequented Land,
 And there an Empire gain,
 And there extend thy rigorous command:
 There where illib'ral Nature's niggardise
 Has set a Tax on Vice.
 Where the lean barren Region does enhance
 The worth of dear intemperance,
 And for each pleasurable sin exacts excise.
 We (thanks to Fate) more cheaply can offend,
 And want no tempting Luxuries,
 No good convenient sinning opportunities,
 Which Nature's Bounty could bestow, or Heaven's
 kindness lend.
 Go follow that nice Goddess to the Skies,
 Who heretofore disgusted at increasing Vice,
 Dislik'd the World, and thought it too profane,
 And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne'er return'd
 again;

Hence

Hence to those Airy Mansions rove,
Converse with Saints, and holy Folks above;

Those may thy presence woo,
Whose lazy ease affords them nothing else to do:

Where haughty scornful I,
And my great Friends will ne'er vouchsafe thy
company.

Thou'rt now an hard, impracticable good,
Too difficult for Flesh and Blood:
Were I all Soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to
practise thee.

III.

Vertue! thou solemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the Men of Wit and Sense.
Thou damn'd Fatigue! that clog'st lifes journey here,
Though thou no weight of wealth or profit
bear;

Thou puling fond Green-sickness of the mind:
Thou make'st us prove to our own selves unkind,
Where we Coals, and Dirt for diet choose,
And Pleasure's better Food refuse.

Curst Jilt! thou lead'st deluded Mortals on,
Till they too late perceive themselves un-
done,

Chous'd by a Dowry in Reversion.
The greatest Votary thou e'er couldst boast,
(Pity so brave a Soul was on thy Service lost;
What Wonders he in wickedness had done,
Whom thy weak Pow'r could so inspire alone?)
Tho' long with fond Amours he courted thee,
Yet dying did recant his vain Idolatry:

At

At length, though late, he did repent with shame,
 Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty Name.
 So was that Lecher gull'd whose haughty love,
 Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the
 Gods above:

When he a Goddess thought he had in chace }
 He found a gaudy Vapour in the place, }
 And with thin Air, beguil'd his starv'd }
 embrace: }
 Idly he spent his vigour, spent his Blood,
 And tir'd himself t' oblige an unperforming
 Cloud.

IV.

If Human Kind to thee e'er Worship paid;
 They were by Ignorance misled,
 That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made.
 Known hap'ly in the Worlds rude untaught in-
 fancy,
 Before it had out-grown its childish innocence,
 Before it had arriv'd at sense,
 Or reach'd the Man-hood, and discretion of De-
 bauchery ;
 Known in these antient goodly duller times,
 When crafty Pagans had ingross'd all crimes:
 When Christian Fools were obstinately good,
 Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood.
 Tame easie Fops! who could so prodigally bleed,
 To be thought Saints, and dye a Calendar with
 red :
 No prudent Heathen e'er seduc'd could be,
 To suffer Martyrdom for thee :

Only

Only that arrant Ass whom the false Oracle call'd
 (No wonder if the Devil utter'd lies) (Wife,
 That sniveling Puritan who spight of all the mode
 Would be unfashionably good,
 And exercis'd his whining Gifts to rail at Vice :
 Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,
 And justly with Lampoons defam'd :
 But when the mad Fanatick could not silenc'd be
 From broaching dang'rous Divinity ;
 The wise Republick made him for prevention die,
 And sent him to the Gods, and better company.

V.

Let fumbling Age be grave, and wise,
 And Virtue's poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
 Who never knew, or now are past the sweets of Vice ;
 While we whose active pulses beat
 With lusty youth, and vigorous heat,
 Can all their Beards, and Morals too despise,
 While my plump Veins are fill'd with Lust and
 Blood,
 Let not one thought of her intrude,
 Or dare approach my Breast,
 But know 'tis all posselt
 By a more welcome Guest ;
 And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.
 If ever unkind destiny
 Shall force long life on me ;
 If e'er I must the Curse of Dotage bear,
 Perhaps I'll dedicate those dregs of Time to her,
 And come with Crutches her most humble Votary,
 When sprightly Vice retreats from hence,
 And quits the Ruins of decayed sense ;

She'll

She'll serve to usher in a fair pretence,
And varnish with her name a well-dissembled impo-
tence.

When Ptisick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies
seize,

And all the Bill of Maladies,
Which Heaven to punish over-living Mortals sends;
Then let her enter with the numerous infirmities,
Her self the greatest Plague, which wrinkles, and
gray Hairs attends.

VI.

Tell me, ye venerable Sots, who court her most,
What small advantage can she boast, (grost.
Which her great Rival hath not in a greater store in-
Her boasted calm, and peace of mind,
In Wine and Company we better find,
Find it with Pleasure too combin'd.

In mighty Wine, where we our senses steep,
And lull our Cares, and Consciences asleep,
But why do I that wild *Chimera* name?

Conscience, that giddy airy Dream,
Which does from brain-sick heads, or ill digesting
stomachs steam.

Conscience! the vain fantastick fear
Of punishments, we know not when, nor where:
Projects of crafty Statesmen! to support weak Law,
Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,
And dastard Souls to forc'd obedience draw.
Grand Wheedle! which our Gown'd Impostors use,
The poor unthinking Rabble to abuse. (Vice,
Scarecrow! to fright from the forbidden fruit of
Their own beloved Paradise:

Let

Let those vile Canters wickedness decry,
 Whose Mercenary Tongues take pay
 For what they say;
 And yet commend in practice what their words deny,
 While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,
 Their holy Cheats defy,
 And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their sanctifi'd
 Cajoulerie.

VII.

None but dull unbred Fools discredit Vice,
 Who act their wickedness with an ill grace;
 Such their Profession scandalize,
 And justly forfeit all that Praise;
 All that Esteem, that Credit, and Applause,
 Which we by our wise Manage from a Sin can raise.
 A true and brave Transgressour ought
 To sin with the same height of Spirit, *Cæsar*
 fought:

Mean-soul'd Offenders now no honours gain,
 Only Debauches of the nobler strain.
 Vice well-improv'd, yields Bliss, and Fame beside,
 And some for sinning have been deifi'd.
 Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
 By these brave Methods to the Seats above.
 Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sovereign Deity,
 Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,
 Ascended to that high Degree;
 By Crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.
 He Heav'n one large Seraglio made,
 Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' trade;
 And all that Sacred Place
 Was fill'd with Bastard Gods of his own Race:

Almighty Lech'ry got his first repute,
And everlasting Whoring was his chiefest Attri-
bute.

VIII.

How gallant was that Wretch, whose happy Guilt
A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built!

' Let Fools, said he, Impiety alledge,

' And urge the no great fault of Sacrilege :

' I'll set the Sacred Pile on flame,

' And in its Ashes write my lasting Name ;

' My Name which shall thus be

Deathless as its own Deity.

' Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'll out-do,

' And *Ægypt's* proudest Monarchs too ;

' Those lavish prodigals, who idly did consume

' Their Lives, and Treasures to erect a Tomb,

' And only great by being buried would become :

' At cheaper rates than they I'll buy renown,

' And my loud Fame shall all their silent glories
drown.

So spake the daring Hector, so did Propheſie ;

And so it prov'd : in vain did envious Spite

By fruitless Methods try

To raze his well-built Fame and Memory

Amongst Posterity :

The *Boutefeu* can now Immortal write,

While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

IX.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor ;

(A greater crime befitted his high Pow'r)

Who

Who sacrific'd a City to a Jest,
And shew'd he knew the grand intrigues of humour best:

He made all *Rome* a Bonfire to his Fame, (Flame;
And sung, and play'd, and danc'd amidst the
Bravely begun! yet pity there he stay'd,

One step to Glory more he should have made:
He should have heav'd the noble frolick higher,
And made the People on that Fun'ral Pile expire,
Or providently with their Blood put out the Fire.

Had this been done,
The utmost pitch of Glory he had won:
No greater Monument could be
To consecrate him to eternity, (but me.
Nor should there need another Herald of his praise,
X.

And thou, yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Isle,
Whom baffled Hell esteems its chiefest Foyl;

'Twere injury should I omit thy Name,
Whose Action merits all the Breath of Fame.

Methinks I see the trembling Shades below
Around in humble Reverence bow;
Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their Loyalty
To their dread Monarch, or to thee:

No wonder he (grown jealous of thy fear'd success)
Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedness,
And spoil'd that brave intent, which must have
made his grandeur less.

How e'er regret not mighty Ghost,
Thy Plot by treach'rous Fortune crost,
Nor think thy well deserved glory lost.

Thou the full praise of Villany shalt ever share,
 And all will judge thy Act compleat enough,
 when thou couldst dare ;
 So thy great Master fear'd whose high disdain
 Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not
 Reign,
 When he with bold ambition strove,
 T' usurp the Throne above,
 And led against the Deity an armed Train,
 Though from his vast designs he fell,
 O're-power'd by his Almighty Foe,
 Yet gain'd he Victory in his overthrow.
 He gain'd sufficient Triumph that he durst Rebel,
 And 'twas some pleasure to be thought the
 great'st in Hell.

XI.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what shall I do
 To be illustrious as you ?
 Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,
 Let them into my daring thoughts inspire
 Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast Gyant
 crime,
 Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all past
 and present time.
 'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks, I feel the pow'rfal
 Charms,
 And a new heat of sin my spirit warms ;
 I travail with a glorious Mischief, for whose birth,
 My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble
 to bring forth.

Let the unpitied Vulgar tamely go,
 And stock for company, the wild Plantations
 down below:
 Such their vile Souls for viler Barter sell,
 Scarce worth the damning, or their room in Hell.
 We are his Grantees, and expect as much prefer-
 ment there,

For our good Service, as on Earth we share,
 In them is sin but a meer privative of good,
 The frailty, and defect of flesh and blood:

In us 'tis a perfection, who profess
 A studied, and elaborate Wickedness.
 We are the great *Royal Society* of Vice,
 Whose Talents are to make discoveries,
 And advance Sin like other Arts and Sciences:

'Tis I the bold *Columbus*, only I,
 Who must new Worlds in vice descry,
 And fix the pillars of unpassable iniquity.

XII.

How sneaking was the first debauch that sinn'd,
 Who for so small a Crime sold human kind!
 How undeserving that high Place,
 To be thought Parent of our sin, and race,
 Who by low guilt, our Nature doubly did debase!
 Unworthy was he to be thought
 Father of the great first-born *Cain*, which he begot;
 The noble *Cain*, whose bold, and gallant Act
 Proclaim'd him of more high extract:

Unworthy me
 And all the braver part of his Posterity.
 Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead,
 I'd done some great, and unexampled deed;

A deed, which should decry
The Stoicks dull Equality,
And shew that sin admits transcendency :

A Deed, wherein the Tempter should not share
Above what Heav'n could punish, and above
what he could dare.

For greater Crimes than his I would have fell,
And acted somewhat, which might merit more
than Hell.

An Apology for the foregoing Ode, by way of Epilogue.

MY Part is done, and you'll I hope excuse
Th' Extravagance of a penting Muse;
Pardon whate'er she hath too boldly said,
She only acted here in Masquerade.
For the slight Arguments she did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely Dress expose,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When she a Hector for her Subject had,
She thought she must be Termagant, and mad:
That made her speak like a lewd Punk o'th' Town,
Who by converse with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Virtue down.
But now the Vizards off; she changes Scene,
And turns a modest civil Girl agen.
Our Poet has a different Taste of Wit,
Nor will to common Vogue himself submit.

Let

Let some admire the Fops whose Talents lie
In venting dull insipid Blasphemy;
He swears he cannot with those Terms dispense,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of Sense.
Wit's Name was never to profaneness due,
For then you see he could be witty too:
He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,
But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,
Than Fame, whose guilty Birth from Treason
springs.

He likes not Wit which can't a Licence claim,
To which the Author dares not set his Name.
Wit should be open, court the Reader's eye,
Not lurk in sly unprinted Privacy.
But Crim'nal Writers like dull Birds of Night,
For weakness, or for shame avoid the Light;
May such a Jury for their Audience have,
And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.
May they the Tow'r for their due Merits share,
And a just wreath of Hemp, not Laurel wear.

He could be bawdy too, and nick the times,
In what they dearly love; damn'd placket-Rimes,
Such as our Nobles write——

Whose nauseous Poetry can reach no higher
Than what the Codpiece, or its God inspire.
So lewd, they spend at quill, you'd justly think,
They wrote with something nastier than Ink;
But he still thought that little Wit, or none,
Which a just modesty must never own,
And a meer Reader with a Blush attone.

If Ribaldry deserv'd the praise of Wit,
 He must resign to each illit'rate Citt,
 And Prentices, and Car-men challenge it.
 Ev'n they too can be smart, and witty there ;
 For all men on that Subject Poets are.
 Henceforth he vows, if evermore he find
 Himself to the base itch of Verse inclin'd ;
 If e'er he's given up so far to write,
 He never means to make his end delight :
 Should he do so, he must despair success,
 For he's not now debauch'd enough to please,
 And must be damn'd for want of Wickedness.
 He'll therefore use his Wit another way,
 And next the ugliness of Vice display.
 Tho' against Virtue once he drew his Pen,
 He'll ne'er for ought but her Defence agen.
 Had he a Genius, and Poetick Rage,
 Great as the Vices of this guilty Age,
 Were he all Gall, and arm'd with store of spight,
 'Twere worth his gains to undertake to write ;
 To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
 And by't Mankind, and Poetry reclaim:
 He'd shoot his Quills just like a Porcupine
 At Vice, and make them stab in every Line,
 The World should learn to blush,
 And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,
 Which worse than their own Consciences should
 fright ;
 And all should think him Heav'ns just Plague, de-
 sign'd
 To visit for the sins of lewd Mankind.

THE
Passion of *Byblis*,

OUT OF

Ovid's Metamorphosis, B. 9. F. 11.

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puella.

And ending with

—*Modumque*

Exit & infelix committit saepe repelli.

YOU heedless Maids, whose young and tender Hearts

Unwounded yet, have scap'd the fatal Darts;
Let the sad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,
And learn by her to shun forbidden Love:
Not all the plenty, all the bright resort
Of gallant youth that grac'd the *Carian Court*,
Could charm the haughty Nymphs disdainful heart,
Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert;
Cannus she lov'd, not as a Sister ought,
But Honour, Blood, and Shame alike forgot:

Cannus

Caurus alone takes up her Thoughts, and Eyes,
For him alone she wishes, grieves and sighs.

At first her new-born Passion owns no name,
A glimm'ring Spark scarce kindling into flame;
She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
She snatch an harmless bliss, if her fond clip
With loose embraces of his Neck surround,
And Love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But love at length grows naughty by degrees,
And now she likes, and strives her self to please:
Well-drest she comes, & arms her Eyes with darts,
Her smiles with Charms, and all the studied arts
Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquish hearts.
Industrious now she labours to be fair,
And envies all, whoever fairer are.

Yet knows she not she loves, but still does grow,
Insensibly the thing she does not know:
Strict honour yet her check'd desires does bind,
And modest thoughts, on this side with confin'd;
Only within she sooths her pleasing flames,
And now, the hated terms of blood disclaims:
Brother sounds harsh; she the unpleasing word
Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord*:
And when the name of *Sister* grates her ear,
Could wish't unsaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare she yet with waking Thoughts admit
A wanton hope: but when returning night
With Sleeps soft gentle spell her senses charms,
Kind fancy often brings him to her Arms:
In them she oft does the lov'd Shadow seem
To grasp, and Joys yet blushes too in Dream.

She wakes, and long in wonder silent lies,
And thinks on her late pleasing Extasies:
Now likes, and now abhors her guilty flame,
By turns abandon'd to her Love, and Shame:
At length her struggling Thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the wild disorders of her mind.

' Ah me! (she cries) kind Heaven avert! what means
This boading Form, that nightly rides my Dreams?
Grant 'em untrue! why should lewd hope divine?
Ah! why was this too charming Vision seen?

'Tis true, by the most envious wretch that sees,
He's own'd all fair, and lovely, own'd a prize,
Worthy the Conquest of the brightest eyes:

A prize that wou'd my high'st Ambition fill,
All I could wish;—but he's my Brother still!

That cruel word for ever must disjoyn,
Nor can I hope, but thus to have him mine.

Since then I waking never must possess;
Let me in sleep at least enjoy the bliss,
And sure nice Vertue can't forbid me this:

Kind sleep does no malicious spies admit,
Yet yields a lively semblance of delight:

Gods! what a scene of Joy was that! how fast
I clasp'd the Vision to my panting Breast!

With what fierce bounds I sprung to meet my
bliss,

While my wrapt Soul flew out in every kiss!

Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,

I all dissolv'd in reeking Pleasures lay!

How sweet is the remembrance yet! though night

Too hasty fled, drove on by envious light.

Oh

' Oh that we might the Laws of Nature break!
 ' How well would *Cannus* me an Husband make!
 ' How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
 ' Wou'd God in all things we had Partners been
 ' Besides our Parents, and our fatal Kin;
 ' Wou'd thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
 ' Then guiltless I'd despair'd, and suffer'd scorn:
 ' Happy that Maid unknown, whoe'er shall prove
 ' So blest, so envied to deserve thy love.
 ' Unhappy me! whom the same Womb did joyn,
 ' Which now forbids me ever to be thine:
 ' Curst Fate! that we alone in that agree,
 ' By which we ever must divided be.
 ' And must we be? what meant my Vision then?
 ' Are they, and all their dear presages vain?
 ' Have Dreams no credit, but with easie love?
 ' Or do they hit sometimes, and faithful prove?
 ' The Gods forbid! yet those whom I invoke,
 ' Have lov'd like me, have their own Sisters took:
 ' Great *Saturn*, and his greater Off-spring *Jove*,
 ' Both stock'd their Heaven with incestuous Love;
 ' Gods have their privilege: why do I strive
 ' To strain my hopes to their Prerogative?
 ' No, let me banish this forbidden fire,
 ' Or quench it with my Blood, and with't expire:
 ' Unstain'd in Honour, and unhurt in Fame,
 ' Let the Grave bury both my Love, and Shame:
 ' But when at my last hour I gasping lie,
 ' Let only my kind Murderer be by:
 ' Let him while I breath out my soul in sighs,
 ' Or gaz't away, look on with pitying eyes;

' Let

Let him (for sure he can't deny me this)
 Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiss.
 ' Besides 'twere vain should I alone agree
 To what anothers Will must ratifie;
 Cou'd I be so abandon'd to consent,
 What I'd have pass for good and innocent,
 He may perhaps as worst of Crimes resent.
 Yet we amongst our Race examples find
 Of Brothers who have been to Sisters kind:
 Fam'd *Canace* cou'd he thus successful prove,
 Cou'd Crown her Wishes in a Brother's love.
 But whence cou'd I these Instances produce?
 How came I witty to my ruin thus?
 Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on? (gone,
 Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence be
 Nor let me e'er the shameful Passion own.
 And yet shou'd he address; I shou'd forgive,
 I fear, I fear, I should his suit receive:
 Shall therefore I, who cou'd not love disown
 Offer'd by him, not mine to make him known?
 And canst thou speak? can thy bold Tongue de-
 clare?
 ' Yes Love shall force:—--and now methinks I dare.
 ' But lest fond Modesty at length refuse,
 ' I will some sure, and better Method chuse:
 ' A Letter shall my secret flames disclose,
 ' And hide my Blushes, but reveal their Cause.
 This takes, and 'tis resolv'd as soon as said;
 With this she rais'd her self upon her Bed,
 And propping with her hand her leaning head:
 ' Happen what will (says she) I'll make him know
 ' What pains, what raging pains I undergo.

' Ah

‘ Ah me! I rave! what tempests shake my breast
 ‘ And where? O where will this distraction rest?
 Trembling, her thoughts endite, and oft her Eye
 Looks back for fear of conscious Spies too nigh:
 One hand her Paper, t’ other holds her Pen,
 And Tears supply that Ink her Lines must drain.

Now she begins, now stops, and stooping
 frames
 New doubts, now writes, and now her writing
 damns.

She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames,
 Oft throws in haste her Pen, and Paper by,
 Then takes ’em up again as hastily:
 Unsteddy her resolves, fickle, and vain,
 No sooner made, but strait unmade again:
 What her desires would have she does not know,
 Displeas’d with all whate’er she goes to do:
 At once contending, shame, and hope, and fear,
 Wrack her tost mind, and in her looks appear.
Sister was wrote; but soon misguiding doubt
 Recals it, and the guilty Word blots out.
 Again she pauses, and again begins,
 At length her Pen drops out these hasty Lines.

‘ Kind health, which you, and only you can grant,
 ‘ Which if deny’d, she must for ever want.
 ‘ To you your Lover sends: ah! blushing Shame
 ‘ In silence bids her Paper hide her Name:
 ‘ wou’d God the fatal Message might be done
 ‘ Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,
 ‘ E’er blest success her hopes and wishes crown.

‘ And had I now my smother’d grief conceal’d,
 ‘ It might by tokens past have been reveal’d:

A thousand Proofs were ready to impart
The inward anguish of my wounded heart:
Oft, as your sight a sudden blush did raise,
My blood came up to meet you at my face:
Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes
Betray'd in looks my souls too thin disguise:
Think how their Tears, think how my heaving
Breast

Oft in deep sighs some cause unknown confess:
Think how these Arms did oft with fierce embrace,
Eager, as my desires, about you press:
These Lips too, when they cou'd so happy prove,
(Had you but mark'd) with close warm kisses strove
To whisper something more than Sisters Love.

And yet, tho' rankling grief my mind distress,
Tho' raging flames within burn up my Breast,
Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
Long strove to bring the fierce Disease to cure:
Witness ye cruel Pow'rs, who did inspire
This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire,
Witness, what Pains (for you alone can know)
This helpless wretch to quench't did undergo:
A thousand Racks and Martyrdoms, and more
Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
O'ermatch'd in Pow'r at last, I'm forc'd to yield,
And to the conqu'ring God resign the field:
To you dear cause of all, I make address,
From you with humble Pray'rs I beg redress:
You rule alone my arbitrary Fate,
And Life and Death on your disposal wait:
Ordain, as you think fit; deny, or grant,
Yet know no stranger is your suppliant.

But

' But she, who tho' to you, by Blood ally'd
 ' In nearest bonds, in nearer wou'd be ty'd,
 ' Let doting Age debate of Law, and Right,
 ' And gravely state the bounds of just, and fit;
 ' Whose Wisdom's but their envy, to destroy
 ' And bar those Pleasures, which they can't enjoy:
 ' Our bloming years, more sprightly, and more gay,
 ' By Nature were design'd for Love and Play:
 ' Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertue's
 fence,
 ' And briskly hunts the noble chase of Sense:
 ' Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
 ' And call that lawful, whatso'er does please.
 ' Nor will our guilt want instances alone,
 ' 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done:
 ' Let's follow where those great Examples went,
 ' Nor think that Sin, where Heaven's a precedent.
 ' Let neither awe of Fathers frowns, nor shame
 ' For ought that can be told by babbling Fame,
 ' Nor any gastlier fantom, fear can frame,
 ' Frighten or stop us in our way to blifs,
 ' but boldly let us rush on happiness:
 ' Where glorious hazards shall enhance delight,
 ' And that that makes it dang'rous, makes it great.
 ' Relation too, which does our fault increase,
 ' Will serve that fault the better to disguise:
 ' That let us now in private often meet
 ' Bless'd Opportunities for stoln delight:
 ' In publick often we embrace, and kiss,
 ' And fear no jealous, no suspecting eyes.
 ' How little more remains for me to crave!
 ' How little more for you to give! O save

' A wretch-

' A wretched Maid undone by Love, and you,
' Who does in tears and dying accents sue ;
' Who bleeds that Passion, she had ne'er reveal'd,
' If not by Love, Almighty Love compell'd :
' Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
' *Here Byblis lies, kill'd by your cold disdain.*

Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will
To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,
Nor space allow for more : she trembling, folds
The Paper which her shameful Message holds ;
And sealing, as she wept with boading fear,
She wet her signet with a falling Tear.

This done a trusty messenger she call'd,
And in kind words the whisper'd Errand told :
' Go, cary this with faithful Care she said,
' To my dear, -- there she paus'd a while, and staid, }
And by and by --- *Brother* --- was heard to add :
As she deliver'd it with her commands,
The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,
Dismay'd with the ill *Omen* she anew
Doubted success, and held, yet bad him go.

He goes, and after quick admission got,
To *Cannus* hands the fatal secret brought :
Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had cast
On the first Lines, and guest by them the rest, }
Strait horror and amazement fill'd his breast :
Impatient with his rage, he could not stay
To see the end but threw't half read away.

Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch forbear,
Nor did his tongue these angry threatnings spare :
' Fly hence, nor longer chaf'd Fury trust,
' Thou cursed Pander of detested Lust ;

G

' Fly

Fly quickly hence, and to thy swiftness owe
 Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due :
 Which, had not Danger of my Honour crost,
 Thou'dst paid by this, and been sent back a Ghost.

He the rough Orders strait obeys, and bears
 The Killing News to wretched *Byblis* ears ;
 Like striking Thunder the fierce Tidings stun,
 And to her heart quicker than lightning run :
 The frightened blood forsakes her ghastly face,
 And a short death does every member seize :
 But soon as sense returns, her frenzy too
 Returns, and in these words breaks forth anew.

And justly serv'd ;--- for why did foolish I
 Consent to make this rash discovery ?
 Why did I thus in hasty lines reveal
 That dang'rous Secret, Honour wou'd conceal ?
 I shou'd have first with art disguis'd the hook,
 And seen how well the gawdy bait had took,
 And found him hung at least before I strook :
 From shore I shou'd have first descry'd the Wind
 Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,
 Ere I to untry'd Seas my self resign'd :
 Now dash'd on Rocks, unable to retire,
 I must ith' wreck of all my hopes expire.
 And was not I by tokens plain enough
 Fore-warn'd to quit my inauspicious Love ?
 Did not the Fates my ill success foretel,
 When from my hands th'unhappy Letter fell ?
 So should my hopes have done, and my design,
 That or the day should then have alter'd been ;
 But rather the unlucky day ; when Heaven
 Such ominous proofs of its dislike had given :

And

And so it had, had not mad Passion sway'd,
 And Reason been by blinder Love misled.
 ' Besides, alas ! I should my self have gone,
 Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue ;
 Much more I could have spoke, much more have told,
 Than a short Letter's narrow room would hold :
 He might have seen my Looks, my wishing Eyes,
 My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs ;
 About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,
 And been all over Love, all over Charms,
 Grasp'd, and hung on his knees, and there have dy'd,
 There breath'd my gasping soul out if deni'd :
 This and ten thousand things I might have done
 To make my passion with advantage known ;
 Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
 Yet surely all had forc'd him to be kind :
 Perhaps he, whom I sent, was too in fault,
 Nor rightly tim'd his message as he ought ;
 I fear he went in some ill chosen hour,
 When cloudy weather made his temper lour,
 Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove,
 The fittest to receive the seeds of Love.
 ' These things have ruin'd me ; for doubtless he
 Is made of human flesh and blood like me ;
 He suck'd no Tygres sure, nor Mountain Bear,
 Nor does his Breast relentless Marble wear.
 He must, he shall consent ; again I'll try,
 And try again if he again deny :
 No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat
 Shall ever my desires or hopes rebate.
 My earnest suits shall never give him rest,
 While Life, and Love more durable shall last :

' Alive I'll press, till breath in pray'rs be lost,
 ' And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.
 ' For, if I might, what I have done, recall,
 ' The first point were not to have don't at all;
 ' But since 'tis done the second to be gain'd
 ' Is now to have, what I have sought, attain'd:
 ' For he, though I should now my Wishes quit,
 ' Can never my unchast attempts forget;
 ' Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I
 ' By slightly asking, taught him to deny;
 ' Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,
 ' And snares for his unwary honour laid:
 ' Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)
 ' Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful Lust.
 ' In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill;
 ' I've writ, I have solicited, my Will
 ' Has been debauch'd; and shou'd I thus give out,
 ' I cannot chast and innocent be thought:
 ' Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,
 ' Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.
 She spoke; but such is her unsettled mind,
 It shifts from thought to thought, like veering
 Wind,
 Now to this Point, and now to that inclin'd:
 What she could wish had unattempted been,
 She Strait is eager to attempt again:
 What she repents, she acts, and now lets loose
 The Reins to Love, nor any bounds allows.
 Repulse upon repulse unmov'd she bears,
 And still sues on, while she her suit despairs.

S A T Y R

*Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falshood and
Scorn was the Death of my Friend.*

NO! she shall ne'er escape if Gods there be,
Unless they perjur'd grow, and false as she;
Tho' no strange Judgment yet the Murd'ress seize
To punish her, and quit the partial Skies;
Though no revenging Lightning yet has flash'd
From thence, that might her crim'nal beauties blast;
Tho' they in their old Lustre still prevail,
By no Disease, nor Guilt it self made pale. (own,
Guilt which should blackest *Moors* themselves but
Would make thro' all their night new Blushes dawn:
Tho' that kind Soul, who now augments the blest,
Thither too soon by her unkindness chas'd.
(Where may it be her small'st, and lightest doom,
(For that's not half my curse) never to come)
Though he when prompted by the high'st despair,
Ne'er mention'd her, without an Hymn, or Pray'r,
And could by all her scorn be forc'd no more
Than Martyrs to revile what they adore,
Who, had he curst her with his dying breath,
Had done but just, and Heaven had forgave:
Tho' ill made Law no sentence has ordain'd
For her, no Statute has her Guilt arrain'd;

(For Hangmen, Womens Scorn, and Doctors Skill,
 All by a licenc'd way of murder kill)
 Tho' she from Justice of all these go free,
 And boast perhaps in her success, and cry,
 'Twas but a little harmless perjury :
 Yet thinks she not she still secure shall prove,
 Or that none dare avenge an injur'd Love:
 I rise in Judgment, am to be to her
 Both Witness, Judge, and Executioner :
 Arm'd with dire Satyr, and resentful Spite,
 I come to haunt her with the Ghosts of Wit.
 My Ink unbid starts out and flies on her,
 Like blood upon some touching Murderer :
 And shou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd,
 Like Hags, to curse her, write in my own blood.

Ye sprightful pow'rs (if any there can be,
 That boast a worse, and keener spight than I)
 Assist with Malice, and your mighty aid
 My sworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead :
 Grant I may fix such brands of Infamy,
 So plain, so deeply grav'd on her that she,
 Her Skill, nor Patch, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,
 And which shall lasting as her Soul abide :
 Grant my rank hate may such strong Poison cast,
 That every breath may taint, and rot, and blast,
 Till one large Gangrene quite o'erspread her fame
 With foul Contagion ; till her odious name,
 Spit at, and curst, by every mouth like mine,
 Be terror to her self, and all her line.

Vilest of that vile Sex, which damn'd us all
 Ordain'd to cause, and plague us for our fall

WOMAN! nay worse! for she can nought be said,
 But Mummy by some Dev'l inhabited:
 Not made in Heaven's Mint, but basely coin'd,
 She wears an human Image stamp't on Fiend;
 And whoso Marriage would with her contract,
 Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact.
 Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
 By Hell was breath'd into her in a Lye,
 And its whole stock of falshood there was lent,
 As if hereafter to be true it meant:
 Baud Nature taught her jilting, when she made,
 And by her make design'd her for the trade:
 Hence 'twas she daub'd her with a painted Face,
 That she at once might better cheat, and please:
 All those gay charming looks, that court the Eye,
 Are but an ambush to hide Treachery;
 Mischief adorn'd with Pomp, and smooth disguise,
 A painted Skin stuff'd full of Guile and Lyes;
 Within a gawdy Case, a nasty Soul,
 Like T——of quality in a gilt Close-stool:
 Such on a Cloud those flatt'ring Colours are,
 Which only serve to dress a Tempest fair.
 So Men upon this Earth's fair surface dwell,
 Within are Fiends, and at the Center, Hell:
 Court-promises, the Leagues, which States-men
 make,
 With more convenience, and more ease to break.
 The Faith, a Jesuit in allegiance swears,
 Or a Town jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
 Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers:
 Early in Falshood, at her Font she ly'd,
 And should ev'n then for Perjury been try'd;

Her Conscience stretch'd, and open as the Stews,
But laughs at Oaths, and plays with solemn Vows,
And at her mouth swallows down perjur'd breath,
More glib than bits of Lechery beneath:

Less serious known, when she doth most protest,
Than thoughts of arrantest Buffoons in jest:

More cheap, than the vile Mercenary Squire,
That plies for Half-crown- Fees at *Westminster*,
And trades in staple Oaths, and swears to hire:

Less Guilt than hers, less breach of Oath and Word
Has stood aloft, and look'd through Penance-board;
And he that trusts her in a Death-bed Prayer,
Has Faith to merit, and save any thing, but her.

But since her Guilt description does out-go,
I'll try if it out-strip my Curses too;
Curses, which may they equal my just hate,
My Wish, and her Desert, be each so great,
Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heaven make 'em Fate.

First, for her Beauties, which the mischief
brought,

May she affected they be borrow'd thought,
By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought:

Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, may those
Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith, and Vows.

Some base unnam'd Disease, her Carcass foul,
And make her Body ugly, as her Soul;

Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till she be,
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like infamy.

Strength quite expir'd, may she alone retain
The Snuff of Life, may that unquencht remain,
As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh from pain:

Hot Lust light on her, and the Plague of Pride
 On that, this ever scorn'd, as that deny'd:
 Ach, Anguish, Horror, Grief, Dishonour, Shame,
 Pursue at once her Body, Soul, and Fame:
 If e'er the Devil Love must enter her

(For nothing sure but Fiends can enter there)

May she a just and true Tormenter find,
 And that, like an ill Conscience, rack her Mind:
 Be some diseas'd and ugly Wretch her fate,
 She doom'd to Love of one, whom all else hate,
 May he hate her, and may her destiny
 Be to despair, and yet love on, and die;
 Or to invent some wittier Punishment,
 May he, to plague her, out of spite consent;
 May the old Fumbler, though disabled quite,
 Have strength to give her Claps, but no Delight:
 May he of her unjustly jealous be
 For one that's worse and uglier far than he:
 May's Impotence balk, and torment her lust,
 Yet scarcely her to Dreams, or Wishes trust:
 Forc'd to be chaste, may she suspected be,
 Share none o'th' Pleasure, all the Infamy.

In fine, that I all Curses may compleat,
 (For I've but curs'd in jest, but rail'd yet)
 Whate'er the Sex deserves, or feels, or fears,
 May all those Plagues be hers, and only hers;
 Whate'er great Favourites turn'd out of doors,
 Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and disappointed Whores,
 Or losing Gamesters vent, what Curses e'er
 Are spoke by sinners raving in despair;
 All those fall on her, as they're all her due,
 Till spite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew:

May

May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
 No madneſs take her uſe of Senſe away;
 But may ſhe in full ſtrength of Reaſon be,
 To feel, and underſtand her Miſery;
 Plagu'd ſo, till ſhe think damning a releaſe,
 And humbly pray to go to Hell for eaſe:
 Yet may not all theſe ſuff'rings here attone
 Her ſin, and may ſhe ſtill go ſinning on,
 Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' Score,
 Till on her Soul ſhe can get truſt no more:
 Then may the Stupid and Repentleſs die,
 And Heav'n it ſelf forgive no more than I,
 But ſo be damn'd of meer neceſſity.

POEMS

AND

Translations.

BY

JOHN OLDHAM.



L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, 1710.

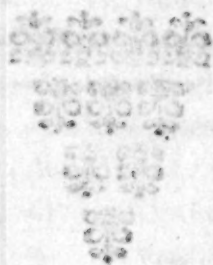
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T H E
P R E F A C E.

BEing to appear anew in the World, it may be expected, that I should say something concerning these ensuing Trifles, which I shall endeavour to do with as much briefness as I did before what I last publish'd in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in the adventuring upon a Translation of The Art of Poetry, after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean Ben Johnson, and the Earl of Roscommon, the one being of so establish'd an Authority, that whatever he did is held as Sacred, the other having lately performed it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after-Pre-tenders, of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit when I let him know, that it was a Task imposed upon me, and not what I voluntarily engaged in; I hope he will be the more favourable in his Censures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the forementioned account, and urged it as a reason for my declining the same, but it would not be allowed as sufficient to excuse me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevailed upon to make an Essay, I fell to thinking of some course, whereby I might serve my self of the Advantages,

vantages, which those that went before me, have either not minded, or scrupulously abridged themselves of. This I soon imagined was to be effected by putting Horace into a more modern Dress than hitherto he has appeared in; that is, by making him speak as if he were living and writing now. I therefore resolved to alter the Scene from Rome to London, and to make use of English Names of Men, Places, and Customs, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceived would give a kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the Relish of the present Age.

With these Considerations I set upon the Work, and pursued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledge, been over-nice in keeping to the Words of the Original, for that were to transgress a Rule therein contained. Nevertheless, I have been religiously strict to its Sense, and express'd it in as plain and intelligible a manner as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Passages not much material) the skillful Reader will perceive 'twas necessary for carrying on my proposed Design; and the Author himself, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid Stiffness, and made it my Endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the easie and familiar way of writing which is peculiar to Horace in his Epistles, and was his proper Talent above any of Mankind. After all, 'tis humbly submitted to the Judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my self herein. Let the Success be what it will, I shall not however wholly repent of my Undertaking, being (I reckon)

reckon) in some measure recompenced for my pains by the Advantage I have reap'd of fixing these admirable Rules of Sense so well in my Memory.

The Satyr and Odes of the Author, which follow next in order, I have translated after the same libertine way. In them also I labour'd under the Disadvantages of coming after other Persons. The Satyr had been made into a Scene by Ben Johnson, in a Play of his, called the Poetaster. After I had finished my Imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewise by Dr. Sprat, and since I have had the sight of it amongst the Printed Translations of Horace's Works. The Odes are there done too, but not so excellently well, as to discourage any farther Endeavours. If these of mine meet with good Entertainment in the World, I may perhaps find leisure to attempt some other of them, which at present suffer as much from their Translators, as the Psalms of David from Sternhold and Hopkins.

The two sacred Odes I designed not to have made publick now, forasmuch as they might seem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having suffer'd Copies of them to straggle abroad in Manuscript, and remembering the Fate of some other Pieces of mine, which have formerly stoln into the Press without my Leave or Knowledge, and be exposed to the World abominably false and uncorrect; to prevent the same Misfortune likely enough to befall these, I have been perswaded to yield my consent to their Publishing amongst the rest. Nor is the Printing of such Miscellanies altogether so unpre-

unpresidented, but that it may be seen in the Editions of Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley's Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the sole Direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determinè.

As for the two Essays out of Greek, they were occasion'd by a report, that some Persons found fault with the roughness of my Satyrs formerly published, though upon what ground they should do it, I could be glad to be informed. Unless I am mistaken, there are not many Lines but will endure the reading without shocking any Hearer, that is not too nice and censorious. I confess, I did not so much mind the Cadence, as the Sense and Expressiveness of my Words, and therefore chose not those which were best disposed to placing themselves in Rhyme, but rather the most keen and quaint, as being the most suitable to my Argument. And certainly, no one that pretends to distinguish the several Colours of Poetry, would expect that Juvenal, when he is lashing of Vice and Villany, should flow so smoothly as Ovid or Tibullus, when they are describing Amours and Gallantries, and having nothing to disturb and ruffle the Evenness of their Stile.

Howbeit, to shew that the way I took was out of Choice, not want of Judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly incapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my Humour inclined me to exercise it, I have pitch'd upon these two, which the greatest Men of Sense have allowed to be some of the softest and tenderest of all Antiquity. Nay, if we will believe Rapine, one of the best Criticks which these latter Ages have produced, they have no other Fault, than that they are too exquisitely delicate for the Character

of Pastoral, which should not seem too laboured, and whose chief Beauty is an unaffected air of Plainness and Simplicity.

That which laments the Death of Adonis, has been attempted in Latin by several great Masters; namely, Vulcanius, Douza, and Mounfier le Fevre. The last of them has done it Paraphrastically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps because he thought it not so capable of Ornament as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating; and where I was at a loss for want of his Guidance, I was content to steer by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion was begun by another Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses; but who was the Author, I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of Rochester; but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom meddled with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrect Line or two to be found amongst them at their first coming to my Hands, which never could flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a piece of as much Art, Grace, and Tenderness, as perhaps was ever offered to the Askes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the Memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can be said, but thought so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount. If it be thought mean to have borrowed the Sense of another to praise him in, yet at least it argues at the same time a Value and Reverence, that I durst not think any thing of my own good enough for his Commendation.

This is all which I judge material to be said of these following Respects. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attacks how and where he pleases.

Of them has done it P. magnificently, but less good part of the Poem toward the latter end, and more as before because he thought it not so capable of Ornament as the rest. Hence I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating; and where I was unable to my way of his Guidance, I was content to follow by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion was begun by a-
other Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses; the re-
 maining Author, I could never get learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of Rochester; as I could not well believe, both because he seldom dealt with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrected Line or two to be found among them at their first coming to my Hands, which never did so from a number of excellent Poets. Concerning it to the Original, a part of it much that Grace and tenderness, we perhaps may best offer to the Author of a Poem, I thought fit to dedicate it to the Memory of an immortal Person, of whom nothing can be said, thought to choice and various, which his Deserts do not deserve. It is he thought mean to have borne the Name of another to give him in, yet at last it was mine that gave him a Name and Reverence, that I thought fit to give of my own good enough for

HORACE

His ART of POETRY.

Imitated in English.

Address'd by way of Letter to a Friend.

Should some ill Painter in a wild Design,
To a Man's Head an Horses Shoulders join,
Or Fishes Tail to a fair Womans Waste,
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beast,
All match'd, and with as motly Feathers drest;
If you by chance were to pass by his Shop,
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,
And not believe him whimsical or mad?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,
As worthy Laughter, which throughout is fill'd
With monstrous Inconsistences, more vain and wild
Than sick Mens Dreams, whose neither Head nor
Tail,
Nor any Parts in due proportion fall.

But 'twill be said, *None ever did deny*

Painters and Poets their free Liberty

Of feigning any thing : We grant it true,

And the same Privilege crave and allow

But to mix Natures clearly opposite,

To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,

Or Lambs from Savage Tigers seek Defence,

Shocks Reason, and the Rules of common Sense.

Some, who would have us think they meant to
treat

At first on Arguments of greatest weight,

Are proud, when here and there a glittering Line

Does thro' the Mass of their coarse Rubbish shine:

In gay Digressions they delight to rove,

Describing here a Temple, there a Grove,

A Vale enamell'd o'er with pleasant Streams,

A painted Rainbow, or the gliding Thames.

But how does this relate to their Design?

Though good elsewhere, 'tis here but foisted in.

A common Dawber may perhaps have Skill

To paint a Tavern Sign or Landskip well;

But what is this to drawing of a Fight,

A Wreck, a Storm, or the last Judgment right?

When the fair Model and Foundation shews,

That you some great *Escorial* would produce,

How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus?

In fine, Whatever Work you mean to frame,

Be uniform, and every where the same.

Most Poets, Sir, ('tis easie to observe)

Into the worst of Faults are apt to swerve;

Through a false Hope of reaching Excellence,

Avoiding Length, we often cramp our Sense,

And

And make't obscure; oft, when we'd have our Stile,
Easie and flowing, lose its force the while:
Some, striving to surmount the common Flight,
Soar up in airy Bombast out of sight.
Others, who fear to a bold pitch to trutt
Themselves, flag low, and humbly sweep the dust:
And many fond of seeming marvellous,
While they too carelessly transgress the Laws
Of likelihood, most odd *Chimera's* fergn,
Dolphins in Woods, and Boars upon the Main.
Thus, they who would take Aim, but want the
Skill

Miss always, and shoot wide or narrow till.

One of the meanest Workmen in the Town
Can imitate the Nails or Hair in Stone,
And to the life enough perhaps, who yet
Wants Mattery to make the Work complete;
Troth, Sir, if 'twere my Fancy to compose,
Rather than be this bungling Wretch, I'd choofe
To wear a crooked and unsightly Nose
'Mongst other handsome Features of a Face
Which only would set off my Ugliness.

Be sure, all you that undertake to write,
To chuse a Subject for your Genius fit:
Try long and often what your Talents are;
What is the burthen which your Parts will bear,
And where they'll fail: he that discerns with Skill
To cull his Argument and Matter well,
Will never be to seek for Eloquence
To dress, or Method to dispose his Sense.
They the chief Art and Grace in order show
(if I may claim any pretence to know)

Who time discreetly what's to be discours'd,
 What should be said at last, and what at first:
 Some Passages at present may be heard,
 Others till afterwards are best deferr'd:
 Verse, which disdains the Laws of History,
 Speaks things not as they are but ought to be:
 Whoever will in Poetry excel,
 Must learn, and use his hidden secret well,
 'Tis next to be observ'd, that Care is due,
 And Sparingness in framing Words anew:
 You shew your Mastery if you have the Knack
 So to make use of what known Word you take,
 To give't a newer Sense: If there be need
 For some uncommon Matter to be said:
 Pow'r of inventing Terms may be allow'd,
 Which *Chaucer* and his Age ne'er understood:
 Provided always as 'twas said before,
 We seldom, and discreetly use that Pow'r,
 Words new and foreign may be best brought in,
 If borrow'd from a Language near akin:
 Why should the peevish Criticks now forbid
 To *Lee* and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd
 To *Shakespear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher*, heretofore,
 For which they Praise and Commendation bore?
 If *Spencer's* Muse be justly so ador'd
 For that rich Copiousness wherewith he stor'd
 Our Native Tongue; for Gods sake why should I
 Strait be thought arrogant, if modestly
 I claim and use the self-same Liberty?
 This the just Right of Poets ever was,
 And will be still, to coin what Words they please,
 Well fitted to the present Age and Place.

Words with the Leaves of Trees, a semblance hold
 In this respect, where every Year the old
 Fall off, and new ones in their places grow:
 Death is the Fate of all things here below:
 Nature her self by Art has Changes felt,
 The *Tangier* Mole (by our great Monarch built)
 Like a vast Bulwark in the Ocean set,
 From Pirates and from Storms defends our Fleet:
 Fens every day, are drain'd, and Men now Plow,
 And Sow, and Reap, where they before might Row,
 And Rivers have been taught by *Middleton*
 From their old Course within new Banks, to run,
 And pay their useful Tribute to the Town.
 If Man's and Nature's Works submit to Fate,
 Much less must Words expect a lasting Date:
 Many which we approve for currant now,
 In the next Age out of Request shall grow:
 And others which are now thrown out of doors,
 Shall be reviv'd, and come again in force,
 If Custom please: from whence their Vogue they
 draw,

Which of our Speech is the sole Judge and Law.

Homer first shew'd us in Heroick Strains
 To write of Wars, of Battels, and Campaigns,
 Kings and great Leaders mighty in Renown,
 And him we still for our chief Pattern own.

Soft Elegy, design'd for Grief and Tears,
 Was first devis'd to grace some mournful Herse:
 Since to a brisker Note 'tis taught to move,
 And cloaths our gayest Passions, Joy, and Love.
 But, who was first Inventor of the kind,
 Criticks have sought, but never yet could find.

Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty Praise
Of peaceful Conquerors in Pisa's Race,
The Mirth and Joys which Love and Wine pro-
duce,

With other wanton Sallies of a Muse,
The stately Ode does for its Subjects choose.

Archilochus to vent his Gall and Spight,
In keen Iambicks first was known to write:
Dramatick Authors us'd this sort of Verse
On all the Greek and Roman Theatres,
As for Discourse and Conversation fit,
And apt 't to drown the Noises of the Pit!

If I discern not the true Stile and Air,
Nor how to give the proper Character
To every kind of Work; how dare I claim,
And challenge to my self a Poets Name?
And why had I with awkward Modesty,
Rather than learn always unskillful be?

Volpone and *Morose* will not admit
Of *Catiline's* high Strains, nor is it fit
To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
In the low Dress which Comick Persons wear,
Whate'er the Subject be on which you write,
Give each thing its due Place and Time aright.

Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Stile,
And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to swell,
And Tragedy alike sometimes has leave
To throw off Majesty when 'tis to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* in misery,
Lay their big Words, and blustering Language by,
If they expect to make their Audience cry.

'Tis not enough to have your Plays succeed;
 That they be elegant: they must not need
 Those warm and moving Touches which impart
 A kind Concernment to each Hearers heart,
 And ravish it which way they please with Art.
 Where Joy and Sorrow put on good disguise,
 Ours with the Persons Looks streight sympathize:
 Would'st have me weep, thy self must first begin:
 Then, *Telephus*, to pity I incline,
 And think thy Case and all thy Sufferings mine;
 But if thou'rt made to act thy part amiss,
 I can't forbear to sleep, or laugh, or hiss,
 Let Words express the Looks which Speakers wear;
 Sad fit a mournful and dejected Air;
 The Passionate must huff, and storm, and rave;
 The Gay be pleasant, and the Serious grave.
 For Nature works and moulds our Frame within,
 to take all manner of Impressions in.
 Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,
 Now Hope, now Joy, now Sorrow does inspire,
 And all these Passions in our Face appear,
 Of which the Tongue is sole Interpreter:
 But he whose words and Fortunes do not suit,
 By Pit and Gall'ry both is hooted out.

Observe what Characters your Persons fit,
 Whether the Master speak, or *Todeles*:
 Whether a Man that's elderly in growth,
 Or a brisk Hotspur in his boiling Youth:
 A roaring Bully, or a shirking Cheat,
 A Court-bred Lady, or a rawdry Cit;
 A prating Gossip or a jilting Whore,
 A travell'd Merchant, or an home-spun Boor:

Spani-

Spaniard, or French, Italian, Dutch, or Dane;
 Native of Turkey, India, or Japan.
 Either from History your Persons take,
 Or let them nothing inconsistent speak:
 If you bring great Achilles on the Stage,
 Let him be fierce and brave, all Heat and Rage,
 Inflexible, and head-strong to all Laws
 But those which Arms and his own Will impose.
 Cruel Medea must no pity have,
 Ixion must be treacherous, Iphigeneia
 To must wander, and Orestes rave:
 But if you dare to tread in Paths unknown,
 And boldly start new Persons of your own;
 Be sure to make them in one Strain agree,
 And let the End like the Beginning be.
 'Tis difficult for Writers to succeed
 On Arguments which none before have try'd:
 The Iliad, or the Odyssey with ease
 Will better furnish Subjects for your Plays,
 Than that you should your own Invention trust,
 And broach unheard of things your self the first.
 In copying others Works, to make them pass,
 And seem your own, let these few Rules take
 place:
 When you some of their Story represent,
 Take care that you new Episodes invent
 Be not too nice the Author's Words to trace,
 But vary all with a fresh Air and Grace;
 Nor such strict Rules of Imitation choose,
 Which you must still be ty'd to follow close,
 Or forc'd to a Retreat for want of room,
 Give over, and ridiculous become.

Do not like that affected Fool begin,
 King Priam's Fate, and Troy's fam'd War, I sing.
 What will this mighty Promiser produce?
 You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouse.
 How short is this of Homer's fine Address,
 And Art, who ne'er says any thing amiss?
 Muse, speak the Man, who since Troy's laying waste
 Into such numerous Danger has been cast;
 So many Towns and various People past
 He does not lavish at a blaze his Fire;
 To glare a while, and in a Snuff expire:
 But Modesty at first conceals his Light
 In dazling Wonders, then breaks forth to fight;
 Surprises you with Miracles all o'er,
 Makes dreadful Scylla and Charybdis roar,
 Cyclops, and bloody *Estygeus* devour'd
 Nor does he time in long Preambles spend,
 Describing *Meleager's* ruful End,
 When he's of *Diomed's* Return to treat,
 Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,
 The Tale of brooding *Leda's* Eggs repeat.
 But still to the design'd Event hastes on,
 And at first dash, as if before it were known,
 Embarques you in the middle of the Plot,
 And what is unimproveable leaves out,
 And mixes Truth and Fiction skilfully,
 That nothing in the whole may disagree:

Who'er you are, that set your selves to write,
 If you expect to have your Audience sit
 Till the fifth Act be done, and Curtain fall,
 Mind what Instructions I shall further tell:

Our

Our Guise and Manners alter with our Age,
And such they must be brought upon the Stage.

A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And now can go without the Nurses hand,
To play with those of his own growth is pleas'd,
Suddenly angry, and as soon appeas'd,
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,
And loaths the next hour what he the last enjoy'd.

The beardless Youth from Pedagogue got loose,
Does Dogs and Horses for his Pleasure choose,
Yielding and soft to every print of Vice,
Restiff to those who would his Faults chastise,
Careless of Profit, of Expences vain,
Haughty and eager his desires to obtain,
And swift to quit the same desires again.

Those who to manly Years and Sense are grown,
Seek Wealth and Friendship, Honour and Renown,
And are discreet and fearful how to act
What after they must alter and correct.

Diseases, ills, and Troubles numberless
Attend old Men, and with their Age increase:
In painful Toil they spend their wretched Years,
Still heaping Wealth, and with that Wealth new
Cares.

Fond to possess, and fearful to enjoy,
Slow and suspicious in their Managery,
Full of Delays and Hopes, Lovers of Ease,
Greedy of Life, Morose, and hard to Please,
Envious of Pleasure of the young and gay,
Where they themselves now want a stock to play;
Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
And what has past since they have quit the Stage:

But loud Admirers of Queen *Besse's* time,
And what was done when they were in their prime.

Thus, what our Tide of flowing years brings in,
Still with our Ebb of Life goes out again:

The Humours of Four score will never hit

One of Fifteen, nor a Boys part besit

A full-grown Man: it shews no mean Address,

If you the Temper of each Age express.

Some things are best to act, others to tell;

Those by the Ear convey'd do not so well,

Nor half so movingly affect the Mind,

As what we to our eyes presented find.

Yet there are many things, which should not come

In view, nor pass beyond the Tiring Room:

Which, after in expressive Language told,

Shall please the Audience more than to behold:

Let not *Medea* shew her fatal rage,

And cut her Childrens Throats upon the Stage:

Nor *Oedipus* tear out his Eye-balls there,

Nor bloody *Atreus* his dire Feast prepare:

Cadmus nor *Progne* their odd Changes take,

This to a Bird, the other to a Snake:

Whatever so incredible you show,

Shocks my Belief, and strait does nauseous grow.

Five Acts, no more nor less, your Play must have,

If you'll an handsome third Days share receive.

Let not a God be summon'd to attend

On a slight Errand, nor on Wire descend,

Unless th' Importance of the Plot engage;

And let but Three at once speak on the Stage.

Be sure to make the *Chorus* still promote

The chief Intrigue and Business of the Plot:

Be-

Betwixt the Acts there must be nothing Sung
 Which does not to the main Design belong :
 The Praises of the good must here be told,
 The Passions curb'd, and Foes of Vice extoll'd :
 Here Thrift, and Temperance, and wholesome
 Laws,

Strict Justice, and the gentle calms of Peace,
 Must have their Commendations and Applause :
 And Prayers must be sent to Heaven to guide
 Blind fortunes Blessings to the juster side,
 To raise the Poor, and low'r prosp'rous Pride.

At first the Musick of our Stage was rude,
 Whilst in the *Cock-pit* and *Black-Friars* it stood :
 And this might please enough in former Reigns,
 A thrifty, thin, and bashful Audience ;
 When *Buffy d' Ambois* and his Fustian took,
 And men were ravish'd with Queen *Gordobuck*.
 But since our Monarch by kind Heaven sent,
 Brought back the Arts with him from Banishment,
 And by his gentle influence gave increase
 To all the harmless Luxuries of Peace ;
 Favour'd by him, our Stage has flourish'd too,
 And every day in outward splendor grew :
 In Musick, Song, and Dance of ev'ry kind,
 And all the grace of Action 'tis refin'd ;
 And since that Opera's at length came in,
 Our Players have so well improv'd the Scene
 With gallantry of Habit, and Machine,
 As makes our Theatre in Glory vie
 With the best Ages of Antiquity :
 And mighty *Roscins* were he living now,
 Would envy both our Stage and Acting too.

Those

Those who did first in Tragedy essay
 (When a *Wile Goat* was all the Poets day)
 Us'd to allay their Subjects gravity
 With interludes of Mirth and Raillery:
 Here they brought rough and naked Satyrs in,
 Whose Farce-like Gesture, Motion, Speech, and
 Meen
 Resemble those of modern *Harlequin*.
 Because such antick Tricks and odd Grimace,
 After their drunken Feasts on Holidays,
 The giddy and hot-headed Rott would please:
 As the wild Feats of *Merry Andrews* now
 Divert the senseless Crowd at *Barthol'mew*.
 But he that would in this Mock-way excell,
 And exercise the Art of Railing well,
 Had need with diligence observe this Rule,
 In turning serious things to ridicule:
 If he an Hero, or a God bring in,
 With Kingly Robes and Scepter lately seen,
 Let them not speak, like Burlesque Characters,
 The Wit of *Billings-gate* and *Temple-Stairs*:
 Nor, while they of those Meannesses beware
 In tearing Lines of *Bajazet* appear.
 Majestick Tragedy as much disdains
 To condescend to low and trivial Strains,
 As a Court-Lady thinks her self disgrac'd
 To dance with Dowdies at a May-pole Feast.
 If in this kind you will attempt to write,
 You must no broad and clownish Words admit:
 Nor must you so confound your Characters,
 As not to mind what Person 'tis appears.

Take

Take a known Subject, and invent it well,
 And let your Stile be smooth and natural:
 Though others think it easie to attain,
 They'll find it hard, and imitate in vain:
 So much does Method and Connexion grace
 The commonst things, the plainest Matters raise.

In my Opinion 'tis absurd and odd
 To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,
 Speak the fine Language of the Park and Mall;
 As if they had their Training at Whitehall:
 Yet, though I would not have their Words too
 quaint,

Much less can I allow them impudent:
 For Men of Breeding, and of Quality,
 Must needs be thock'd with fulsome Ribaldry;
 Which, though it pass the Footboy and the Cit,
 Is always nauseous to the Box and Pit.

There are but few who have such skilful Ears
 To judge of artless and ill-measur'd Verse.

This, till of late, was hardly understood,
 And still there's too much Liberty allow'd.

But will you therefore be so much a Fool
 To write at random, and neglect a Rule?

Or, while your Faults are set to general view,
 Hope all Men should be blind, or pardon you?

Who would not such Fool-hardiness condemn,
 Where though perchance you may escape from
 blame,

Yet Praise you never can expect or claim?

Therefore be sure you study to apply
 To the great Patterns of Antiquity:

Ne'er lay the *Greeks* and *Romans* out of sight,
 Ply them by day, and think on them by night.
 Rough hobbling Numbers were allow'd for Rhime,
 And Clench for deep Conceit in former time:
 With too much Patience (not to call it worse)
 Both were applauded in our Ancestors:
 If you or I have Sense to judge aright
 Betwixt a Quibble and true sterling Wit;
 Or Ear enough to give the Difference
 Of sweet well sounding Verse from doggrel Strains.

Thespis ('tis said) did Tragedy devise,
 Unknown before and rude at its first rise:
 In Carts the Gypsy Actors strow'd about,
 With Faces smear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
 And thro' the Towns amus'd the wondring Rout;
 Till *Æschylus* appearing to the Age,
 Contriv'd a Play-house, and convenient Stage;
 Found out the use of Vizards, and a Dress,
 (An handsomer, and more gentile Disguise)
 And taught the Actors with a stately Air
 And Meen to Speak, and Tread, and whatsoe'er
 Gave Port and Grandeur to the Theatre.

Next this succeeded antient Comedy,
 With good Applause, till too much Liberty
 Usurp'd by Writers, had debauch'd the Stage,
 And made it grow the Grievance of the Age:
 No Merit was secure, no Person free
 From its licentious Buffoonry:
 Till for Redress the Magistrate was fain
 By Law those Insolences to restrain,

Our Authors in each kind their Praise may
claim,

Who leave no Paths untrod that lead to Fame :
And well they merit it, who scorn'd to be
So much the Vassals of Antiquity,
As those, who know no better than to cloy
With the old musty Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy* :
But boldly the dull beaten Track forsook,
And Subjects from our Country-story took.
Nor would our Nation less in Wit appear
Than in its great performances of War ;
Were there Encouragements to bribe our care,
Would we to file, and finish spare the pains,
And add but Justness to our manly Sense.

But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely
Your Skill, and Judgment, by mean Flattery :
Never pretend to like a piece of Wit,
But what, you're certain, is correctly writ :
But what has stood all tests, and is allow'd
By all to be unquestionably good :

Because some wild Enthusiasts there be
(Who bar the Rules of Art and Poetry)
Would have it Rapture all, and scarce admit
A man of sober sense to be a Wit ;
Others by this conceit have been misled
So much, that they're grown statutably mad :
The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,
Court Solitude, and Conversation shun ;
In dirty Cloaths, and a wild Garb appear,
And scarce are brought to cut their Nails and
Hair,

And

And hope to purchase credit and esteem,
 When they, like *Cromwell's* Porter, Frantick seem:
 Strange! that the very height of Lunacy,
 Beyond the cure of *Allen*, e'er should be
 A mark of the Elect in Poetry. }
 How much an Ass am I that us'd to bleed,
 And take a Purge each Spring to clear my Head?
 None otherwise would be so good as I,
 At lofty strains, and rants of Poetry:
 But, Faith, I am not yet so fond of Fame,
 To lose my Reason for a Poets name.
 Tho' I my self am not dispos'd to write,
 In others I may serve to sharpen Wit:
 Acquaint them what a Poet's duty is,
 And how he shall perform it with success:
 Whence the materials for his Work are sought,
 And how with skilful Art they must be wrought:
 And shew what is and is not Decency,
 And where his Faults and Excellencies lie.
 Good Sense must be the certain Standard still
 To all that will pretend to writing well:
 If you'll arrive at that you needs must be
 Well vers'd and grounded in Philosophy:
 Then chuse a Subject which you thoroughly know,
 And Words unsought thereon will easie flow.
 Whoe'er will write, must diligently mind
 The several Sorts and Ranks of humane kind:
 He that has learnt what to his Country's due,
 What we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,
 What Charge a Statesman, or a Judge does bear,
 And what the Parts of a Commander are;

Will never be at loss (he may be sure)
 To give each Person their due Pourtraiture.
 Take humane Life for your Original,
 Keep but your Draughts to that, you'll never fail.
 Sometimes in Plays, tho' else but badly writ,
 With nought of Force, or Grace, of Art, or Wit,
 Some one well humour'd Character we meet
 That takes us more than all the empty Scenes,
 And jingling Toys of more elaborate Pens.

Greece had command of Language, Wit and Sense,
 For cultivating which she spar'd no pains:
 Glory her sole design, and all her aim
 Was how to gain her self immortal Fame:
 Our *English* Youth another way are bred,
 They're fitted for a Prentiship, and Trade,
 And *Wingate's* all the Authors which they've
 read.

The Boy has been a year at Writing-School,
Has learnt Division, and the Golden Rule;
Scholar enough! cries the old doting Fool,
I'll hold a Piece, he'll prove an Alderman,
And come to sit at Church with Furs and Chain.
 This is the top design, the only praise,
 And sole Ambition of the booby Race:
 While this base Spirit in the Age does reign,
 And men mind nought but Wealth and sordid Gain,
 Can we expect or hope it should bring forth
 A Work in Poetry of any worth,
 Fit for the learned *Bodely* to admit
 Among its sacred Monuments of Wit?

A Poet should inform us, or divert,
 But joining both he shews his chiefest Art:

What-

Whatever Precepts you pretend to give,
Be sure to lay them down both clear and brief:
By that they're easier far to apprehend,
By this more faithfully preserv'd in mind:
All things superfluous are apt to cloy
The Judgment, and surcharge the Memory.

Let whatsoe'er of Fiction you bring in,
Be so like Truth, to seem at least akin:
Do not Improbabilities conceive,
And hope to ram them into my Belief:
Ne'er make a Witch upon the Stage appear,
Riding enchanted Broomstick through the Air:
Nor Cannibal a living Infant spew,
Which he had murther'd, and devour'd but now.
The graver sort dislike all Poetry,
Which does not (as they call it) edify:
And youthful Sparks as much that Wit despise,
Which is not strew'd with pleasant Gaities:
But he that has the Knack of mingling well
What is of Use with what's agreeable,
That knows at once how to instruct and please,
Is justly crown'd by all Mens Suffrages:
These are the Works which, valued everywhere,
Enrich *Paul's Church Yard* and the Stationer:
These Admiration through all Nations claim,
And through all Ages spread their Authors Fame.

Yet there are Faults wherewith we ought to
bear;
An Instrument may sometimes chance to jar
In the best hand, in spite of all its care:
Nor have I known that skilful Marks-man yet
So fortunate who never mist the White.

But where I many Excellencies find,
 I'm not so nicely critical to mind
 Each slight Mistake an Author may produce,
 Which humane Frailty justly may excuse.
 Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend
 A Fault, will still pursue it to the end,
 Is like that scraping Fool, who the same Note
 Is ever playing, and is ever out;
 And silly as that bubble every whit,
 Who at the self-same blot is always hit.
 When such a lewd incorrigible Sot
 Lucks by meer chance upon some happy thought;
 Among such filthy Trash, I vex to see't,
 And wonder how (the Devil) he came by't.
 In works of bulk and length we now and then
 May grant an Author to be overseen:
Homer himself, how sacred e'er he is,
 Yet claims not a pretence to Faultlessness.

Poems with Pictures a resemblance bear;
 Some (best at distance) shun a view too near:
 Others are bolder, and stand off to fight;
 These love the shade, those choose the clearest light,
 And dare the survey of the skilful'st eyes:
 Some once, and some Ten thousand times will
 please.

Sir, tho' your self so much of knowledge own }
 In these Affairs that you can learn of none, }
 Yet mind this certain truth which I lay down: }
 Most Callings else do Difference allow,
 Where ordinary Parts and Skill may do:
 I've known Physicians, who respect might claim;
 Tho' they ne'er rose to *Willis* his great Fame:

And

And there are Preachers who have great renown,
 Yet ne'er come up to *Sprat* or *Tillotson* :
 And Counsellors, or Pleaders in the Hall
 May have Esteem and Practice, tho' they fall
 Far short of smooth tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence,
 Tho' they want *Selden's* Learning, *Vaughan's* Sense ;
 But Verse alone does of no mean admit,
 Who'er will please, must please us to the height :
 He must a *Cowley* or a *Fleckno* be ;
 For ther's no second rate in Poetry :
 A dull insipid Writer none can bear,
 In every place he is the publick Jeer,
 And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.

No man that understands to make a Feast,
 With a coarse Dessert will offend his Guest,
 Or bring ill Musick in to grate the ear,
 Because 'tis what the Entertain might spare :
 'Tis the same case with those that deal in Wit,
 Whose main design and end should be Delight :
 They must by this same Sentence stand or fall,
 Be highly excellent or not at all.

In all things else save only Poetry,
 Men shew some signs of common Modesty :
 You'll hardly find a Fencer so unwise,
 Who at *Bear-garden* e'er will fight a Prize,
 Not having learnt before : nor at a Wake
 One, that wants skill and strength, the Girdle take ;
 Or be so vain the pond'rous Weight to fling,
 For fear they should be his'd out of the Ring.
 Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verse,
 And write in spite of Nature, and his Stars ;

All sorts of Subjects challenge at this time
 The Liberty and Property of Rhime.
 The Sot of Honour, fond of being great
 By something else than Title and Estate,
 As if a Parent gave him claim to Sense,
 Or 'twere entail'd with an Inheritance,
 Believes a cast of Foot-boys, and a set
 Of *Flanders* must advance him to a Wit.
 But you who have the Judgment to descry
 Where you excel, which way your Talents lie,
 I'm sure will never be induc'd to strain
 Your Genius, or attempt against your Vein,
 Yet (this let me advise) if e'er you write,
 Let none of your Composures see the light,
 Till they've been thoroughly weigh'd, and past the
 Test

Of all those Judges who are thought the best :
 While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the Press,
 You've power to correct them as you please :
 But when they once come forth to view of all,
 Your Faults are chronicled, and past recall.

Orpheus the first of the inspir'd Train,
 By force of powerful Numbers did restrain
 Mankind from Rage and bloody Cruelty,
 And taught the barbarous World Civility :
 Hence rose the Fiction which the Poets fram'd,
 That Lions were by's tuneful Magick, tam'd,
 And Tygers, charm'd by his harmonious Lays,
 Grew gentle, and laid by their Savageness :
 Hence that, which of *Amphion* too they tell,
 The pow'r of whose mirac'lous Lute could call
 The well-plac'd Stones into the *Theban* Wall.

Wondrous

Wondrous were the Effects of prim'tive Verse,
Which settled and reform'd the Universe:
This did all things to their due Ends reduce,
To publick, private, sacred, civil Use:
Marriage for weighty Causes was ordain'd,
That bridled Lust, and lawless Love restrain'd:
Cities with Walls and Ramparts were inclos'd,
And Property with wholesome Laws dispos'd:
And Bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,
To guard weak Innocence from wrongful Might.
Hence Poets have been held a sacred Name,
And plac'd with first Rates in the Lists of Fame.

Next these, great *Homer* to the World appear'd,
Around the Globe his loud alarms were heard,
Which all the brave to warlike Action fir'd:
And *Hesiod* after him with useful Skill
Gave Lessons to instruct the Plough-man's Toil.
Verse was the Language of the Gods of old,
In which their sacred Oracles were told:
In Verse were the first Rules of Virtue taught,
And Doctrine thence, as now from Pulpits sought:
By Verse some have the Love of Princes gain'd,
Who oft vouchsafe so to be entertain'd,
And with a Muse their weighty Cares unbend.
Then think it no Disparagement, dear Sir,
To own your self a Member of that Choir
Which Kings esteem, and Heaven does inspire.

Concerning Poets there has been contest,
Whether they're made by Art or Nature best:
But if I may presume in this Affair,
Amongst the rest my Judgment to declare,

No

No Art without a Genius will avail,
 And Parts without the help of Art will fail:
 But both Ingredients Jointly must unite
 To make the happy Character compleat.

None at *New-market* ever won the Prize,
 But us'd his Airings and his Exercise,
 His Courses and his Diets long before,
 And Wine and Women for a time forbore:
 Nor is there any Singing-man, we know,
 Of good Repute in a Cathedral now,
 But was a Learner once (he'll freely own)
 And by long Practice to that Skill has grown:
 But each conceited Dunce, without pretence
 To the least grain of Learning, Parts, or Sense,
 Or any thing but harden'd Impudence,
 Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage
 With all the topping Writers of the Age:

" *Why should not he put in among the rest?*

" *Damn him! he scorns to come behind the best.*

" *Declares himself a Wit, and vows to draw*

" *On the next Man, who'er disown him so.*

Scriblers of Quality who have Estate,
 To gain applauding Fools at any rate,
 Practise as many Tricks as Shop-keepers
 To force a Trade, and put off naughty Wares.

Some hire the House their Follies to expose,
 And are at Charge to be ridiculous:
 Others with Wine and Ordinaries treat
 A needy Rabble to cry up their Wit:
 'Tis strange that such should the true diff'rence find
 Betwixt a spunging Knave and faithful Friend.

Take heed how you e'er prostitute your Sense
 To such a fawning Crew of Sycophants :
 All signs of being pleas'd the Rogues will feign,
 Wonder, and bless themselves at every line,
 Swearing, " 'Tis soft! 'tis charming! 'tis divine!
 Here they'll look pale, as if surpriz'd, and there
 In a disguise of Grief squeeze out a Tear;
 Oft seem transported with a sudden Joy,
 Stamp and lift up their hands in Extasie :
 But if by chance your back once turn'd appear,
 You'll have 'em strait put out their Tongues in jeer,
 Or point, or gibe you with a scornful Sneer.
 As they who truly grieve at Funerals, shew
 Less outward Sorrow than hir'd Mourners do;
 So true Admirers less Concernment wear
 Before your face than the Sham-Flatterer.

They tell of Kings, who never would admit
 A Confident, or Bosom-Favourite,
 Till store of Wine had made his Secrets float,
 And by that means they'd found his Temper out :
 'Twere well if Poets knew some way like this,
 How to discern their Friends from Enemies.

Had you consulted learned Ben of old,
 He would your Faults impartially have told :
 " *This Verse Correction wants* (he would have said)
 " *And so does this* : If you reply'd, you had
 To little purpose several Trials made ;
 He presently would bid you strike a dash
 On all, and put in better in the place :
 But if he found you once a stubborn Sot,
 That would not be corrected in a Fault;

He

He would no more his Pains and Counsel spend
On an abandon'd Fool that scorn'd to mend;
But bid you in the Devil's Name go on,
And hug your dear Impertinence alone:

A trusty knowing Friend will boldly dare
To give his Sense and Judgment wherefoe'er
He sees a Fault: "Here, Sir, good faith, you're low,
"And must some heightning on the place bestow:
"There, if you mind, the Rhime is harsh and rough,
"And should be soft'ned to go smoothlier off:
"Your Strokes are here of Varnish left too bare,
"Your Colours there too thick laid on appear:
"Your Metaphor is coarse, that Phrase not pure,
"This Word improper, and that Sense obscure.

In fine, you'll find him a strict Censurer,
That will not your least Negligences spare
Through a vain fear of disobliging you:
They are but slight and trivial things, 'tis true;
Yet these same Trifles (take a Poet's word)
Matter of high Importance will afford,
Whene'er by means of them you come to be
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.

Not those with *Lord have mercy* on their doors,
Venom of Adders or infected Whores,
Are dreaded worse by Men of Sense and Wit,
Than a mad Scribler in his raving Fit:
Like Dog, whose Tail is pegg'd into a Bone,
The hooting Rabble all about the Town
Pursue the Cur, and pelt him up and down.
Should this poor Frantick, as he pass'd along,
Intent on's Rhiming-work amidst the Throng,

Into *Fleet-Ditch* or some deep Cellar fall,
 And, till he rent his Throat, for succor bawl,
 No one would lend an helping hand at call:
 For who (the Plague!) could guess at his Design,
 Whether he did not for the nonce drop in?
 I'd tell you, Sir, but questionless you've heard
 Of the odd End of a *Sicilian* Bard;

Fond to be deem'd a God, this Fool (it seems)
 In's Fit leap'd headlong into *Ætna's* Flames.

Troth, I could be content an Act might pass,
 Such Poets should have leave, whene'er they
 please,

To die and rid us of our Grievances.

A God's name let 'em hang, or drown, or choose,

What other way they will themselves dispose,

Why should we Life against their Wills impose?

Might that same Fool I mention'd now revive,

He would not be reclaim'd I dare believe,

But soon be playing his old Freaks again,

And still the same capricious Hopes retain.

'Tis hard to guess, and harder to alledge,

Whether for Parricide, or Sacrilege, (Crime,

Or some more strange, unknown, and horrid

Done in their own or their Forefathers time,

These scribbling Wretches have been damn'd to

Rhime:

But certain 'tis, for such a crack-brain'd Race,

Bedlam or *Hogsdon* is the fittest place:

Without their Keeper you had better choose

To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke loose,

Than these wild savage Rhimers in the street,

Who with their Verses worry all they meet:

In

In vain you would release your self; so close
 The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting loose,
 Remorseless they to no Entreaties yield,
 Till you are with inhumane Nonsense kill'd.

An Imitation of
H O R A C E.

BOOK I. SATYR IX.

Written in June, 1681.

Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ, &c.

AS I was walking in the Mall of late,
 Alone, and musing on I know not what;
 Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I
 Knew by his Name, and rudely seizes me:
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you:
And pray, how have you done this Age or two?
" Well, thank God (said I) as times are now:
" I wish the same to you. And so pass'd on,
 Hoping with this the Coxcomb would be gone.

But when I saw I could not thus get free;
I ask'd what Business else he had with me?

Sir (answer'd he) *If Learning, Parts, or Sense*
Merits your Friendship, I have just Pretence;

" I honour you (said I) upon that score,

" And shall be glad to serve you to my Power.

Mean time wild to get loose, I try all ways

To shake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,

Sometimes stand still: I frown, I chafe, I fret,

Shrug, turn my back, as in the *Bagnio* sweat:

And shew all kind of signs to make him guess

At my impatience and uneasiness.

" Happy the folk in Newgate (whisper'd I)

" Who, though in Chains are from this torment free:

" Wou'd I were like rough Manly in the Play,

" To send Impertinents with kicks away!

He all the while baits me with tedious chat,

Speaks much about the Drought, and how the
Rate

Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at:

Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,

Portending God knows what, a Dearth, or Plague;

Names every Wench that passes through the Park,

How much she is allow'd, and who the Spark

That keeps her: points, who lately got a Clap,

And who at the *Groom-porters* had ill hap

Three nights ago, in play with such a Lord:

When he observ'd, I minded not a word,

And did no Answer to his Trash afford;

Sir, I perceive you stand on Thorns (said he)

And fain would part; but, faith, it must not be:

Come,

Come, let us take a Bottle. (I cry'd) "No;
 "Sir, I am in a Course, and dare not now.
 Then tell me whither you desire to go,
 I'll wait upon you. Oh! Sir, 'tis too far:
 "I visit cross the Water; therefore spare
 "Your needless Trouble. Trouble! Sir, 'tis none:
 'Tis more behalf to leave you here alone.
 I have no present Business to attend,
 At least, which I'll not quit for such a Friend:
 Tell me not of the Distance; for I vow,
 I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,
 Good Faith, I will not leave you: make no words;
 Go you to Lambeth? Is it to my Lord's?
 His Steward I most intimately know,
 Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.
 By this I found my Wheedle would not pass,
 But rather serv'd my suff'rings to increase:
 And seeing 'twas in vain to vex or fret,
 I patiently submitted to my Fate.

Strait he begins again: Sir, if you knew
 My worth but half so thoroughly as I do;
 I'm sure you would not value any Friend
 You have like me: but that I won't commend
 My self, and my own Talents I might tell
 How many ways to wonder I excel.
 None has a greater gift in Poetry,
 Or writes more Verses with more ease than I:
 I'm grown the Envy of the men of Wit,
 I kill'd ev'n Rochester with grief, and spight;
 Next for the Dancing part I all surpass,
 St. Andrew never mov'd with such a grace:

And

And 'tis well known, whene'er I sing, or set,
Humphrys nor Blow could ever match me yet.

Here I got room to interrupt: "Have you
"A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?

Not one: they are all dead: "Troth, so I guesst,

"The happier they (said I) who are at rest:

"Poor I, am only left unmurder'd yet:

"Haste, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite:

"For I am well convinc'd, my time is come:

"When I was young, a Gypsie told my doom:

This Lad (said she, and look'd upon my hand)

Shall not by Sword, or Poyson come to's end,

Nor by the Fever, Dropsie, Gout, or Stone,

But he shall die by an eternal Tongue:

Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,

Let him avoid great Talkers I advise.

By this time we were got to Westminster,

Where he by chance a Trial had to hear,

And, if he were not there, his Cause must fall:

Sir, if you love me step into the Hall

For one half hour, "The Devil take me now

"(Said I) if I know any thing of Law:

"Besides I told you whither I'm to go.

Hereat he made stand, pull'd down his Hat

Over his eyes, and mus'd in deep Debate:

Im in a strait (says he) what I shall do,

Whether forsake my business, Sir, or you.

"Me, by all means (say I.) No (says my Sot)

I fear you'll take it ill if I should do't:

Im sure you will. "Not I, by all that's good;

For I've more breeding than to be so rude.

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Pray, don't neglect your own Concerns for me
 " Your Cause, good Sir! My Cause be damn'd, says he,
 I value it less than your dear Company.

With this he came up to me, and would lead
 The way; I sneaking after, hung my head.

Next he begins to plague me with the Plot,
 Asks, whether I were known to Qats or not?

" Not I, thank Heaven! I no Priest have been;

" Have never Doway nor St. Omers seen.

What think you, Sir, will they the Joyner try?

Will he die, think you? Yes, most certainly.

I mean, be hang'd. " Would thou wert so (wish'd I.)

Religion came in next; though he'd no more
 Than th' noble Peer, his Whore, or Confessor.

Oh, the sad times if once the King should die!

Sir, are you not afraid of Popery?

" No more than my Superiors: why should I?

" Come Popery, come any thing (thought I)

" So Heav'n would bless me to get rid of thee:

" But 'tis some comfort that my Hell is here;

" I need no Punishment hereafter fear.

Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew;

How stands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace and you?

" Sir, he's a man of Sense above the Crowd,

" And shuns the Converse of a Multitude.

Ah Sir (says he) you're happy who are near

His Grace, and have the Favour of his Ear:

But let me tell you, if you'll recommend

This Person here, your Point will soon be gain'd.

Gad, Sir, I'll die if my own single Wit

Don't fob his Minions, and displace 'em quite;

And make your self his only Favourite.

" No

"No, you are out abundantly (said I)
"We live not as you think: no Family
"Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free
"From those ill Customs which are us'd to swarm
"In great Mens Houses; none e'er does me harm,
"Because more Learned or more Rich than I;
"But each Man keeps his Place and his Degree.
"Tis mighty strange (says he) what you relate,
"But nothing truer, take my word for that.

You make me long to be admitted too
Amongst his Creatures: Sir, I beg that you
Will stand my Friend: your Interest is such,
You may prevail, I'm sure you can do much;
He's one that may be won upon, I've heard,
Tho' at the first approach Access be hard.
I'll spare no Trouble of my own or Friends,
No Cost in Fees and Bribes to gain my Ends:
I'll seek all opportunities to meet
With him, accost him in the very Street:
Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,
Fawn, scrape and cringe to him, nay, to his Groom.
Faith, Sir, this must be done if we'll be great:
Preferment comes not at a cheaper rate.

While at this savage rate he worried me,
By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend, came by,
That knew the Fellow's Humour passing well:
Glad of the sight, I join him; we stand still:
Whence came you Sir? and whither go you now?
And such-like Questions pass'd betwixt us two:
Strait I begin to pull him by the Sleeve,
Nod, wink upon him, touch my Nose, and give

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A thousand hints, to let him know that I
 Needed his help for my Delivery:
 He, naughty Wag, with an arch-fleering Smile
 Seemsignorant of what I mean the while;
 I grow stark wild with Rage. "Sir, said not you
 "You'd somewhat to discourse, not long ago,
 "With me in private? I remember't well:
 Some other time be sure, I will not fail:
 Now I am in great haste upon my Word:
 A Messenger came for me from a Lord,
 That's in a bad condition, like to die.
 "Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worse than I.
 "Therefore for God's sake do not stir from hence.
 Sweet Sir! your pardon, 'tis of consequence:
 I hope you're kinder than to press my stay,
 Which may be Heav'n knows what out of my way.

This said, he left me to my Murderer;
 Seeing no hopes of my relief appear;
 "Confounded be the Stars (said I) that sway'd
 "This fatal day! would I had kept my Bed
 "With sickness rather than be visited
 "With this worse Plague! what ill have I'er done,
 "To pull this Curse, this heavy Judgment down?
 While I was thus lamenting my ill hap,
 Comes aid at length: a brace of Bayliffs clap
 The Rascal on the back: "Here take your Fees,
 "Kind Gentlemen (said I) for my Release.
 He would have had me Bail. "Excuse me Sir,
 "I've made a Vow ne'er to be surety more:
 "My Father was undone by't heretofore.
 Thus I got off, and bless'd the Fates, that he
 Was Pris'ner made, I set at liberty.

Paraphrase upon
H O R A C E.

BOOK I. ODE XXXI.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Appollinem
 Vates? &c. -----*

I.

WHat does the Poets modest Wish require?
 What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n
 desire?

Not the large Crops of *Essex's* goodly Soil,
 Which tire the Mowers and the Reapers Toil;
 Not the soft Flocks on hilly *Cotswold* fed,
 Nor *Leicester* Fields with living Fleeces clad:
 He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle *Thames*,
 Or swifter *Severn* spread their fat'ning Streams.

Where they with wanton Windings play,
 And eat their widn'd Banks insensibly away:

He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-street*,
 Which Consciences and Souls are pawn'd to get.

Nor those exhaustless Mines of Gold,
 Which *Guiny* and *Peru* in their rich bosoms hold.

II.

Let those that live in the *Canary* Isles,
 On which indulgent Nature ever smiles,
 Take Pleasure in their plenteous Vintages,
 And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor press:

134 Paraphrase upon Horace, Book I. Ode XXXI.

Let wealthy Merchants, when they Dine,
Run o'er their costly Names of Wine,
Their Chests of *Florence*, and their *Mont-Alchine*,
Their *Nants*, *Champagns*, *Chablees*, *Frontiniacks* tell,
Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Bachrach* and *Mosell*:

He envies not their Luxury,
Which they with so much Pains and Danger buy:
For which so many Storms and Wrecks they
bear,

For which they pass the *Streights* so oft each
year,

And scape so narrowly the Bondage of *Argier*.

III.

He wants no *Cyprus* Birds, nor *Ortolans*,
Nor Dainties fetch'd from far to please his Sense,
Cheap wholsome Herbs content his frugal Board,

The food of unfaill'n Innocence,
Which the mean'st Village Garden does afford:
Grant him, kind Heav'n, the sum of his Desires,
What Nature, not what Luxury requires:

He only does a Competency claim,
And when he has it, Wit to use the same:
Grant him sound Health, impair'd by no Disease,

Nor by his own Excess:

Let him in strength of Mind and Body live,
But not his Reason nor his Sense survive:

His Age (if Age he e'er must live to see)

Let it from Want, Contempt, and Care be free,
But not from Mirth, and the delights of Poetry:

Grant him but this, he's amply satisf'd,

And scorns whatever Fate can give beside.

Paraphrase upon

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.*

A Las ! dear Friend, alas ! time hastes away,
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its stay :
The rolling Years with constant Motion run,
Lo ! while I speak the present Minute's gone,
And following Hours still urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power,
'Tis not thy Piety can thee secure :
They're all too feeble to withstand
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless end.
When once thy Glass is run,
When once thy utmost Thread is spun,
'Twill then be fruitless to expect Reprieve :
Could'st thou ten thousand Kingdoms give
In purchase for each hour of longer life,
They would not buy one gasp of Breath,
Not move one jot inexorable Death.

II.

All the vast stock of humane Progeny,
Which now like Swarms of Insects crawl
Upon the surface of Earth's spacious Ball,
Must quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels buried lie.

The mightiest King, and proudest Potentate,
In spite of all his Pomp and all his State,
Must pay this necessary Tribute unto Fate:
The busie restless *Monarch* of the World, which
now

Keeps such a pother, and so much ado

To fill Gazetts alive,

And after in some lying Annal to survive;

Ev'n He, ev'n that great mortal man must die
And stink and rot as well as thou and I.

As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch that begs his
Bread,

And is with Scraps out of the common Basket fed.

III.

In vain from dangers of the bloody Field we keep,
In vain we escape

The sultry *Line* and stormy *Cape*,

And all the Treacheries of the faithless Deep:

In vain for Health to foreign Countries we repair,

And change our *English* for *Mompellier* Air;

In hope to leave our fears of dying there;

In vain with costly far-fetch'd Drugs we strive

To keep the wasting vital Lamp alive:

In vain on Doctors feeble Art rely;

Against resistless Death there is no remedy.

Both we and they for all their skill must die,

And fill alike the Beadrols of Mortality.

IV.

IV.

Thou must, thou must resign to Fate, my Friend,
And leave thy House, thy Wife, and Family be-
hind:

Thou must thy fair and goodly Mannors leave,
Of these thy Trees thou shalt not with thee take,
Save just as much as will thy Coffin make:
Nor wilt thou be allow'd, of all thy Land to have;
But the small pittance of a six-foot Grave.

Then shall thy prodigal young Heir
Lavish the Wealth which thou for many a year
Hast hoarded up with so much Pains and Care:
Then shall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,
Kept sacred now as Vaults of buried Ancestors:
Shall set th' enlarged Butts at liberty,
Which there close Prisoners under durance lie,
And wash these stately Floors with better Wine
Than that of consecrated Prelates when they dine.

The PRAISE of HOMER.

OD E.

HAil God of Verse! pardon that thus I take in
vain being to arise was born beyond recall

Thy Sacred everlasting Name,

And in unhallowed Lines blaspheme:

Pardon, that with strange Fire thy Altars I pro-
fane.

Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith
submit, (Writ:

Whom we acknowledge our sole Text and Holy
None other Judge infallible we own,

But Thee, who art the Canon of authentick Wit
alone.

—Thou art the unexhausted Ocean, whence
Sprung first, and still to flow th' eternal Rills of
Sense:

To none but Thee our Art Divine we owe,
From whom it had its Rise, and full Perfection too,
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever dost supply
Throughout the World the whole Poetick Com-
pany :

With

With thy vast Stock alone they traffick for a
Name,
And send their glorious Ventures out to all the
Coasts of Fame.

II.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who fasten'd that unjust Reproach on Thee?
Who can the senseless Tale believe?
Who can to the false Legend credit give?
Or think thou wanted'st sight, by whom all others
see?
What Land, or Region, how remote so'er,
Does not so well describ'd in thy great Draughts ap-
pear,
That each thy native Country seems to be,
And each t'have been survey'd, and measur'd out by
thee?
Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear,
Whate'er the spacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main;
Is by thy skilful Pencil so exactly shown,
We scarce discern where thou, or Nature best has
drawn;
Nor is thy quick all-piercing Eye,
Or check'd or bounded here:
But farther does surpass, and farther does descry,
Beyond the Travels of the Sun and Year.
Beyond this glorious Scene of starry Tapestry,
Where the vast Purliews of the Sky,
And boundless waste of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'st, and bold Discoveries.
What

What there the Gods in Parliament debate,
 What Votes, or Acts i'th' Heav'nly Houses pass,
 By thee so well communicated was;
 As if thou'dst been of that Cabal of State,
 As if thou hadst been sworn the Privy-Counsellor
 of Fate.

III.

What Chief, who does thy Warrior's great Exploits
 survey,

Will not aspire to Deeds as great as they?

What generous Readers would he not inspire
 With the same gallant Heat, the same ambitious
 Fire?

Methinks from *Ida's* top with noble Joy I view
 The warlike Squadrons by his daring Conduct led,
 I see th' immortal Host engaging on his side,
 And him the blushing Gods out-do.

Where-e'er he does his dreadful Standards bear,
 Horror stalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the Rear.

Whole Swarths of Enemies his Sword does mow,
 And Limbs of Mangled Chiefs his passage strow,
 And floods of reeking Gore the Field o'er-flow:
 While Heav'n's dread Monarch from his Throne of
 State,

With high concern upon the sight looks down,
 And wrinkles his Majestick Brow into a Frown,
 To see bold Man, like him, distribute Fate.

IV.

While the great *Macedonian* Youth in Non-age
 grew,

Nor yet by Charter of his Years set free
 From Guardians, and their slavish Tyranny,

No Tutor, but the Budge Philosophers he knew:
And well enough the grave and useful Tools
Might serve to read him Lectures, and to please
With unintelligible Jargon of the Schools,
And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges:
They might the Art of Prating, and of Brawling
teach,

And some insipid Homilies of Virtue preach:
But when the mighty Pupil had out-grown
Their musty Discipline, when manlier Thoughts
possess'd

His generous Princely Breast,
Now ripe for Empire, and a Crown,
And fill'd with Lust of Honour and Renown;
He then learnt to contemn

The despicable things, the Men of Flegm:
Strait he to the dull Pedants gave Release,
And a more nobler Master strait took place:
Thou, who the *Grecian* Warriour so could'st praise
As might in him just Envy raise,
Who (one would think) had been himself too
high

To envy any thing of all Mortality,
'Twas thou that taught'st him Lessons loftier far,
The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War:
And wondrous was the Progress which he made,
While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read:
The World too narrow for his boundless Conquests
grew,

He conquer'd one, and wish'd, and wept for new:
From thence he did those Miracles produce,
And fought, and vanquish'd by the Conduct of a
Muse.

V.

No wonder rival Nations quarrel'd for thy Birth,
 A Prize of greater and of higher worth
 Than that which led whole *Greece* and *Asia* forth,
 Than that for which thy mighty Hero fought,
 And *Troy* with ten years War, and its Destruction
 bought.

Well did they think it noble to have bore that
 Name,
 Which the whole World would with ambition
 claim;

Well did they Temples raise
 To Thee, at whom Nature her self stood in amaze.
 A work, she never tried to amend, nor cou'd:
 In which mistaking Man, by chance she form'd a
 God.

How gladly would our willing *Isle* resign
 Her fabulous *Arthur*, and her boasted *Constantine*,
 And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,
 And quit the Honour of their Births to be ensur'd to
 thine?

How justly might it the wise Choice approve,
 Prouder in this, than *Crete* to have brought forth
 Almighty *Jove*?

VI.

Unhappy we, thy *British* Off-spring here,
 Who strive by thy great Model Monuments to rear:
 In vain for worthless Fame we toil,
 That's pent in the strait limits of a narrow *Isle*:
 In vain our Force, and Art we spend
 With noble labours to enrich our Land,
 Which none beyond our Shoars vouchsafe to un-
 derstand:

Be

Be the fair Structure ne'er so well defin'd;
The parts with ne'er so much proportion joyn'd;
Yet foreign Bards (such is their Pride, or Preju-
dice)

All the choice Workmanship for the Martial's sake
despise.

But happier thou the Genius didst dispense
In Language universal as thy Sense:
All the rich Bullion, which thy Sovereign Stamp
does wear

On every Coast of Wit does equal value bear,
Allow'd by all, and current every where.

No Nation yet has been so barbarous found,
Where thy transcendent Worth was not renown'd.
Throughout the World thou art with Wonder
read,

Where-ever Learning does its Commerce spread,
Where-ever Fame with all her Tongues can speak,
Where-ever the bright God of Wit does his vast
Journies take.

VII.

Happy above Mankind that envied Name,
Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious Theme:
What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven be-
stow

On its chief Favourite below?
What nobler Trophy could his high Deserts besit,
Than these thy vast erected Pyramids of Wit?

Not Statutes cast in solid Brass,
Nor those which Art in breathing Marble does ex-
press,

Can

Can boast an equal Life, or Lastingness
 With their well-polish'd, Images, which claim
 A Nich in thy Majestick Monuments of Fame.
 Here their embalm'd incorruptible Memories
 Can proudest *Loures* and *Escurials* despise,
 And all the needless Helps of *Egypt's* costly Vanities.

No Blasts of Heaven, or Ruin of the Spheres,
 Not all the washing Tides of rolling Years,
 Nor the whole Race of batt'ring Time shall e'er wear out

The great Inscriptions which thy Hand has wrought.

Here thou and they shall live, and bear an endless date,

Firm, as inroll'd in the eternal Register of Fate.

For ever curst be that mad Emperor,
 (And curst enough he is, be sure)

May future Poets on his hated Name

Shed all their Gall and foulest Infamy,

And may it here stand branded with eternal Shame,

Who thought thy Works could mortal be,

And sought the glorious Fabrick to destroy :

In this (could Fate permit it to be done)

His damned Successor he had out-gone,

Who *Rome* and all its Palaces in Ashes laid,

And the great Ruins with a savage Joy survey'd:

He burnt but what might be rebuilt and richer made.

But had the impious Wish succeeded here,

'T had raz'd what Age nor Art could e'er repair.

Nor die, till the whole world its Funeral Pile be-
come.

Orn all ye Groves, in darker shades be
- - - - -

And Whither Thou takest the Arrows
 Let every Role be as the Lilly-bed
 Lament, until you be husband'd againe
 Ye meane holy Flowers which once were Men
 And alive Plants your mortall seed, and die
 Ye Willow Rivers weep your Fontaines dry
 Let groanes be heard where gentle Winds have been

Two

Two Pastorals out of the Greek.

B I O N.

A Pastoral, in Imitation of the Greek of Moschus, bewailing the Death of the Earl of
R O C H E S T E R.

Mourn all ye Groves, in darker Shades be
seen,

Let groans be heard where gentle Winds have been:

Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,

And all ye Plants your moisture spend, and die:

Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,

Lament, until you be transform'd agen:

Let every Rose pale as the Lilly be,

And Winter Frost seize the Anemone:

But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow,

In mournful Letters thy sad Glory show,

Enlarge thy Grief, and flourish in thy Woe:

For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion's* dead,

His Voice is gone, his tuneful Breath is fled.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Mourn ye sweet Nightingales in the thick Woods,

Tell the sad news to all the *British* Floods:

See

Two Pastorals out of the Greek. 2147

See it to *Iſis* and to *Cam* convey'd,
To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmost *Tweed*;
And bid them waſt the bitter Tidings on,
How *Bion's* dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,
And with him all the Art of Graceful Song.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herſe,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and
Springs,

Pine with ſad Grief, and droop your ſickly
Wings :

In doleful Notes the heavy Loſs bewail,
Such as you ſing at your own Funeral,
Such as you ſang when your lov'd *Orpheus* fell :

Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Tell it to all the *Britiſh* Nymphs and Swains,
And bid them too the diſmal Tidings ſpread
Of *Bion's* Fate, of *England's Orpheus* dead.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herſe,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondring Plain :
Ceas'd are thoſe Lays, ceas'd are thoſe ſprightly Airs
That woo'd our Souls into our raviſh'd Ears :

For which the liſt'ning Streams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down :
While the glad Hills, loth the ſweet Sounds to loſe,
Lengthen'd in *Eccho's* every heav'nly Cloſe.

Down to the Melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to *Lethe's* Banks reports his Moan :

Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now
 But penfive Herds that for their Master low :
 Stragling and comfortless about they rove,
 Unmindful of their Pasture and their Love.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.
 For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much lov'd Son,
 Does *Phæbus* Clouds of Mourning black put on :
 For thee the *Satyrs* and the rustick *Fawns*
 Sigh and lament through all the Woods and
 Lawns :

For thee the *Faries* grieve, and cease to dance
 In sportful Rings by night upon the Plains :
 The Water *Nymphs* alike thy Absence mourn,
 And all their Springs to Tears and Sorrow turn :
 Sad *Ecco* too does in deep Silence moan,
 Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown :
 She finds nought worth her Pains to imitate,
 Now thy sweet Breath's stopt by untimely Fate :
 Trees drop their Leaves to dress thy Funeral,
 And all their Fruit before its *Autumn* fall :
 Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
 And scorns to thrive, or live now thou art dead :
 Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,
 The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil :
 Alas ! what boots it now their Hives to store
 With the rich Spoils of every plunder'd Flower
 When thou that wast all Sweetness art no more ?

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ne'er did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore
 In such loud plaints utter their grief before;
 Never in such sad Notes did *Philomel*
 To the relenting Rocks her Sorrow tell:
 Ne'er on the Beech did poor *Alcyon*,
 So weep, when she her floating Lover saw;
 Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
 Upon those Waves where he was drown'd so
 mourn'd:
 Nor did the Bird of *Memnon* with such Grief
 Bedew those Ashes which late gave him Life:
 As they did now with vying Grief bewail,
 As they did all lament dear *Bion's* Fall.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse;*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

In every Wood, on every Tree and Bush,
 The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thrush,
 And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng
 In list'ning Flocks to learn his well-tun'd Song;
 Now each in the sad Consort bear a part,
 And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:
 Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here assist,
 Let not your Murmurs in the Crowd be mist:
 To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
 That taught you how to sing, and how to love.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
 That dares aspire to reach thy matchless strain?

Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
 Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand?
 Thy Notes remain yet fresh in every Ear,
 And give us all Delight and all Despair:
 Pleas'd *Eccho* still does on them meditate,
 And to the whistling Reeds their Sounds repeat.
Pan only e'er can equal thee in Song,
 That Task does only to great *Pan* belong:
 But *Pan* himself perhaps will fear to try,
 Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.
 Fair *Galatea* too laments thy Death,
 Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful Breath:
 Oft she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore
 To hear thy artful measures from the Shore:
 Not harsh like the rude *Cyclops* were thy Lays,
 Whose grating Sounds did her soft Ears displease:
 Such was the force of thy enchanting Tongue,
 That she for ever could have heard thy Song,
 And chid the Hours that did so swiftly run,
 And thought the Sun too hasty to go down.
 Now does that lovely *Nereid* for thy sake
 The Sea and all her fellow-Nymphs forsake:
 Pensive upon the Beach she sits alone,
 And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'r't gone.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.
 With thee, sweet *Bion*, all the Grace of Song,
 And all the *Muses* boasted Art is gone:

Mute

Mute is thy Voice, which could all Hearts com-
 mand,
 Whose Pow'r no Shepherdess could e'er withstand:
 All the soft weeping *Lover* above thee moan,
 At once their Mothers Darling and their own:
 Dearer wast thou to *Venus* than her *Lover*,
 Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
 Than the last gasping Kisses which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his Breath.
 This, *Thames*, ah! this is now the second Loss,
 For which in Tears thy weeping Current flows:
Spencer, the Muses Glory, went before,
 He pass'd long since to the *Elisian* Shore:
 For him (they say) for him, thy dear lov'd Son,
 Thy Waves did long in sobbing Murmurs groan,
 Long fill'd the Sea with their Complaint and Moan:
 But now, alas! thou dost afresh bewail,
 Another Son does now thy Sorrow call,
 To part with either thou alike wast loth,
 Both dear to thee, dear to the Fountains both:
 He largely drank the Rills of sacred *Cam*,
 And this no less of *Isis* nobler Stream:
 He sung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights
 Far fam'd in Battles, and renown'd Exploits:
 This meddled not with bloody Fights and Wars,
Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmless Jars,
 Loves peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares.
 Love ever was the Subject of his Lays,
 And his soft Lays did *Venus* ever please.

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

152 *Two Pastorals out of the Greek.*

Thou, sacred *Bion*, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful Bards that dy'd before:
Old *Chancer*, who first taught the Use of Verse,
No longer has the Tribute of our Tears:
Milton, whose Muse with such a daring flight
Led out the warring *Seraphims* to fight:
Blest *Cowley* too, who on the Banks of *Cam*
So sweetly sigh'd his Wrongs and told his Flame:
And *He* whose Song rais'd *Cooper's Hill* so high
As made its Glory with *Parnassus* vie:
And soft *Orinda*, whose bright shining Name,
Stands next great *Sappho's* in the ranks of Fame:
All now unwept, and unlamented pass,
And in our Grief no longer share a place:
Bion alone does all our Tears engross,
Our Tears are all too few for *Bion's* loss.

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.
Thee all the Herdsmen mourn in gentlest Lays,
And rival one another in thy Praise:
In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On every Bark, that's worthy of the same:
Thy Name is warbled forth by every Tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song:
Waller, the sweet'st of living Bards, prepares
For thee, his tender'st and his mournfull'st Airs.
And I, the meanest of the *British* Swains,
Amongst the rest offer these humble Strains:
If I am reckon'd not unblest in Song,
'Tis what I owe to thy all teaching Tongue:
Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful Breath

Thou

Thou didst by Will to worthless Me bequeath :
Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didst thy Pipe, and Skill vouchsafe.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Alas! by what ill Fate, to Man unkind,
Were we to so severe a Lot design'd?

The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield,

The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,

Which must ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,

Shall spring again, again more vigorous grow :

Yon Sun, and this bright glory of the Day,

Which Night is hasting now to snatch away,

Shall rise anew more shining and more gay :

But wretched We must harder measure find,

The great'st, the brav'st, the witti'st of Mankind,

When Death has once put out their Light, in vain

Ever expect the dawn of Life again :

In the dark Grave insensible they lie,

And there sleep out endless Eternity.

There thou to silence ever art confin'd,

While less deserving Swains are left behind :

So please the Fates to deal with us below,

They cull out thee, and let dull *Mevius* go :

Mevius still lives; still let him live for me,

He and his Pipe shall ne'er my Envy be :

None e'er that heard thy sweet, thy artful Tongue,

Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

154 *Two Pastorals out of the Greek.*

A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and stopp'd his hallow'd
Breath:

A fatal Damp put out that heav'nly Fire,
That sacred Heat which did his Breast inspire.
Ah! what malignant Ill could boast that power
Which his sweet Voice's Magick could not cure?
Ah cruel Fate! how could'st thou chuse but spare?
How could'st thou exercise thy Rigour here?
Would thou had'st thrown thy Dart at worthless
me,

And let this dear, this valued Life go free:
Better ten thousand meaner Swains had dy'd
Than this best work of Nature been destroy'd.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garland's, never-dying Verse.
Ah! would kind Death alike had sent me hence;
But Grief shall do the Work, and save its Pains;
Grief shall accomplish my desired Doom,
And soon dispatch me to *Elysium*:
There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,
How with thy Voice thou charm'st the Shades be-
low.

Sing, Shepherd, sing one of thy Strains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce *Elysian* Queen:
She once her self was pleas'd with tuneful Strains,
And sung and danc'd on the *Sicilian* Plains:
Fear not thy Song should unsuccessful prove,
Fear not but 'twill the pitying Goddess move:
She once was won by *Orpheus* heav'nly Lays,
And gave his fair *Eurydice* release.

And

And thine as pow'rful (question not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to these glad Hills again.

Ev'n I my self, did I at all excel
Would try the utmost of my Voice and Skill,
Would try to move the rigid King of Hell. }

The Lamentation for

ADONIS.

Imitated out of the Greek of
Bion of Smyrna.

PASTORAL.

I Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,
He's dead, and all that's lovely with him fled:
Come all ye Loves, come hither and bemoan
The charming sweet *Adonis* dead and gone:
Rise from thy Purple Bed and rich Alcove,
Throw off thy gay Attire, great Queen of Love;
Henceforth in sad and mournful Weeds appear,
And all the marks of Grief and Sorrow wear,
And tear thy Locks, and beat thy panting Breast,
And cry, *My dear Adonis is deceas'd.*

I mourn

I mourn *Adonis*, the soft Loves bemoan
 The gentle sweet *Adonis* dead and gone.
 On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
 Kill'd by a savage Boar's un pitying Tooth:
 In his white Thigh the fatal stroke is found,
 Nor whiter was that Tooth that gave the Wound:
 From the wide Wound fast flows the streaming

Gore,
 And stains that Skin which was all Snow before:
 His Breath with quick short tremblings comes and
 goes,

And Death his fainting Eyes begins to close:
 From his pale lips the ruddy colour's fled,
 Fled, and has left his Kisses cold and dead:
 Yet *Venus* never will his Kisses leave,
 The Goddess ever to his Lips will cleave:
 The Kiss of her dear Youth doth please her still,
 But her poor Youth does not the pleasure feel:
 Dead he feels not her Love, feels not her Grief,
 Feels not her Kiss, which might ev'n life retrieve.

I mourn *Adonis*, the sad Loves bemoan,
 The comely fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
 Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing Smart,
 But deeper far it goes in *Venus* Heart;
 His faithful Dogs about the Mountains yell,
 And the hard Fate of their dead Master tell:
 The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful Strains
 Proclaim his Death through all the Fields and Plains:
 But the sad Goddess, most of all forlorn,
 With Love distracted, and with Sorrow torn,
 Wild in her look, and rueful in her air,
 With Garments rent, and with dishevel'd Hair,

Through

Through

Through Brakes, through Thickets, and through
pathless ways,

Through Woods, through Haunts, and Dens of
Savages,

Undrest, unshod, careless of Honour, Fame,
And Danger flies, and calls on his lov'd Name:

Rude Brambles, as she goes, her Body tear,
And her cut Feet with Blood the Stones besmear:

She thoughtless of the unfelt Smart flies on,
And fills the Woods and Valleys with her Moan.

Loudly does on the Stars and Fates complain,
And prays them give *Adonis* back again:

But he, alas! the Wretched Youth, alas!
Lies cold and stiff, extended on the Grass:

There lies he steep'd in Gore, there lies he drown'd
In purple Streams, that gush from his own Wound:

All the soft Band of Loves their Mother mourn,
At once the Beauty and of Love forlorn.

Venus has lost her Lover, and each Grace,
That sat before in triumph in her Face,

By Grief chas'd thence, has now forsook the
place.

That day which snatch'd *Adonis* from her Arms,
That day bereft the Goddess of her Charms:

The Woods and Trees in murmuring Sighs be-
moan

The Fate of fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
The Rivers too, as if they would deplore

His Death, with Grief swell higher than before:
The Flowers weep in Tears of dreary Dew,

And by their drooping Heads their Sorrow shew:

But

But most the Cyprian Queen with Shrieks and
Groans

Fills all the neighb'ring Hills, and Vales, and
Towns :

The poor Adonis dead ! is all her Cry,
Adonis dead ! sad *Eccbo* does reply.

What cruel Heart would not the Queen of Love
To melting Tears and soft Compassion move,
When she saw how her wretched Lover fell,
Saw his deep Wound, saw it incurable?
Soon as her Eyes his bleeding Wound survey'd,
With eager Clips she did his Limbs invade,
'And these soft, tender, mournful things she said :

' Whither, O whither fly'st thou, wretched Boy?

' Stay, my *Adonis*, stay, my only Joy ;

' O stay, unhappy Youth, at least till I

' With one kind Word bespeak thee ere thou die.

' Till I once more embrace thee, till I seal

' Upon thy dying Lips my last farewell.

' Look up one minute, give one parting Kiss,

' One Kiss, dear Youth, to dry these flowing Eyes :

' One Kiss, as thy last Legacy, I'd fain

' Preserve, no God shall take it off again.

' Kiss, while I watch thy swimming Eye-balls roll,

' Watch thy last Gasp, and catch thy springing

Soul.

' I'll suck it in, I'll hoard it in my Heart,

' I with that sacred Pledge will never part,

' But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone,

' To the dark Shades, and leav'st me here alone ;

' Thou dy'st, but hopeless I must suffer Life,

' Must pine away with easeless, endless Grief.

' Why

Why was I born a Goddess? why was I
 Made such a Wretch to want the pow'r to die?
 If I by Death my Sorrows might redress,
 If the cold Grave could to my Pains give ease,
 I'd gladly die, I'd rather nothing be
 Than thus condemn'd to Immortality:
 In that vast empty, void, and boundless Wast,
 We mind not what's to come, nor what is past.
 Of Life, or Death, we know no difference,
 Nor Hopes, nor Fears at all affect our Sense:
 But those who are of Pleasure once bereft,
 And must survive, are most unhappy left:
 To ravenous Sorrow they are left a Prey,
 Nor can they ever drive Despair away.
 'Take, cruel *Proserpine*, take my lov'd Boy,
 Rich with my Spoils, do thou my Loss enjoy.
 Take him relentless Goddess, for thy own,
 Never till now wast thou my Envy grown.
 Hard Fate! that thus the best of things must be
 Always the Plunder of the Grave, and thee:
 The Grave, and thou, now all my hopes engross,
 And I for ever must *Adonis* lose.
 Thou'rt dead, alas! alas! my Youth, thou'rt dead,
 And with thee all my Pleasures too are fled:
 They're all like fleeting vanish'd Dreams pass'd
 ore,
 And nought but the Remembrance left in store
 Of tasted joys ne'er to be tasted more:
 With thee my *Cestus*, all my Charms are gone,
 Thy *Venus* must thy Absence ever moan,
 And spend the tedious live-long Nights alone.

Ah!

160 Two Pastorals out of the Greek.

' Ah! heedless Boy, why would'st thou rashly
 choose
 ' Thy self to dang'rous Pleasures to expose?
 ' Why would'st thou haunt? why would'st thou a-
 ny more
 ' Venture with Dogs to chase the foaming Boar?
 ' Thou wast all fair to mine, to humane Eyes,
 ' But not (alas!) to those wild Savages.
 ' One would have thought thy Sweetness might
 have charm'd
 ' The roughest Kind, the fiercest Rage disarm'd:
 ' Mine (I am sure) it could, but wo is thee!
 ' All wear not Eyes, all wear not Breasts like me:
 In such sad words the Dame her Grief did vent,
 While the Wing'd Loves kept time with her com-
 plaint:
 As many drops of Blood as from the Wound
 Of slain *Adonis* fell upon the Ground,
 So many Tears, and more you might have told,
 That dew the Cheeks of weeping *Venus*, rould:
 Both Tears, and Blood to new-born Flow'rs give
 rise,
 Hence Roses spring, and thence Anemonies.
 Cease, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,
 Thou'st vented Sighs, thou'st lavish'd Tears enough:
 See, Goddess, where a glorious Bed of State
 Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait:
 This Bed was once the Scene of Love, and Joy,
 But now must bear the wretched, murther'd Boy:
 There lies he, like a pale, and wither'd Flower,
 Which some rude hand had cropt before its hour:

Yet smiles, and Beauties still live in his Face,
 Which Death can never frighten from their place.
 There let him lie upon that conscious Bed,
 Where you loves mysteries so oft have tri'd :
 Where you've enjoy'd so many a happy Night,
 Each lengthen'd into Ages of Delight;
 There let him lie, there heaps of Flowers strow,
 Roses and Lilies store upon him throw,
 And myrtle Garlands lavishly bestow :
 Pour Myrrh, and Balm, and costliest Ointments on,
 Flowers are faded, Ointments worthless grown,
 Now thy *Adonis*, now thy Youth is gone,
 Who was all Sweetnesses compriz'd in one.

In Purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in state,
 A Troop of mourning Loves about him wait :
 Each does some mark of their kind Sorrow show,
 One breaks his Shafts, t'other unstrings his Bow,
 A third upon his Quiver wreaks his Hate
 As the sad causes of his hasty Fate :
 This plucks his bloody Garments off, that brings
 Water in vessels from the neighb'ring Springs,
 Some wash his Wounds, some fan him with
 their Wings :

All equally their Mothers loss bemoan,
 All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.
 Sad *Hymen* too the fatal Loss does mourn,
 His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,
 And all his wither'd Nuptial Garlands burn :
 His gay and airy Songs are heard no more,
 But mournful Strains, that hopeless Love deplore.
 Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a part
 With wretched *Kenur* in her Pain and Smart :

The poor Adonis dead! by turns they cry,
And strive in Grief the Goddess to outvy.

The Muses too in softest Lays bewail

The hapless Youth, and his fled Soul recall:

But all in vain; — ah! numbers are too weak

To call the lost, the dead Adonis back:

Not all the Pow'rs of Verse, or Charms of Love,

The deaf remorseless Proserpine can move.

Cease then, sad Queen of Love, thy Plaints

give o'er,

Till the next Year reserve thy Grief in store:

Reserve thy Sighs and Tears in store till then,

Then thou must sigh, then thou must weep again.

A troop of mourning Loves about him wait:

Each does some mark of their kind sorrow show,

One breaks his shafts, another unstrings his bow,

A third upon his quiver wreaths his hair

As the sad echoes of his hair's fate:

This plucks his bloody garments off, that brings

Water in vials from the neighbouring springs.

Some with his wounds come and him with

their weeps:

All equally their Mothers loss bewail,

All more for poor Adonis dead and gone.

And though the dead Adonis does nothing

His tears are all to funeral Tapers turn.

And all his widow's Nuptial Garland torn.

They and his sorrows bear no more,

For mortal stains that hapless Love deplore.

For do the Queen all to some date

Will wretched Adonis bear Pain and Smart:

Pa-

Paraphrase upon the 137 Psalm.

V. 1. **F**Ar from our pleasant native *Palestine*,
 Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty
 Current flows,
 And does in watry Limits *Babylon* confine,
 Curs'd *Babylon*! the cause, and author of our Woes:
 There on the Rivers side
 Sate wretched, Captive We,
 And in sad Tears bewail'd our Misery.
 Tears, whose vast store increas'd the neigh-
 b'ring Tide:
 We wept, and strait our Grief before us brought
 A thousand distant Objects to our Thought.
 As oft as we survey'd the gliding Stream,
 Lov'd *Jordan* did our sad remembrance claim:
 As oft as we th' adjoyning City view'd,
 Dear *Sion*'s razed Walls our Grief renew'd:
 We thought on all the Pleasures of our happy
 Land,
 Late ravish'd by a cruel Conqu'rors Hand:
 We thought on every piteous, every mournful
 thing,
 That might Excess to our enlarged Sorrows bring.
 2. Deep Silence told the Greatness of our Grief,
 Of Grief too great by Vent to find Relief:

164 Paraphrase upon the 137 Psalm.

Our Harps as mute and dumb as we,
Hung useless and neglected by,
And now and then a broken String would lend a
Sigh,

As if with us they felt a Sympathy,
And mourn'd their own and our Captivity:
The gentle River too, as if compassionate grown,
As 'twould its Natives Cruelty atone,
As it pass'd by, in Murmurs gave a pitying Groan.

II.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us
Chains,

Who all our Sufferings and Misfortunes gave,
Did with rude Insolence our Sorrows brave,
And with insulting Raillery thus mock'd our Pains:

*Play us (said they) some brisk, and airy Strain,
Such as your Ancestors were wont to hear*

*On Shilo's pleasant Plain,
Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a year:*

Or one of those,

Which your illustrious David did compose,

While he fill'd Israel's happy Throne,

Great Soldier, Poet and Musician, all in one:

Oft (have we heard) he went with Harp in hand,

Captain of all th' harmonious Band,

And vanquish'd all the Choir with's single skill alone.

4. Forbid it Heaven! forbid thou great thrice
hallow'd Name,

We should thy Sacred Hymns defame,

Or them with impious Ears profane.

No, no, inhumane Slaves, is this a time

(O cruel and preposterous demand!)

When

When every Joy, and every Smile's a crime,
A Treason to our poor unhappy native Land?

Is this a time for sprightly Airs,
When every look the Badge of sorrow wears,
And Livery of our Miseries,

Sad Miseries that call for all our Breath in sighs,
And all the Tribute of our Eyes,
And moisture of our Veins, our very Blood in
Tears?

When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jerusalem*,
but thou,
Nought, but thy sad Destruction, Fall, and Over-
throw?

III.

Oh dearest City! late our Nation's justest
Pride!

Envy of all the wond'ring World beside!

Oh sacred Temple, once th' Almighty's bless'd
abode,

Now quite forsaken by our angry God!

Shall ever distant Time or Place

Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface?

Shall they not still take up my Breast

As long as that, and Life, and I shall last?

Grant Heav'n (nor shall my Prayers the Curse
withstand)

That this my learned, skilful Hand
(Which now o'er all the tuneful Strings can boast
command,

Which does as quick, as ready and unnering prove,
As Nature, when it would its Joynts or Fingers
move)

Grafit it forgets its Art and Feeling too,
 When I forget to think, to wish, to pray for you:
 6. For ever stid with Dumbness be my Tongue,
 When it speaks ought that shall not to your Praise
 belong,

If that be not the constant Subject of my Muse and
 Song.

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember Edom on that
 Day,

And with like Sufferings their Spight repay,
 Who made our Miseries their cruel Mirth and
 Scorn,

Who laugh'd to see our flaming City burn,
 And wish'd it might to Ashes turn:

Raze, raze it (was their cursed cry)

Raze all its stately Structures down,

And lay its Palaces and Temple level with the
 Ground,

Till Sion buried in his dismal Ruine lie,

Forgot alike its Palace, its Name, and Memory.

8. And thou proud Babylon! just Object of our
 Hate,

Thou too shalt feel the sad Reverse of Fate;

Tho' thou art now exalted high,

And with thy lofty Head o'erstop'st the Sky,

As if thou would'st the Pow'rs above defie;

Thou (if those Pow'rs (and sure they will)
 prove just,

If my Prophetick Grief can ought foresee)

Ere long shalt lay that lofty Head in Dust,

And blush in Blood for all thy present Cruelty:

How loudly then shall we retort these bitter
Taunts!

How gladly to the Musick of thy Fetters dance!

V.

A Day will come (oh might I see't!) ere long

That shall revenge our mighty Wrong:

Then blest, for ever blest be he

Whoever shall return't on thee,

And give it deep, and pay't with bloody Usury:

May neither Aged Groans, nor Infants Cries,

Nor piteous Mothers Tears, nor ravish'd Virgins

Sighs,

Softens thy unrelenting Enemies:

Let them as thou to us inexorable prove,

Nor Age nor Sex their deaf Compassion move;

Rapes, Murthers, Slaughters, Funerals,

And all thou dost attempt within our Sion's Walls

May'st thou endure, and more, till joyful we

Confess thy self out-done in artful Cruelty.

Bless'd, yea thrice blessed be that barbarous

Hand

(Oh Grief, that I such dire Revenge commend!)

Who tears out Infants from their Mothers Womb,

And hurls them yet unborn into their Tomb:

Bless'd he who plucks them from their Parents

Arms,

That Sanctuary from all common harms,

Who with their Skulls, and Bones shall pave thy

Streets all o'er,

And fill thy glutted Channels with their scatter'd

Brains and Gore.

Paraphrase upon the **H Y M N** *of*
St. A M B R O S E.

O D E.

I.

TO Thee, O God, we thy just Praises sing,
To Thee we thy great Name rehearse:
We are thy Vassals, and this humble Tribute bring
To Thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
Acknowledg'd sole and sovereign Monarch of the
Universe.

All Parts of this wide Universe adore,
Eternal Father, thy Almighty Power:
The Skies, and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea,
With all their numerous nameless Progeny
Confess and their due Homage pay to thee;
For why? thou spak'st the Word, and mad'st them
all from Nothing be.

To thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on high,
Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,
And whatsoever Spirits be
Of lesser Honour, less Degree;

To thee in heav'nly Lays
They sing loud Anthems of immortal Praise:
Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts they cry;
This is their bus'ness, this their sole employ,
And thus they spend their long and blest Eternity.

II.

Farther than Natures utmost Shoars and Limits
stretch,

The Streams of thy unbounded Glory reach;
Beyond the straits of scanty Time and Place,
Beyond the ebbs and flows of Matter's narrow
Seas

They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and
Space.

Infus'd like some vast mighty Soul,
Thou do'st inform and actuate this spacious whole :
Thy unseen hand does the well-joynted Frame su-
stain,

Which else would to its primitive Nothing shrink
again.

But most thou do'st thy Majesty display
In the bright Realms of everlasting Day :
There is thy Residence, there do'st thou reign,
There on a State of dazzling Lustre sit,
There shine in Robes of pure refined Light ;
Where Sun's coarse Rays are but a Foil and Stain,
And refuse Stars the Sweepings of thy glorious
Train.

III.

There all thy Family of menial Saints,
Huge Colonies of bless'd Inhabitants,
Which Death through countless Ages has trans-
planted hence ;

Now on thy Throne for ever wait,
And fill the large Retinue of thy heavenly State,
There reverend Prophets stand, a pompous goodly
Show,

Of

Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,
Who brought thy sacred Embassies of Peace and
War,

That to th' Obedient, this the Rebel World below,
By them the mighty Twelve have their abode,
Companions once of the Incarnate suffering God,
Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,
As they on Earth did in his Miseries share.

Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious Choir,
Illustrious Heroes, who have gain'd
Through dangers, and Red Seas of Blood, the
Promis'd Land,
And pass'd through Ordeal Flames to thy Eternity
in Fire.

There all make up the Consort of thy Praise,
To thee they sing (and never cease)
Loud Hymns, and Hallelujahs of applause:
An Angel-Laureat does the Sense and Strains com-
pose,
Sense far above the reach of mortal Verse,
Strains far above the reach of mortal Ears,
And all a Muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse.

IV.

Nor is this Consort only kept above,
Nor is it to the Blest alone confin'd;
But Earth and all the Faithful here are joyn'd,
And strive to vye with them in Duty and in Love:
And, tho' they cannot equal Notes and Measures
raise,
Strive to return th' imperfect Ecchoes of thy Praise.

They

They through all Nations own thy glorious
Name,
And every where the great Three-One pro-
claim ;
The Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
Who must Mankind, whom thou didst make, Re-
deem,
Thee, blessed Saviour, the ador'd true only Son,
To Man debas'd, to rescue Man undone :
And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,
Who dost by Grace exalted Man restore
To all he lost by the old Fall, and Sin before :
You bless'd and glorious Trinity,
Riddle to baffled Knowledge and Philosophy,
Which cannot comprehend the mighty Mystery
Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three.
Vast topsels Pile of Wonders, at whose sight
Reason it self turns giddy with the height,
Above the fluttering pitch of humane Wit,
And all but the strong Wings of Faith, that Eagle's
towering flight.

V.

Blest Jesu ! how shall we enough adore,
Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded Pow'r ?
Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou art th' Al-
mighty's Heir,
Thou art the Eternal Off-spring of th' Eternal Sire :
Hail thou the World's Redeemer ! whom to free
From Bonds of Death and endless Misery,
Thou thought'st it no disdain to be
Inhabitant of low Mortality :

Th'

Th' Almighty thought it no disdain
 To dwell in the pure Virgin's spotless Womb,
 There did the boundless Godhead, and whole Hea-
 v'n find room,
 And a small point the Circle of Infinity contain.
 Hail Ransom of Mankind, all-great, all-good!
 Who didst atone us with thy Blood,
 Thy self the Offering, Altar, Priest, and God:
 Thy self didst die to be our glorious Bain
 From Death's Arrests, and the eternal Flaming Jail;
 Thy self thou gav'st the inestimable Price,
 To purchase and Redeem our mortgag'd Heav'n
 and Happiness,
 Thither, when thy Work on Earth had end,
 When Death it self was slain and dead,
 And Hell with all its Powers captive led,
 Thou didst again triumphantly ascend:
 There do'st thou now by thy great Father sit on
 high,
 With equal Glory, equal Majesty,
 Joynt-Ruler of the everlasting Monarchy.

VI.

Again from thence thou shalt with greater Triumph
 come,
 When the last Trumpet sounds the general Doom:
 And (lo!) thou com'st, and (lo!) the direful
 Sound does make
 Through Death's wide Realm Mortality awake:
 And (lo!) they all appear
 At thy Dread Bar,
 And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.

Affrighted Nature trembles at the dismal Day,
And shrinks for fear, and vanishes away:
Both that and time breath out their last, and now
they die,
And now are swallow'd up and lost in vast Eternity.

Mercy, O mercy, angry God!
Stop, stop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be
withstood,

And quench it with the Deluge of thy Blood;
Thy precious Blood which was so freely spilt
To wash us from the Stains of Sin and Guilt:
O write us with it in the Book of Fate
Amongst thy Chosen, and Predestinate,
Free Denizens of Heaven, of the Immortal State.

VII.

Guide us, O Saviour! guide thy Church below,
Both Way and Star, Compass, and Pilot Thou:
Do thou this frail and tott'ring Vessel steer
Through Life's tempestuous Ocean here,
Through all the tossing Waves of Fear,
And dang'rous Rocks of black Despair.

Safe under Thee we shall to the wish'd Haven move,
And reach the undiscover'd Lands of Bliss above.

Thus low (behold!) to thy great Name we bow,
And thus we ever wish to grow:

Constant, as Time does thy fix'd Laws obey,
To thee our Worship and our Thanks we pay:
With these we wake the chearful Light,
With these we sleep, and Rest invite:
And thus we spend our Breath, and thus we spend
our Days,

And never cease to Sing, and never cease to Praise.

VIII.

VIII.

While thus each Breast, and Mouth, and Ear
Are filled with thy Praise, and Love, and Fear,
Let never Sin get room, or entrance there:

Vouchsafe, O Lord, through this and all our Days

To guard us with thy pow'rful Grace:

Within our Hearts let no usurping Lust be found,

No rebel Passion tumult raise,

To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,

But set thy Watch of Angels on the Place,

And keep the Tempter still from that forbidden
Ground.

Ever, O Lord, to us thy Mercies grant,

Never, O Lord, let us thy Mercies want,

Ne'er want thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,

But let them ever on us be

Constant as our own Hope and Trust on thee;

On thee we all our Hope and Trust repose;

O never leave us to our Foes,

Never, O Lord, desert our Cause:

Thus aided and upheld by thee,

We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Misery;

Fearless we thus will stand a falling World

With crushing Ruins all about us hurl'd,

And face wide gaping Hell, and all its slighted

Pow'rs defie.

*A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town,
giving an Account of the Author's Inclinations
to P O E T R Y.*

Written in July, 1678.

As to that Poet (if so great a one, as he,
May suffer in comparison with me)
When heretofore in *Scythian* exile pent,
To which he from ungrateful *Rome* was sent,
If a kind Paper from his Country came,
And wore subscrib'd some known and faithful Name;
That like a pow'rful Cordial did infuse
New life into his speechless gasping Muse,
And strait his Genius which before did seem
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,
By its warm force, and friendly influence thaw'd,
Dissolv'd apace, and in soft numbers flow'd:
Such welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had
With me shut up in close constraint as bad:
Not eager Lovers, held in long suspense,
With warmer Joy, and a more tender Sense,
Meet those kind Lines, which all their Wishes bless,
And Sign and Seal deliver'd Happiness:
My grateful thoughts so throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the crowd:

To

To you with hasty flight they take their way,
And hardly for the dress of Words will stay.

Yet pardon, if this only fault I find,
That while you praise too much, you are less kind;
Consider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus
To over-lay a young and tender Muse:
Praise, the fine Diet which we're apt to love,
If given to excess does hurtful prove:
Where it does weak, distemper'd Stomachs meet,
That surfeits, which should nourishment create.
Your rich Perfumes such fragrantcy dispence,
Their Sweetness overcomes, and palls my Sense;
On my weak Head you heap so many Bays,
I sink beneath 'em, quite oppress'd with Praise,
And a resembling Fate with him receive,
Who in too kind a triumph found his Grave,
Smother'd with Garlands which Applauders gave.

To you these Praises justlier belong,
By alienating which, your self you wrong:
Whom better can such Commendations fit
Than you, who so well teach and practise Wit?
Verse, the great boast of drudging Fools, from
some,

Nay most of Scriblers, with much straining come;
They void 'em dribbling, and in pain they write,
As if they had a Strangury of Wit:
Your Pen uncall'd they readily obey,
And scorn your Ink should flow so fast as they:
Each Strain of yours so easie does appear,
Each such a graceful Negligence does wear,
As shews you have none, and yet want no care.

None

None of your serious Pains or Time they cost,
 But what thrown by you can afford for lost:
 If such the Fruits of your loose Leisure be,
 Your careless Minutes yield such Poetry;
 We guess what proofs your Genius would impart,
 Did it employ you, as it does divert:
 But happy you, more prudent, and more wise,
 With better aims have fix'd your noble choice.
 While silly I all thriving Arts refuse,
 And all my Hopes, and all my Vigour lose
 In service on that worst of Jilts a Muse:
 For gainful Business court ignoble Ease,
 And in gay Trifles wast my ill spent Days.

Little I thought, my dearest Friend that you,
 Would thus contribute to my Ruine too:
 O'er-run with filthy Poetry and Rhyme,
 The present reigning Evil of the Time,
 I lack'd, and (well I did my self assure)
 From your kind Hand I should receive a Cure:
 When (lo!) instead of healing Remedies,
 You cherish and encourage the Disease:
 Inhumane you help the Distemper on,
 Which was before but too inveterate grown:
 As a kind looker on, who Int'rest shares,
 Tho' not in's Stake, yet in his Hopes and Fears,
 Would to his Friend a pushing Gamester do,
 Recall his Elbow when he hastes to throw;
 Such a wise course you should have took with
 me,

A rash and vent'ring Fool in Poetry.
 Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
 And wheadles with deluding Hopes to win:

N

But,

But when they hit, and most successful are,
They scarce come off with a bare saving share.

Oft (I remember) did wise Friends dissuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
Oft have I try'd (Heav'n knows) to mortifie
This vile, and wicked Lust of Poetry;
But still unconquer'd it remains within,
Fix'd as an Habit or some darling Sin.
In vain I better Studies there would sow,
Often I've tri'd, but none will thrive, or grow:
All my best thoughts, when I'd most serious be,
Are never from its foul infection free:
Nay (God forgive me) when I say my Prayers,
I scarce can help polluting them with Verse:
That fabulous *Wretch* of old revers'd I seem,
Who turn what'er I touch to Dross and Rhyme.

Oft to divert the wild Caprice, I try
If Sovereign Wisdom and Philosophy,
Rightly apply'd will give a Remedy:
Strait the great *Stagyrite* I take in hand,
Seek Nature and my self to understand:
Much I reflect on his vast Worth and Fame,
And much my low and groveling Aims condemn,
And quarrel that my ill-pack'd Fate should be
This vain, this worthless Thing call'd Poetry:
But when I find this unregarded Toy
Could his important Thoughts and Pains em-
ploy,
By reading there I am but more undone,
And meet that Danger which I meant to shun.

Oft when ill Humour, Shagrin Discontent,
Give leifure my wild Follies to resent,
I thus against my self my Passion vent.

"Enough, mad rhyming Sot, enough, for shame
"Give o'er, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks
Damn;

"Didst ever thou the Altar rob, or worse,
"Kill the Priests there and Maids receiving force?
"What else could merit this so heavy Curse?

"The greatest Curse, I can, I wish on him,
"(If there be any greater than to rhyme)

"Who first did of the lewd Invention think,
"First made two Lines with Sounds resembling
Clink,

"And, swerving from the easie Paths of Prose,
"Fetters and Chains did on free Sense impose:

"Curs'd too be all the Fools, who since have went
"Misl'd in Steps of that ill President:

"Want be entail'd their Lot:— and on I go,
Wreaking my Spight on all the jingling Crew:

Scarce the beloved Cowley scapes, tho' I
Might sooner my own Curses fear, than he:

And thus resolv'd against the scribbling vein,
I deeply swear never to write again.

But when bad Company and Wine conspire
To kindle, and renew the foolish Fire,

Straitways relaps'd, I feel the raving Fit
Return, and strait I all my Oaths forget:

The Spirit which I thought cast out before
Enters again with stronger force and power,

Worse than at first, and tyrannizes more.

No sober good Advice will then prevail,
Nor from the raging Frenzy me recal:
Cool Reason's dictates me no more can move
Than Men in Drink, in *Bedlam*, or in Love:
Deaf to all Means which might most proper seem
Towards my cure, I run stark mad in Rhyme:
A sad poor haunted Wretch, whom nothing less
Than Prayers of the Church can dispossess.

Sometimes, after a tedious Day half spent,
When Fancy long was hunted on cold Scent,
Tir'd in the dull and fruitless chase of Thought,
Despairing I grow weary, and give out:
As a dry Lecher pump'd of all my store,
I loath the thing, 'cause I can do no more:
But, when I once begin to find again
Recruits of Matter in my pregnant Brain,
Again more eager I the Haunt pursue,
And with fresh Vigour the lov'd Sport renew:
Tickled with some strange Pleasure which I find,
And think a Secresie to all Mankind,
I please my self with the vain false Delight,
And count none happy but the Fops that write.

'Tis endless, Sir, to tell the many ways
Wherein my poor deluded self I please:
How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,
With unfelt Throes brings its rude Issue forth:
How after, when imperfect shapeless Thought
Is by the Judgment into Fashion wrought:
When at first Search I traverse o'er my Mind,
None but a dark and empty Void I find:

Some little Hints at length, like Sparks break
thence,

And glimm'ring Thoughts just dawning into
Sense:

Confus'd a while the next Idea's lie,

With nought of mark to be discover'd by,

Like Colours undistinguish'd in the Night,

Till the dusk Images, mov'd to the Light,

Teach the discerning Faculty to chuse

Which it had best adopt, and which refuse.

Here rougher Strokes, touch'd with a careless dash,

Resemble the first setting off a Face:

There finish'd Draughts in form more full appear,

And to their Justness ask no farther Care.

Mean while with inward Joy I proud am grown,

To see the Work successfully go on;

And prize my self in a creating Power

That could make something, what was nought

before.

Sometimes a stiff unwieldy Thought I meet,

Which to my Laws will scarce be made submit:

But when, after expence of Pains and Time,

'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhyme,

Triumph more than joyful Warriours wou'd,

Had they some stout and hardy Foe subdu'd:

And idly think less goes to their Command,

That makes arm'd Troops in well-plac'd Order

stand,

Than to the Conduct of my Words, when they

March in due Ranks, are set in just Array

Sometimes on Wings of Thought I seem on
 high,
 As Men in sleep, though motionless they lie,
 Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly:
 So Witches some enchanted Wand belride,
 And think they through the Airy Regions ride,
 Where Fancy is both Traveller, Way and Guide:
 Then strait I grow a strange exalted thing,
 And equal in conceit, at least a King:
 As the poor Drunkard, when Wine stuns his
 Brains,
 Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns.
 Bewitch'd by these Delusions 'tis I write,
 (The Tricks some pleasant Devil plays in 'twight)
 And when I'm in the freakish Trance, which I
 Fond silly Wretch, mistake for Ecstasie,
 I find all former Resolutions vain,
 And thus recant them and make new again.

"What was't, I rashly vow'd? shall ever I
 "Quit my beloved Mistress, Poetry?
 "Thou sweet beguiler of my lonely Hours,
 "Which thus glide unperceiv'd with silent course:
 "Thou gentle Spell, which undisturb'd dost keep
 "My Breast, and charm intruding Care asleep:
 "They say, thou'rt poor, and unendow'd, what
 tho',
 "For thee I this vain worthless World forego:
 "Let Wealth and Honour be for Fortunes Slaves,
 "The Alms of Fools, and Prize of crafty Knaves:
 "To me thou art, whate'er th' ambitious crave,
 "And all that greedy Misers want, or have:

"In

"In Youth or Age, in Travel or at Home,
"Here or in Town, at *London* or at *Rome*;
"Rich or a Beggar, free or in the Fleet,
"Whate'er my Fate is, tis my Fate to Write.

Thus I have made my thrifed Muse confess,
Her secret Feeblefs and her Weaknefses:
All her hid Faults she sets expos'd to view,
And hopes a gentle Confessor in you;
She hopes an easie Pardon for her Sin,
Since 'tis but what she is not wilful in,
Nor yet has scandalous nor open been. }
Try if your ghostly Counsel can reclaim
The heedless Wanton from her Guilt and Shame:
At least be not ungenerous to reproach
That wretched Frailty which you've help'd de-
bauch,

'Tis now high time to end, for fear I grow
More tedious than old Doaters, when they woo,
Than travell'd Fops when far fetch'd Lyes they
prate,
Or flatt'ring Poets when they dedicate.
No dull Forgiveness I presume to crave,
Nor vainly for my tiresome Length ask leave:
Lest I, as often formal Coxcombs use,
Prolong that very Fault I would excuse:
May this the same kind Welcome find with you,
As yours did here, and ever shall; Adieu.

*Upon a PRINTER that exposed him
by Printing a Piece of his grossly
mangled and faulty.*

DULL and unthinking! had'st thou none but me
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy?
Had I some tame and sneaking Author been,
Whose Muse to Love and Softness did incline,
Some small Adventurer in Song, that whines
Chloris and *Phyllis* out in charming Lines,
Fit to divert mine Hostess and mislead
The Heart of some poor tawdry Waiting-Maid;
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,
And thou had'st scap'd from my Resentments free.
But I, whom Spleen and manly Rage inspire,
Brook no Affront, at each Offence take fire:
Born to chastise the Vices of the Age,
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:
Sworn to lash Knaves of all degrees, and spare
None of the kind, however great they are:
Satyr's my only Province and Delight,
For whose dear sake alone I've vow'd to write:
For this I seek Occasions, court Abuse,
To shew my Parts, and signalize my Muse:
Fond of a Quarrel; as young Bullies are
To make their Mettle, and their Skill appear:
And did'st thou think I would a Wrong acquit,
That touch'd my tender'st part of Honour, Wit?
No, Villain, may my Sins ne'er pardon'd be
By Heav'n it self, if e'er I pardon thee.

Members

Members from breach of Privilege deter
 By threatning *Topham* and a Messenger:
Scrogs, and the Brothers of the Coif oppose,
 By force and dint of Statutes, and the Laws:
 Strumpets of *Billingsgate* redress their Wrongs
 By the sole noise, and foulness of their Tongues:
 And I go always arm'd for my defence,
 To punish, and revenge an Insolence.
 I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword,
 To each affronting Sot, I meet, the Word
 Is *Satisfaction*: strait to Thrusts I go,
 And pointed Satyr runs him through and through.

Perhaps thou hop'dst that thy obscurity
 Should be thy Safeguard, and secure thee free.
 No, Wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee
 out,

Like sentenc'd Felons to be drag'd about:
 Torn, mangled, and expos'd to Scorn, and Shame,
 I mean to hang, and gibbet up thy Name.

If thou to live in Satyr so much thirst
 Enjoy thy Wish, and Fame, till Envy burst,
 Renown'd as he whom banish'd *Ovid* curst:
 Or he, whom old *Archilochus* so stung
 In Verse, that he for shame, and madness hung:
 Deathless in Infamy, do thou so live,
 And let my Rage, like his, to Halters drive.

Thou thought'st perhaps my Gall was spent and
 gone,
 My Venom drain'd, and I a stingle's Drone:
 Thou thought'st I had no Curses left in store;
 But to thy sorrow know, and find I've more,

More,

More, and more dreadful yet, able to scare,
 Like Hell, and urge to Daggers, and Despair:
 Such thou shalt feel, are still reserv'd by me;
 To vex and force thee to thy Destiny:
 Since thou hast brav'd my Vengeance thus; pre-

pare,
 And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.

Thou, who with spurious Nonsense durst pro-
 phane

The genuine issue of a Poets Brain;
 May'st thou hereafter never deal in Verse,
 But what hoarse Bell-men in their Walks rehearse,
 Or *Smithfield* Audience sung on Crickets hears:
 May'st thou print *H—*, or some duller *Ass*,
Jorden, or him that wrote *Durch Hudibras*.

Or next vile Scribler of the House, whose Play
 Will scarce for Candles, and their snuffing pay:
 May you each other Curse, thy self undone,
 And be the Laughing-stock of all the Town.

May'st thou ne'er rise to History, but what
 Poor *Grubstreet* Penny Chronicles relate,
 Memoirs of *Tyburn* and the mournful State
 Of Cut-purses in *Holborn* Cavalcade,
 Till thou thy self be the same Subject made.
 Compell'd by Want, may'st thou print Popery,
 For which, be the Carts Arse and Pillory,
 Turnips, and rotten Eggs thy Destiny.

Maul'd worse than *Reading*, *Christian*, or *Cellier*,
 Till thou, daub'd o'er with loathsome filth, appear
 Like Brat of some vile Drab in Privy found,
 Which there has lain three Months in Ordure
 drown'd.

The Plague of Poets, Rags and Poverty,
Debts, Writs, Arrests, and Serjeants, light on thee;
For others bound, may'st thou to Durance go,
Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoe:
And may'st thou never from the Gaol get free,
Till thou swear out thy self by Perjury:
Forlorn, abandon'd, pitiless, and poor,
As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore;
May'st thou an Halter want for thy Redress,
Forc'd to steal Hemp to end thy Miseries,
And damn thy self to baulk the Hangman's Eees. }
And may no sawcy Fool have better Fate,
That dares pull down the Vengeance of my Hate.

[illegible]

POEMS
AND
Translations.

BY

JOHN OLDHAM.



L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, 1710.

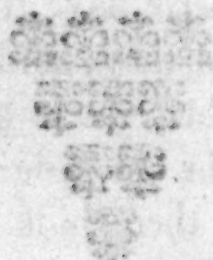
POEMS

AND

Translations.

BY

JOHN OLDHAM



LONDON

Printed in the Year 1760

Advertisement.

THE Author of the following Pieces must be excused for their being huddled out so confusedly. They are Printed off just as he finished them, and some things there are which he design'd not ever to expose, but was fain to do it to keep the Press at Work, when it was once set a going. If it be their Fate to perish, and go the way of all mortal Rhimes, 'tis no great matter in what method they have been plac'd, no more than whether *Ode*, *Elegy*, or *Satyr* have the honour of Wiping first. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be so happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition all together, perhaps he may then think them worth the sorting in better Order. By that time belike he means to have ready a very Sparkish Dedication, if he can but get himself known to some Great Man, that will give a good parcel of Guineas for being handsomly flatter'd.

Then

Then likewise the Reader (for his farther comfort) may expect to see him appear with all the Pomp and Trappings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finally cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verses in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and pass it for Authentick. This at present is content to come abroad naked, Undedicated, and Unprefac'd, without one kind Word to shelter it from Censure; and so let the Criticks take it amongst them.

Then

The

The EIGHTH
S A T Y R
 O F
 Monsieur BOILEAU, Imitated.

Written in October, 1682.

*The POET brings himself in, as discoursing with a
 Doctor of the University upon the Subject ensuing.*

OF all the Creatures in the World that be,
 Beast, Fish, or Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly
 Throughout the Globe from London to Japan,
 The arrant'st Fool in my opinion's M A N.

*What? (strait I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,
 A tiny Mite, which we can hardly see
 Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,
 Or freakish Ape? Dare you affirm, that these
 Have greater Sense than Man? Ah questionless.
 Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this Discourse:
 Man is (you cry) Lord of the Universe;*

O

For

For him was this fair frame of Nature made,
 And all the Creatures for his use and aid :
 To him alone of all the living kind,
 Has bounteous Heav'n the reasoning gift assign'd.
 True Sir, that Reason ever was his Lot,
 But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

This idle talk, (you say) and rambling stuff
May pass in Satyr, and take well enough
With Sceptick Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer
At serious things: but you must make't appear
By solid proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't:
 Take you the Desk, and let's dispute it out.
 Then by your Favour, tell me first of all,
 What 'tis, which you grave Doctors Wisdom call?
 You answer: 'Tis an evenness of Soul,
 A steady Temper, which no Cares controul,
 No Passions ruffle, nor Desires inflame,
 Still constant to its self, and still the same,
 That does in all its slow Resolves advance,
 With graver steps, than Benchers, when they dance.
 Most true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
 Less us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.

The wiser Emmet, quoted just before,
 In Summer time ranges the Fallows o'er
 With pains and labour, to lay in his Store;
 But when the blust'ring North with ruffling blasts
 Saddens the Year, and Nature overcasts;
 The prudent Insect, hid in privacy,
 Enjoys the Fruits of his past Industry.
 No Ant of Sense was e'er so awkward seen,
 To drudge in Winter, loiture in the Spring.

But sillier Man, in his mistaken way,
By Reason, his false Guide, is led astray:
Tost by a thousand gusts of wavering doubt,
His restless Mind still rolls from thought to thought:
In each Resolve unsteddy, and unfixt,
And what he one day loaths, desires the next.

Shall I, so fam'd for many a wanton jest
On Wiving, now go take a Jilt at last?
Shall I turn Husband, and my Station choose,
Amongst the reverend Martyrs of the Noose!
No, there are Fools enough besides in Town,
To furnish work for Satyr and Lampoon:
Few Months before cry'd the unthinking Sot;
Who quickly after, hamper'd in the Knot,
Was quoted for an Instance by the rest,
And bore his Fate, as tamely as the best;
And thought, that Heav'n from some miraculous
side,

For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.

This is our Image just: such is that vain,
That foolish, fickle, motly Creature, Man:
More changing than a Weathercock, his Head
Ne'er wakes with the same thoughts he went to
bed.

Irk some to all beside, and ill at ease,
He neither others, nor himself can please:
Each minute round his whirling Humours run,
Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon,
To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.

Yet pleas'd with idle whimsies of his Brain,
And puffed with Pride, this haughty thing would
fain

Be thought himself the only stay, and prop,
 That holds the mighty frame of Nature up:
 The Skies and Stars his properties must seem,
 And turn-spit Angels tread the Spheres for him:
 Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
 More absolute, than the *French King* of his.
And who is there (say you) that dares deny
So own'd a Truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the Controversie here,
 Whether, if met, the Passenger and Bear,
 This or the other stands in greater fear.
 Or, if an Act of Parliament should pass
 That all the *Irish Wolves* should quit the place,
 They'd strait obey the Statutes high command,
 And at a minutes warning rid the Land:
 This boasted Monarch of the World, that awes
 The Creatures here, and with his beck gives Laws;
 This titular King, who thus pretends to be
 The Lord of all, how many Lords has he?
 The Lust of Money, and the Lust of Power,
 With Love, and Hate, and twenty Passions more,
 Hold him their Slave, and chain him to the Oar.
 Scarce has soft Sleep in silence clos'd his Eyes,
 Up! (strait says Avarice) 'tis time to rise,
 Not yet: one minute longer. Up! (she cries)
 Th' Exchange, and Shops are hardly open yet.
 No matter: Rise! But after all, for what?
 D'ye ask? cut the Line, double the Cape,
 Traverse from end to end the spacious Deep:
 Search both the Indies, Bantam, and Japan:
 Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, Wines from Spain.

What

What need all this? I've Wealth enough in store,
 I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.
 You cannot have too much, this point to gain,
 You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain.
 Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want,
 Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,
 And though you've more than B——m sent,
 Or C——n got, like stingy B——el save,
 And grudge your self the charges of a Grave,
 And the small Ransom of a single Groat,
 From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.
 And pray, why all this sparing? Don't you know?
 Only t' enrich a spendthrift Heir, or so:
 Who shall, when you are timely dead and gone,
 With his guilt Coach and Six, amuse the Town,
 Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give
 More for a Night, than you to fine for Sheriff.
 But you lose time; the Wind and Vessel waits,
 Quick, let's abroad! Hey for the Downs, and
 Streights.

Or, if all-powerful Money fail of Charms
 To tempt the Wretch, and push him on to Harms,
 With a strong Hand does fierce Ambition seize,
 And drag him forth from soft Repose and Ease:
 Amidst ten thousand Dangers spurs him on,
 With loss of Blood and Limbs to hunt Renown.
 Who for Reward of many a Wound and Maim,
 Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame;
 And the poor comfort of a grinning Fate,
 To stand recorded in the next Gazette.

But hold (cries one) your paltry gibing Wit,
 Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright:

*If this be any; 'tis a glorious fault,
 Which through all Ages has been ever thought
 The Hero's Virtue, and chief Excellence:
 Pray, what was Alexander in your sense?
 A fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the same:
 A crack-brain'd Huff, that set the world on flame;
 A Lunatick broke loose, who in his fit
 Fell foul on all, invaded all he met.
 Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,
 Lack'd elbow-room and seem'd too closely pent.
 What madness was't, that born to a fair Throne,
 Where he might rule with Justice, and renown,
 Like a wild Robber, he should choose to roam,
 A pitied wretch, with neither house, nor home.
 And hurling War and Slaughter up and down,
 Through the wide world make his vast folly known?
 Happy for ten good reasons had it been
 If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:
 That there with Keepers under close restraint
 He might have been from frantick mischief pent.*

*But that we mayn't in long digressions now
 Discourse all *Rainolds*, and the Passions through,
 And ranging them in method stiff and grave,
 Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;
 Let's quit the present Topick of Dispute,
 For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;
 And take a view of Man in his best light,
 Wherein he seems to most advantage set.*

*'Tis he alone, (you'll say) 'tis happy he,
 That's fram'd by Nature for Society:
 He only dwells in Towns, is only seen
 With Manners, and Civility to shine;*

Does

Does only Magistrates, and Rulers choose,
And lives secur'd by Government, and Laws.

'Tis granted, Sir; but yet without all these,
Without your boasted Laws, and Policies,
Or fear of Judges, or of Justices;
Whoever saw the Wolves, that he can say,
Like more inhumane Us, so bent on prey,
To rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?
Who ever saw Church and Fanatick Bear,
Like savage Mankind one another tear?
What Tyger e'er aspiring to be great,
In Plots and Factions did embroil the State?
Or when was't heard upon the *Libyan* Plains,
Where the stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,
That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild jars
Madly engag'd for choice of Sheriffs and May'rs?
The fiercest Creatures, we in Nature find,
Respect their figure still in the same kind;
To others rough, to these they gentle be,
And live from Noise, from Feuds, from Actions free.

No Eagle does upon his Peerage sue,
And strive some meaner Eagle to undoe:
No Fox was e'er suborn'd by spite, or hire,
Against his Brother Fox his life to swear:
Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,
Did e'er the Stag into the Arches put;
Where a grave Dean the weighty Case might state,
What makes in Law a carnal Job complete:
They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ,
To shake their ancient privilege and right:
No Courts of Sessions, or Assize are there,
No *Common-Pleas*, *Kings Bench*, or *Chancery-Bar*:

But happier they, by Natures Charter free,
Secure, and safe in mutual peace agree,
And know no other Law, but Equity:

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, that worst of Brutes,
Who first brought up the trade of cutting Throats,
Did Honour first that barbarous term devise,
Unknown to all the gentle Savages;
And as 'twere not enough t'have fetch'd from Hell,
Powder, and Guns, with all the arts to kill,
Farther to plague the world, he must ingross
Huge Codes and bulky Pandects of the Laws,
With Doctors Glosses to perplex the Cause.
Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,
Under vast Reams of nonsense buried quite.

Gently, good Sir! (cry you) *why all this rant?*
Man has his freaks and passions; that we grant:
He has his frailties, and blind sides; who doubts?
But his least Virtues balance all his Faults.

Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,
That measur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to scan,
Whose boundless wit, with soaring wings durst fly,
Beyond the flaming borders of the Sky;
Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing view
Each cranny search'd, and lookt her through and through.
Which of the Brutes have Universities,
When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,
Or were Professors of the Faculties?
By Law or Physick were they ever known
To merit Velvet or a Scarlet Gown?

No, questionless; nor did we ever read,
Of Quacks with them, that were Licentiates made,
By Patent to profess the pois'ning Trade:

No

No Doctors in the Desk there held dispute
 About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring Rout
 Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out:
 Nor Virtuoso's teach deep mysteries
 Of Arts for pumping Air and smothering Flies.
 But not to urge the matter farther now,
 Nor search it to the depth what 'tis to know,
 And whether we know any thing or no:
 Answer me only this, What man is there
 In this vile thankless Age, wherein we are,
 Who does by Sense and Learning value bear?
 Would'st thou get Honour, and a fair Estate,
 And have the looks and favours of the Great?
 Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
 Take the right course, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
 Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
 The poring crowds in Colleges and Schools:
 How much is threescore Nobles? Twenty pound.
 Well said my Son, the Answer's most profound:
 Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know;
 What Wealth on thee, what Honours haste to flow!
 In these high Sciences thy self employ,
 Instead of Plato, take thy Hodder, Boy,
 Learn there the Art to audit an Account,
 To what the Kings Revenue does amount:
 How much the Customs and Excise bring in,
 And what the Managers each year purloin:
 Get a Case-hard'ned Conscience, Irish proof,
 Which nought of pity, sense, or shame can move:
 Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, or Jew,
 Unjust, inhumane, treacherous, base, untrue;

Ne'er

Ne'er stick at wrong; hang Widows sighs and tears,
 The Cant of Priests to frighten Usurers:
 Boggle at nothing to encrease thy Store,
 Not Orphans spoils, nor plunder of the Poor:
 And scorning paltry Rules of Honesty,
 By surer methods raise thy Fortune high.

When shoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
 Doctors, Divines, Astrologers, and Lawyers,
 Authors of every sort and every size,
 To thee their Works, and Labours shall address,
 With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
 And learnedly in Greek and Latin tell
 Lies to thy face, that thou hast deep insight,
 And art a mighty judge of what they write.
 He that is rich, is every thing that is,
 Without one grain of Wisdom, he is wise,
 And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:
 He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, stout,
 Well-born, well-bred, well-shap'd, well-drest, what not?
 Lov'd by the Great, and courted by the Fair,
 For none that e'er had Riches found despair:
 Gold to the loathsom'st object gives a grace,
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please:
 But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,
 Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.

Thus a stanch Miser to his hopeful Brat
 Chalks out the way that leads to an Estate:
 Whose knowledge oft with utmost stretch of Brain
 No high'r than his vast secret can attain,
 Five and four's nine, take two, and seven remain.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
 Unravel Scripture with industrious pains:

On musty *Fathers* waste your fruitless hours,
 Correct the Criticks, and Expositors:
 Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in some vast *Tome*,
 And there confound both *Bellarmino* and *Rome*;
 Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned store,
 To find what *Father Simon* had past o'er:
 Then at the last some bulky piece compile,
 There lay out all your time, and pains and skill;
 And when 'tis done and finish'd for the Press,
 To some Great Name the mighty Work address:
 Who for a full reward of all your toil,
 Shall pay you with a gracious nod or smile:
 Just recompence of life too vainly spent!
 An empty *Thank you* Sir, and Complement.

But, if to higher Honours you pretend,
 Take the advice and counsel of a Friend;
 Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
 And to some gainful course your self apply.
 Go, practise with some Banker how to cheat,
 There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-street*.
 Let *Scot* and *Ockham* wrangle as they please,
 And thus in short with me conclude the case,
 A Doctor is no better than an Ass.

A Doctor, Sir? your self: Pray have a care,
 This is to push your Raillery too far.
 But not to lose the time in trifling thus,
 Besides the point, come now more home and close:
 That Man has Reason is beyond debate,
 Nor will your self, I think, deny me that:
 And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to steer,
 His tottering Bark through Life's rough Ocean here!

All

All this I grant : but if in spight of it
 The wretch on every Rock he sees will split,
 To what great purpose does his Reason serve,
 But to mis-guide his course, and make him swerve?
 What boots it *H.* when it says, *Give o'er,*
Thy scribbling itch, and play the fool no more,
 If her vain counsels, purpos'd to reclaim,
 Only avail to harden him in shame?
 Lampoon'd, and hiss'd, and damn'd the thousandth
 time,

Still he writes on, is obstinate in Rhime :
 His Verse, which he does every where recite,
 Puts all his Neighbours and his Friends to flight;
 Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend they hast away,
 Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to stay.

The Ass, whom Nature Reason has deny'd,
 Content with instinct for his surer guide,
 Still follows that, and wiselier does proceed:
 He ne'er aspires with his harsh braying Note,
 The Songsters of the Wood to challenge out:
 Nor, like this awkward smatterer in Arts,
 Sets up himself for a vain Ass of parts;
 Of Reason void he sees, and gains his end,
 While Man, who does to that false light pretend,
 Wildly gropes on, and in broad day is blind.
 By whimsey led he does all things by chance
 And acts in each against all common sense.
 With every thing pleas'd, and displeas'd at once,
 He knows not what he seeks, nor what he shuns:
 Unable to distinguish good, or bad,
 For nothing he is gay, for nothing sad:

At random loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,
Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.

Did we, like him, e'er see the Dog, or Bear,
Chimera's of their own devising fear?

Frame needless doubts, and for those doubts forgo
The Joys, which prompting Nature call them to?

And with their Pleasures awkwardly at strife,

With scaring Fantoms pall the sweets of Life?

Tell me, grave Sir, did ever Man see Beast

So much below himself, and sense debas'd,

To worship Man with superstitious Fear,

And fondly to his Idol Temples rear?

Was he e'er seen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice

Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,

To beg for Rain, or Sun-shine on his knees?

No never: but a thousand times has Beast

Seen Man, beneath the meanest Brute debas'd,

Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,

And madly his own Workmanship adore:

In Egypt oft has seen the Sot bow down,

And reverence some deifi'd Baboon:

Has often seen him on the Banks of Nile

Say pray'rs to the almighty Crocodile:

And now each day in every street abroad

Sees prostrate Fools adore a broaden God.

But why (say you) these spiteful Instances

Of Egypt, and its gross Idolatries?

Of Rome, and her as much ridiculous?

What are these lewd Buffooneries to us?

How gather you from such wild proofs as these,

That Man, a Doctor is beneath an Ass?

*An Ass I that heavy, stupid, lumpish Beast,
The Sport and mocking-stock of all the rest?
Whom they all spurn, and whom they all despise,
Whose very name all Satyr does comprize?*

○ An Ass, Sir? Yes: Pray what should make us laugh
Now he unjustly is our jeer, and scoff.
But if one day he should occasion find
Upon our Follies to express his mind;
If Heav'n, as once of old to check proud Man,
By miracle should give him Speech again;
What would he say, d'ye think, could he speak out,
Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not?

What would he say, were he condemn'd to stand
For one long howr in *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*,
To cast his eyes upon the motly throng,
The two-leg'd Herd, that daily pass along;
To see their old Disguises, Furs and Gowns,
Their Cassocks, Cloaks, Lawn-sleeves, and Pantal-
loons?

What would he say to see a Velvet Quack
Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's Back;
Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud,
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane to the Crowd?
What would he think on a Lord Mayor's day,
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry survey?
Or view the Judges and their solemn Train,
March with grave decency to kill a Man?
What would he think of us, should he appear
In Term amongst the crowds at *Westminster*,
And there the hellish din, and Jargon hear,
Where J. and his pack with deep mouth'd Notes
Drown *Billingsgate*, and all its Oyster-Boats?

There

There fee the Judges, Serjeants, Barrifters,
 Attorneys, Counsellors, Sollicitors,
 Criers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew
 Which wretched Man at his own charge undo?
 After profpect of all this, the Afs
 Should find the voice he had in *Æſop's* days;
 Then, Doctor, then, caſting his Eyes around,
 On human Fools, which every where abound:
 Content with Thiftles, from all envy free,
 And ſhaking his grave head, no doubt he'd cry
Good faith, Man is a Beaſt as much as we.

THE

THE
 Thirteenth SATYR
 OF
 JUVENAL,
 IMITATED.

Written in April, 1682.

ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend that is overmuch concerned for the loss of a considerable Sum of Money of which he has lately been Cheated by a Person, whom he intrusted the same. This he does by shewing, that nothing comes to pass in the World without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men (however they seem to escape its Punishments here) yet suffer abundantly in the Torments of an evil Conscience. And by the way takes occasion to lash the Degeneracy and Villany of the present Times.

There is not one base Act, which Men commit, But carries this ill sting along with it, That to the Author it creates regret :

And this is some Revenge at least, that he
Can ne'er acquit himself of Villany,
Tho' a brib'd Judge and Jury set him free.

All people, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but just)
Your faithless Friend, who lately broke his Trust,
And curse the treacherous Deed: but thanks to Fate,
That has not bless'd you with so small Estate,
But that with patience you may bear the Cross,
And need not sink under so mean a Loss.
Besides your Case for less concern does call,
Because 'tis what does usually befall:
Ten thousand such might be alledg'd with ease,
Out of the common croud of Instances.

Then cease for shame, immoderate grief, regret,
And don't your Manhood, and your Sense forget:
'Tis womanish, and silly to lay forth
More cost in Grief than a Misfortune's worth.
You scarce can bear a puny trifling Ill,
It goes so deep, pray Heav'n! it does not kill:
And all this trouble, and this vain ado,
Because a Friend (forsooth) has prov'd untrue.
Shame o' your Beard! can this so much amaze?
Were you not born in good King *Jemmy's* days?
And are not you at length yet wiser grown,
When threescore *winters* on your head have snown?

Almighty Wisdom gives in Holy Writ
Wholesome Advice to all, that follow it:
And those that will not its great Counsel hear,
May learn from meer experience how to bear
(Without vain struggling) Fortunes yolk, and how
They ought her rudest shocks to undergo.

There's not a day so solemn thro' the year,
 Not one red Letter in the Kalender,
 But we of some new Crime discover'd hear.
 Theft, Murder, Treason, Perjury, what not?
 Money by Cheating, Padding, Poisoning got.
 Nor is it strange, so few are now the Good,
 That fewer scarce were left at Noah's Flood:
 Should Sodom's Angel here in Fire descend,
 Our Nation wants ten Men to save the Land.
 Fate has reserv'd us for the very Lees
 Of time, where Ill admits of no degrees:
 An Age so bad old Poets ne'er could frame,
 Nor find a Metal out to give't a name.
 This your experience knows, and yet for all
 On faith of God, and Man aloud you call,
 Louder than on Queen Bess's day the Rout
 For *Antichrist* burnt in Effigie shout:
 But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
 Do you not know what Lech'ry men enjoy
 In stolen Goods? For God's sake don't you see
 How they all laugh at your simplicity,
 When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?
 Preach up a God, and Hell, vain empty names,
 Exploded now for idle threadbare shams,
 Devis'd by Priests, and by none else believ'd,
 E'er since great *Hobbs* the world has undeceiv'd?

This might have past with the plain simple Race
 Of our Forefathers in King *Arthur's* days:
 E'er mingled with corrupted foreign Seed,
 We learnt their Vice, and spoil'd our native Breed.
 E'er yet bless'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
 With her first Innocence, resign'd her Name.

Fair dealing then, and downright Honesty,
And plighted Faith were good Security:
No vast Ingrossments for Estates were made,
Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they convey'd:

To bind a Trust there lack'd no formal ties
Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witnesses,
Nor ready Coin, but sterling Promises:
Each took the other's word, and that would go
For current then, and more than Oaths do now:

None had recourse to *Chancery* for defence,
Where you forego your Right with less Expence:
Nor traps were yet set up for Perjurers,
That catch Men by the Heads, and whip off Ears.

Then Knave, and Villain, things unheard of were,
Scarce in a Century did one appear,
And he more gaz'd at than a Blazing Star.

If a young Stripling put not off his Hat
In high respect to every Beard he met,
Though a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a crime,
That scarce deserv'd its Clergy in that time?

So venerable then was four years odds,
And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.

Now if a Friend once in an Age prove just,
If he miraculously keep his Trust,
And without force of Law deliver all
That's due, both Interest, and Principal;
Prodigious wonder! fit for *Stow* to tell,
And stand recorded in the Chronicle;
A thing less memorable would require
As great a Monument as *London* Fire.

A Man of Faith, and Uprightness is grown
 So strange a Creature both in Court and Town,
 That he with Elephants may well be shown.
 A Monster more uncommon than a Whale
 At Bridge, the last great Comet, or the Hail,
 Than *Thames* his double Tide, or should he run
 With Streams of Milk, or Blood to *Gravesend*
 down.

You're troubled that you've lost five hundred
 pound

By treacherous Fraud: another may be found,
 Has lost a thousand: and another yet,
 Double to that; perhaps his whole Estate.

Little do folks the heav'nly Powers mind,
 If they but 'scape the knowledge of Mankind:
 Observe with how demure, and grave a look
 The Rascal lays his hand upon the Book:
 Then with a praying Face, and lifted Eye
 Claps on his Lips, and Seals the Perjury:
 If you persist his Innocence to doubt,
 And boggle in belief; he'll strait rap out
 Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make
 Pale Atheist start, and trembling Bullies quake;
 And more than would a whole Ships Crew main-
 tain

To the *East-Indies* hence, and back again.

As God shall pardon me, Sir, I am free
 Of what you charge me with; let me ne'er see
 His Face in Heaven else: may these hands rot,
 These eyes drop out, if I e'er had a Groat
 Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or saw't.

Thus

Thus he'll run on two hours in length, till he
Spin out a Curse long as the Litany:
Till Heav'n has scarce a Judgment left in store
For him to wish, deserve, or suffer more.

There are, who disavow all Providence,
And think the world is only steer'd by chance:
Make God at best an idle looker on,
A lazy Monarch lolling on his Throne:
Who his Affairs does neither mind, nor know,
But leaves them all at random here below:
And such at every foot themselves will damn,
And Oaths no more than common Breath esteem:
No shame, nor loss of Ears can frighten these,
Were every Street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
His Vengeance to ensue, and yet forswear:
Thus to himself, says one, *Let Heaven decree
What doom so'er its pleasure will, of me:
Strike me with Blindness, Palsie, Leprosie,
Plague, Pox, Consumption, all the Maladies
Of both the Spittles; so I get my Prize,
And hold it sure; I'll suffer these, and more;
All Plagues are light to that of being poor.
There's not a begging Cripple in the streets
(Unless he with his Limbs has lost his Wits,
And is grown fit for Bedlam) but no doubt,
To have is Wealth would have the Rich man's Gout,
Grant Heavens Vengeance heavy be; what tho',
The heaviest things move slowliest still we know;
And, if it punish all that guilty be,
'Twill be an Age before it comes to me.*

God too is merciful, as well as just;
 Therefore I'll rather his forgiveness trust,
 Than live despis'd, and poor, as thus I must:
 I'll try, and hope he's more a Gentleman
 Than for such trivial things as these, to Jamn.
 Besides, for the same Fault, we've often known
 One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne:
 And foulest Deeds, attended with success,
 No longer are reputed wickedness,
 Disguis'd with Virtues Livery and Dress.

With these weak Arguments they fortifie,
 And harden up themselves in Villany:
 The Rascal now dares call you to account,
 And in what Court you please, joyn issue on't:
 Next Term he'll bring the Action to be try'd,
 And twenty Witnesses to swear on's side:
 And, if that Justice to his Cause be found,
 Expects a Verdict of five hundred pound.
 Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out-face,
 For Innocent shall with the Rabble pass:
 While you, with Impudence, and sham run down,
 Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and rail,
 Louder than I——at the Bar does bawl:
 Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?
 And can he tawdry Thunderbolts forbear?
 To what vain end do we with Prayers adore?
 And on our bended knees his aid implore?
 Where's his Rule, if no respect be had,
 Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good, or Bad?
 And who henceforth will any credit show
 To what his lying Priests teach here below?

If this be Providence; for ought I see,
 Bless'd Saint Vaninus! I shall follow thee:
 Little's the odds 'twixt such a God, and that,
 Which Atheist Lewis us'd to wear in's Hat.

Thus you blaspheme, and rave: But pray, Sir, try
 What Comforts my weak Reason can apply,
 Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly saw,
 And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.
 In cases dangerous and hard of cure
 We have recourse to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*:
 But if they don't so desperate appear,
 We trust to meaner Doctors skill, and care.

If there were never in the world before
 So foul a deed; I'm dumb, not one word more:
 A God's name then let both your Sluces flow,
 And all the extravagance of sorrow show;
 And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful
 Breast,

As if your dearest First-born were deceas'd.
 'Tis granted that a greater Grief attends
 Departed Money than departed Friends:
 None ever counterfeits upon this score,
 Nor need he do't; the thought of being poor
 Will serve alone to make the eyes run o'er.
 Lost Money griev'd with true unfeigned Tears,
 More true, than sorrow of expecting Heirs
 At their dead Father's Funerals, tho' here
 The Back, and Hands no pompous Mourning wear.

But if the like Complaints he daily found
 At *Westminster*, and in all Courts abound;
 If Bonds and Obligations can't prevail,
 But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,

Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedegree
 Of their dead Ancestors to vouch the Lye:
 If *Temple-Walks*, or *Smithfield* never fail
 Of plying Rogues, that set their Souls to sale
 To the first Passenger that bids a price,
 And make their livelihood of Perjuries;
 For God's-sake why are you so delicate,
 And think it hard to share the common Fate?
 And why must you alone be Fav'rite thought
 Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates cast out?
 The wrong you bear is hardly worth regard,
 Much less your Just resentment, if compar'd
 With greater outrages to others done,
 Which daily happen, and alarm the Town:
 Compare the Villains who cut Throats for Bread,
 Or Houses fire, of late a gainful Trade,
 By which our City was in Ashes laid:
 Compare the sacrilegious Burglary,
 From which no place can Sanctuary be,
 That rifles Churches of Communion-Plate,
 Which good King *Edward's* days did dedicate:
 Think, who durst steal *St. Alban's* Font of Brass,
 That Christen'd half the Royal *Scotish* Race:
 Who stole the Chalice at *Chichester*,
 In which themselves receiv'd the day before:
 Or that bold daring Hand, of fresh Renown,
 Who scorning common Booty, stole a Crown:
 Compare too, if you please, the horrid Plot,
 With all the Perjuries to make it out,
 Or make it nothing, for these last three years;
 Add to it *Thinn's* and *Godfrey's* Murderers:

And if these seem but flight and trivial things,
Add those that have, and would have murder'd
Kings.

And yet how little's this of Villany,
To what our Judges oft in one day try?
This to convince you, do but travel down,
When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,
Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
How many Rogues there are of Humane Kind,
And let me hear you, when you're back again,
Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Essex* Hundreds live,
Or *Sheppy* Island, to have Agues rise:
Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
If you great Lips, and short flat Noses saw:
Because 'tis so by Nature of each place;
And therefore there for no strange thing they pass.
In Lands, where Pigmies are, to see a Crane
(As Kites do Chickens here) sweep up a Man,
In Armour clad, with us would make a show,
And serve to entertain at *Bartholomew*:
Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,
Where the whole Nation is but one foot high:
Then, why, fond Man, should you so much admire,
Since Knave is of our growth, and common here?

But must such Perjury escape (say you)
And shall it ever thus unpunish'd go?
Grant, he were dragg'd to Jail this very hour,
To starve, and rot, suppose it in your Pow'r
To rack, and torture him all kind of ways,
To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you please;

(And

(And what would your Revenge it self have more?)
 Yet this, all this would not your Cash restore:
 And where would be the comfort, where the good,
 If you could wash your Hands in's reaking Blood?
But, Oh, Revenge more sweet than Life! 'Tis true,
 So the unthinking say, and the mad Crew
 Of hee'ring Blades, who for slight cause, or none,
 At every turn are into Passion blown:
 Whom the least Trifles with Revenge inspire,
 And at each spark, like Gunpowder, take fire:
 These unprovok'd kill the next Man they meet,
 For being so sawcy, as to walk the street;
 And at the summons of each tiny Drab,
 Cry, *Damne! Satisfaction!* draw, and stab.

Not so of old, the mild good *Socrates*,
 (Who shew'd how high without the help of Grace
 Well cultivated Nature might be wrought)
 He a more noble way of suffering taught,
 And, tho' he Guiltless drank the poisonous Dose
 Ne'er wish'd a drop to his accusing Foes.
 Not so our great good *Martyr'd King* of late
 (Could we his bless'd Example imitate)
 Who, tho' the great'st of mortal sufferers,
 Yet kind to his rebellious Murderers,
 Forgave, and bless'd them with his dying Pray'rs.

Thus we, by sound Divinity and Sense
 May purge our minds, and weed all Errors thence:
 These lead us into right, nor shall we need
 Other than them thro' Life to be our Guide,
 Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
 To craz'd and sickly minds, the poor Content

Of little Souls, unable to surmount
 An Injury, too weak to bear Affront:
 And this you may infer, because we find,
 'Tis most in poor unthinking Woman-kind;
 Who break their feeble spight on all they can,
 And are more kin to Brute than braver Man.

But why should we imagine, Sir, that those
 Escape unpunish'd, who still feel the Throes,
 And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is worse)
 Than all the pains which can the Body curse)
 The secret gnawings of unseen Remorse?
 Believ't, they suffer greater Punishment
 Than Rome's Inquisitors cou'd e'er invent:
 Nor all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,
 Which ancient Persecutors could devise,
 Nor all, that Fox his Bloody Records tell,
 Can match what Bradshaw and Ravilliao feel,
 Who in their Breasts carry about their Hell.

I've read this Story, but I know not where,
 Whether in Hackwel, or Beard's Theatre:
 A certain Spartan, whom a Friend, like you,
 Had trusted with a Hundred pound or two;
 Went to the Oracle to know if he
 With safety might the Sum in trust deny.
 'Twas answer'd, No, that if he durst forswear,
 He would e'er long for's knavery pay dear:
 Hence Fear, not Honesty, made him refund;
 Yet to his cost the Sentence true he found:
 Himself, his Children, all his Family,
 Ev'n the remotest of his whole Pedigree,
 Perish'd (as there 'tis told) in misery.

Now

Now to apply: if such be the sad end
 Of Perjury, tho' but in Thought design'd,
 Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your Treach'rous
 Friend,
 Who has not only thought but done to you
 All this, and more; think what he suffers now,
 And think, what every Villain suffers else,
 That dares, like him, be faithless, base, and false.
 Pale Horror, ghastly Fear, and black Despair,
 Pursue his steps, and dog him wheresoe'er
 He goes, and if from his loath'd self he fly,
 To herd, like wounded Deer, in company,
 These strait creep in and pall his mirth, and joy.
 The choicest Dainties, ev'n by *Lumby* dress,
 Afford no Relish to his sickly Taste,
 Insipid all, as *Damocles* his Feast.
 Ev'n Wine, the greatest blessing of Mankind,
 The best support of the dejected mind,
 Appli'd to his dull spirits, warms no more
 Than to his Corps it could past Life restore.
 Darkness he fears, nor dares he trust his Bed
 Without a Candle watching by his side:
 And, if the wakeful Troubles of his Breast
 To his toss'd Limbs allow one moments Rest,
 Straitways the groans of Ghosts, and hideous
 Screams
 Of tortur'd Spirits haunt his frightful Dreams:
 Strait there return to his tormented mind
 His Perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:
 Strait he imagins you before his Eyes,
 Ghastly of shape, prodigious of size,

With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monstrous Tail,
And bigger than the Giants at *Guild Hall*;
Stalking with horrid strides across the Room,
And Guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom:
Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,
And dead cold Sweats his trembling Members seize:
Then starting wakes and with a dismal cry,
Calls to his aid his frightened Family;
There owns the Crime, and vows upon his knees
The sacred Pledge next morning to release.

These are the Men, whom the least Terrors
daunt,
Who at the sight of their own shadows faint;
These, if it chance to Lighten, are agast,
And quake for fear, lest every Flash should blast:
These swoon away at the first Thunder-clap,
As if 'twere not, what usually does hap,
The casual cracking of a Cloud, but sent
By angry Heaven for their Punishment:
And if unhurt they scape the Tempest now,
Still dread the greater Vengeance to ensue:
These the least Symptoms of a Fever fright,
Water high-colour'd, want of rest at night,
Or a disorder'd Pulse strait makes them shrink,
And presently for fear they're ready sink
Into their Graves: their time (think they) is come,
And Heav'n in judgment now has sent their Doom.
Nor dare they, tho' in whisper, waft a Pray'r,
Lest it by chance should reach th' Almighty's ear,
And wake his sleeping Vengeance, which before
So long has their impieties forbore.

These

These are the thoughts which guilty wretches
haunt,

Yet enter'd, they still grow more impudent :

After a Crime perhaps they now and then

Feel pangs and strugglings of Remorse within,

But strait return to their old course again :

They, who have once thrown Shame and Conscience
by,

Ne'er after make a stop in Villany :

Hurried along, down the vast steep they go,

And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt

Will not with single wickedness give out ;

Have patience but a while, yo'll shortly see

His hand held up at Bar for Felony :

You'll see the sentenc'd wretch for Punishment

To *Scilly* Isles, or the *Carribbes* sent :

Or (if I may his surer Fate divine)

Hung like *Boraski*, for a Gibbet Sign :

Then may you glut Revenge, and feast your Eyes

With the dear object of his Miseries :

And then at length convinc'd, with joy you'll find,

That the just God is neither deaf nor blind.

DAVID

DAVID's Lamentation

For the DEATH of

SAUL and JONATHAN

PARAPHRASD.

Written in September 1677.

O D E

I.

AH wretched *Israel*! once blest and happy
State.

The Darling of the Stars, and Heaven's Care,
Then all the bordering world thy Vassals were,
And thou at once their Envy and their Fear.
How soon art thou (alas!) by the sad turn of Fate
Become abandon'd and forlorn?
How art thou now become their Pity, and their
Scorn?

Thy Lustre all is vanish'd, all thy Glory fled,
Thy Sun himself set in a bloody-red,
Too sure Prognostick! which does ill portend
Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,
Left naked and defenceless now to each invading
Hand.

A

- A fatal Battel, lately fought,
Has all these Mis'ries and Misfortunes brought;
Has thy quick Ruin and Destruction wrought:
There fell we by a mighty Overthrow
A Prey to an enrag'd, relentless Foe,
The toil and labour of their wearied Cruelty,
Till they no more could kill, and we no longer die.
Vast slaughter all around th' enlarged Mountain
 swells,
- And numerous Deaths increase its former Hills.

In *Gath* let not the mournful News be known,
 Nor publish'd in the streets of *Askelon*;
 May Fame it self be quite struck dumb!
 Oh may it never to *Philistia* come,
 Nor any live to bear the cursed Tydings home!
 Lest the proud Enemies new Trophies raise,
 And loudly triumph in our fresh Disgrace:
 No captive *Israelite* their pompous Joy adorn,
 Nor in sad Bondage his lost Country mourn:
 No Spoils of ours be in their Temples hung,
 No Hymns to *Ashdod's* Idol sung,
 Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn.
 Kind Heav'n forbid! lest the base Heathen Slaves
 blaspheme
 Thy sacred and unutterable Name,
 And above thine extol their *Dagon's* Fame.
 Lest the vile *Fish's* Worship spread abroad,
 Who sell a prostrate Victim once before our com-
 qu'ring God:

And

And you who the great deeds of Kings and
Kingdoms write,
Who all their Actions to succeeding Age transmit,
Conceal the blushing Story, ah! conceal
Our Nations loss, and our dread Monarch's
fall:

Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,
When both by the ill Play of Fate were thrown
away:

Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's
Crime

Be ever mention'd in the Registers of future Time.

III.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curst thy hated Name,
Th' eternal Monument of our Disgrace and Shame!

For ever curst be that unhappy Scene,
Where Slaughter, Blood and Death did lately
reign!

No Clouds henceforth above thy barren top ap-
pear,

But what may make thee mourning wear:
Let them ne'er shake their dewy Fleeces there,
But only once a year

On the sad Anniverse drop a remembring Tear:

No Flocks of Offerings on thy Hills be known,
Which may by Sacrifice our Guilt and thine atone:
Nor Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind hereafter
fray

On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beasts of
prey,

Or men more savage, wild and fierce than they;

226 *the Death of Saul and Jonathan.*

A Desert may'st thou prove, and lonely wast,
Like that, our sinful, stubborn Fathers past,
Where they the Penance trod for all they there
transgress'd :

Too dearly wast thou drench'd with precious
Blood

Of many a Jewish Worthy, spilt of late,
Who suffered there by an ignoble Fate,
And purchas'd foul dishonour at too high a rate :

Great *Saul*'s ran there amongst the common Flood,
His Royal self mixt with the baser Crowd :

He, whom Heav'n's high and open suffrage chose,
The Bulwark of our Nation, to oppose

The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes ;

Ev'n He, on whom the sacred Oyl was shed,
Whose mystick drops enlarg'd his hallow'd Head
Lies now (oh Fate, impartial still to Kings!)

Hudled, and undistinguish'd in the heap of meaner
things.

IV.

Lo! there the mighty Warriour lies,
With all his Lawrels, all his Victories,
To ravenous Fowls, or worse, to his proud Foes, a
Prize :

How chang'd from that great *Saul* ! whose gene-
rous Aid,

A conqu'ring Army to distressed *Jabeesh* led,
At whose approach *Ammon*'s proud Tyrant fled:
How chang'd from that great *Saul* ! whom we
saw bring

From vanquish'd *Amaleck* their captive Spoils, and
King ;

When

When unbid Pity made him *Agag* spare :
A Pity, more than Cruelty found guilty there :
Oft has he made these conquer'd Enemies bow,
By whom himself lies conquer'd now :
At *Micmasb* his great might they felt, and knew,
The same they felt at *Dammim* too :
Well I remember, when from *Helab's* Plain
He came in triumph, met by a numerous Crowd,
Who with glad shouts proclaim'd their Joy aloud ;
A dance of beauteous Virgins led the solemn Train,
And sung, and prais'd the man *that had his Thou-*
sands slain.

Seir, Moab, Zobab felt him, and where-e'er,
He did his glorious Standards bear,
Officious Victory follow'd in the rear :
Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,
And, like the Grave, the gluttonous Blade de-
vour'd :

Slaughter upon its point in triumph sate,
And scatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.

V.

Nor less in high Repute and Worth was his great
Son,

Sole Heir of all his Valour and Renown,
Heir to (if cruel Fate had suffer'd) of his Throne :
The matchless *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud
tongu'd Fame

Amongst her chiefest Heroes joys to name,
E'er since the wond'rous Deeds at *Seneb* done,
Where he, himself an Host, o'ercame a War alone :
The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,
But fix'd amazement stopt, and made them die.

218 *the Death of Saul and Jonathan.*

Great Archer Ho! to whom our dreaded skill we
owe,
Dreaded by all, who *Israel's* warlike Prowess know;
As many Shafts, as his full Quiver held,
So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd:
Quick and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams flew,
As if he gave 'em fight and swiftness too.
Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows
threw.

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally ally'd
On Nature, and on Valour's side:
Great *Saul*, who scorn'd a Rival in Renown,
Yet envied not the Fame of's greater Son,
By him endur'd to be surpass'd alone:
He, gallant Prince, did his whole Father shew,
And fast, as he could set, the well-writ Copies drew,
And blusht, that Duty bid him not out-go:
Together they did both the paths to Glory trace,
Together hunted in the noble Chace,
Together finish'd their united Race:
There only did they prove unfortunate,
Never till then unblest'd by Fate,
Yet there they ceas'd not to be great;
Fearless they met, and brav'd their threaten'd
fall,
And fought when having revolted, Fortune durst
rebel.
When publick safety, and their Countries care
Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the toils of
War;

As Parent Eagles, summon'd by their Infants cries,
Whom some rude hands would make a Prize,
Hast to Relief, and with their wings out-fly their
eyes;

So swift did they their speedy succour bear,

So swift the bold Aggressors seize,

So swift attack, so swift pursue the vanquish'd ene-
mies:

The vanquish'd enemies with all the wings of
Fear

Mov'd not so quick as they:

Scarce could their souls fly fast enough away,

Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,

Thro' Fields with armed Troops, and pointed Har-
vests set,

Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their
generous Heat:

Like those they march'd undaunted, and like those,

Secure of Wounds, and all that durst oppose,

So to Resisters fierce, so gentle to their prostrate Foes.

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Israel*, mourn thy Monarch's
fall:

And all thy plenteous stock of sorrow call,

T' attend his pompous Funeral:

Mourn each, who in his loss an int'rest shares,

Layish your Grief, exhaust it all in Tears:

You *Hebrew* Virgins too,

Who once in lofty strains did his glad Triumphs
sing,

Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Measures
now,

136 *the Death of Saul and Jonathan.*

Each charming air of Breath, and String,
Bring all to grace the Obsequies of your dead
King,
And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sorrow
flow.

Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,
Who you with Natures choicest Dainties fed,
Who you with Natures gayest Wardrobe clad,
By whom you all her Pride, and all her Pleasures
had :

For you the precious Worm his Bowels spun,
For you the *Tyrian* Fish did Purple run,
For you the blest *Arabia's* Spices grew,
And *Eastern* Quarries harden'd Pearly drew,
The Sun himself turn'd Labourer for you !
For you he hatch'd his golden Birth alone,
Wherewith you are array'd, whereby you him out-
thone,
All this and more you did to *Saul's* great Conduct
owe,

All this you lost in his unhappy overthrow.

VIII.

Oh Death ! how vast an Harvest hast thou reap'd
of late ?

Never before hadst thou so great,
Ne'er drank'st before so deep of *Jewish* Blood,
Ne'er since th' embattled Hosts at *Gibeah* stood ;
When three whole days took up the work of
Fate,

When a large Tribe enter'd at once thy Bill,
And three score thousand Victims to thy Fury fell.

Upon

Upon the fatal Mountains Head;
 Lo! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead:
 There my beloved *Jonathan* was slain,
 The best of Princes, and the best of Men;
 Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks like an untimely
 Frost.

On early Fruit, there sits, and smiles a sullen Boast,
 And yet looks pale at the great Captive she has
 taken.

My *Jonathan* is dead (oh dreadful word of Fame!
 Oh grief! that I can speak't, and not become the
 same!)

He's dead, and with him all our blooming Hopes
 are gone,

And many a wonder, which he must have done,
 And many a Conquest which he must have won,
 They're all to the dark Grave, and silence fled,
 And never now in story shall be read;

And never now shall take their date,
 Snatch'd hence by the preventing hand of envious
 Fate.

IX.

Ah worthy Prince! would I for thee had dy'd;
 Ah, would I had thy fatal place supply'd!

I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy gift I owe,
 Repaid a Crown, which Friendship taught thee to
 forgo:

Both Debts, I ne'er can cancel now:
 Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
 For sure we had the same, 'twas very thine,

232 *the Death of Saul and Jonathan.*

Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wish, or think,
or name :

Brother thou wast, but wast my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:
Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Nature self could
make,

Than I, or Fame it self can speak:

Not yearning Mothers, when first Throes they
feel

To their young Babes in looks a softer Passion tell:

Not artless undissembling Maids express

In their last dying sighs such tenderness:

Not thy fair Sister, whom strict Duty bids me wear

First in my Breast, whom holy Vows make mine,

Tho' all the Virtues of a loyal Wife she bear,

Could boast an Union so near,

Could boast a Love so firm, so lasting, so Divine.

So pure is that which we in Angels find

To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own kind:

So pure, but not more great must that blest Friend-

ship prove,

(Could, ah! could I to that wish'd Place, and thee
remove)

Which shall for ever joyn our mingled Souls a-
bove.

X.

Ah wretched *Israel!* ah unhappy state!

Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate!

Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengeful hate!

Who

David's Lamentation for, &c. 233

Who is there left their Fury to withstand?
What Champions now to guard thy helpless
Land?

Who is there left in list'd Fields to head
Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory?
Alas! thy valiant Youth are dead,
And all thy brave Commanders too:

O! how the Glut and Riot of the Grave thus lie,
And none survive the fatal Overthrow,
To right their injur'd Ghosts upon the barbarous
Foel

Rest, ye bless'd shades, in everlasting Peace,
Who sell your Country's bloody Sacrifice:
For ever Sacred be your Memories,
And may e'er long some Avenger rise

To wipe off Heav'n's and your Disgrace:
May then these proud insulting Foes
Wash off our strains of Honour with their Blood.
May they ten thousand-fold repay our ills,
For every Life a Myriad, every Drop a Flood.

THE

THE
ODE
OF

Aristotle in Athens,

PARAPHRAS'D.

HONOUR! thou greatest Blessing in the gift
of Heaven,

Which only art to its chief Darlings given:

Cheaply with Blood and Dangers art thou sought,

Nor canst at any rate be over-bought,

Thou, shining honour, art the noblest chase
Of all the braver part of Humane Race.

Thou only art worth living for below,

And only worth our dying too.

For thee, bright Goddess, for thy charming sake,
Does Greece such wond'rous Actions undertake:

For thee no Toils, nor Hardships she foregoes,

And Death amidst ten thousand ghastly Terrors
wooes.

So powerfully dost thou the mind inspire,
And kindlest there so generous a fire,

As makes thy zealous Votaries
 All things but Thee despise;
 Makes them the love of Thee prefer
 Before th' enchantments of bewitching Gold,
 Before th' embraces of a Parent's arms,
 Before soft ease, and Love's enticing Charms,
 And all that Men on Earth most valuable hold.

II.

For Thee the Heav'n-born *Hercules*
 And *Leda's* faithful Twins, in Birth no less,
 So many mighty Labours underwent,
 And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their high
 Descent.

By thee they reach'd the blest Abode,
 The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's paths they
 trod.

By thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son
 Of *Peleus* were exalted to Renown:
 Envied by the Immortals did they go,
 Laden with triumph to the shades below.

For thee, and thy dear sake
 Did the young *Hermias* worthy of *Atarna* lately
 stake

His Life in Battle to the chance of Fate,
 And bravely lost, what he so boldly set:

Yet lost he not his glorious aim,
 But by short death purchas'd eternal Fame:
 The grateful Muses shall embalm his Memory,
 And never let it die:

They shall his great Exploits rehearse,
 And consecrate the Hero in immortal Verse.

UPON

Upon the W O R K S of
B E N . J O H N S O N .

Written in 1678.

O D E .

I.

GREAT Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almost to
dare to praise,

Whose firm establish'd, and unshaken Glories stand

And proudly their own Fame command,

Above our pow'r to lessen or to raise,

And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius
and thy Bays;

Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! for so I dare

Entitle thee, nor any modern Censures fear,

Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say;

They'll say perhaps, that others did Materials bring

That others did the first Foundations lay.

And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin

But thou alone could'st finish the design,

All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was thine

Some

Some bold Advent'ers might have been before,
Who durst the unknown world explore;
By them it was survey'd at distant view,
And here and there a Cape, and Line they drew,
Which only serv'd as hints, and marks to thee,
Who wast reserv'd to make the full discovery:
Art's Compass to thy painful search we owe,
Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after go,
By that we may Wit's vast and trackless Ocean try,
Content no longer, as before,
Dully to coast along the shore,
But steer a coast more unconfin'd, and free,
Beyond the narrow bounds that pent Antiquity.

II.

Never till thee the Theater posselt
A Prince with equal Pow'r, and Greatness blest,
No Government or Laws it had
To strengthen and establish it,
Till thy great hand the Scepter sway'd,
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
Uniform'd, and void was then its Poësie,
Only some præ-existing Matter we
Perhaps could see,
That might foretel what was to be;
A rude, and undigested Lump it lay,
Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the birth of Light, and Day,
Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,
And undertook the mighty Frame;
No shuffled Atoms did the well-built work compose,
It from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance arose
(As some of this great Fabrick idly dream)

But

But wise, all-seeing Judgment did contrive,
 And knowing Art its Graces give:
 No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire
 The dull and heavy Mass inspire,
 But strait throughout it let us see
 Proportion, Order, Harmony,
 And every part did to the whole agree,
 And strait appear'd a beauteous new-made world
 of Poetry.

III.

Let dull and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
 (Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
 The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry
 (For Schismaticks in that as in Religion be)
 Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream
 Let them despise her Laws, and think
 That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:
 Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
 Which justly might deserve the Chain,
 'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage
 Sprightly as vigorous Youth, and cool as temperate
 Age:
 Free, like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,
 But suffer'd Reason's loose and easie rein,
 By that it suffer'd to be led,
 Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:
 Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
 Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,
 Was wisely govern'd and reclaim'd by thee:
 Restraint, and Discipline was made endure,
 And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought to
 lure;

Yet when 'twas at some nobler Quarry sent,
With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward went,
Not lessen'd at the greatest height,
Not turn'd by the most giddy flights of dazling
Wir.

IV.

Nature and Art together met, and joyn'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd with numerous Stars embellish'd o'er,
And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence
bore.

This was the strong Intelligence, whose pow'r
Turn'd it about, and did the unerring motions steer:
Concurring both like vital Seed and Heat,
The noble Births they joyntly did beget,
And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which most of force to the great Generation
brought:

So mingling Elements compose our Bodies frame,
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
Alike their just Proportions share,
Each undistinguish'd still remains the same,
Yet can't we say that either's here or there,
But all, we know not how, are scatter'd ev'ry where.

V.

Sober and grave was still the Garb thy Muse put on,
No tawdry careless flattern Dress,
Nor starch'd, and formal with Affectdness,
Nor the east Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and
Town:

But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,

Well

Well fitted, it sate close in every place,
 And all became with an uncommon Air, and Grace:
 Rich, costly and substantial was the stuff,
 Nor barely smooth, nor yet too coarsly rough:
 No refuse, ill-patch'd Shreds o' th' Schools,
 The motly wear of read, and learned Fools;
 No *French* Commodity which now so much does
 take,

And our own better Manufacture spoil,
 Nor was it ought of forein Spoil;
 But Staple all, and all of *English* Growth and
 Make;

What Flow'rs so'er of Art it had, were found
 No tinsel slight Embroideries,
 But all appear'd either the native Ground,
 Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the
 Piece.

VI.

Plain Humour, shewn with her whole various
 Face,

Not mask'd with any antick Dress,
 Nor screw'd in forc'd ridiculous Grimace,
 (The gaping Rabbles dull delight,
 And more the Actors than the Poet's Wit)

Such did she enter on thy Stage,
 And such was represented to the wond'ring Age:
 Well wast thou skill'd, and read in humane kind;
 In every wild fantastick Passion of his mind,
 Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive

What each from Nature does receive,
 Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;

What

What custom too, that mighty Sorceress,
Whose pow'ful Witchcraft does transform
Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,
Makes this an odd, and freakish Monky turn,
And that a grave and solemn Ass appear,
And all a thousand beastly shapes of Folly wear:
Whate'er Caprice or Whimsie leads awry
Perverted and seduc'd Mortality,
Or does incline, and byass it
From what's Discreet, and Wise, and Right, and
Good, and Fit;
All in thy faithful Glass were so express'd,
As if they were Reflections of thy Breast,
As if they had been stamp'd on thy own mind,
And thou the universal vast Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didst thou with the same Dish repeated cloy,
Tho' every Dish, well cook'd by thee,
Contain'd a plentiful Variety
To all that could sound relishing Palats be;
Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
Court'd the Tast, and rais'd the Appetite:
Whate'er fresh dainty Fops in season were
To garnish and set out thy Bill of Fare,
(Those never found to fail throughout the year,
For seldom that ill natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)
What thy strict Observation e'er survey'd,
From the fine luscious Spark of high and courtly
Breed,

R

Down

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Down to the dull, insipid Cit,
Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit.

VIII.

Most Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
And serve one only Year, one only State;
Another makes them useless, stale, and out of date;
But thine were wisely calculated fit
For each Meridian, every Cline of Wit.
For all succeeding Time, and after-age,
And all Mankind might thy vast Audience sit,
And the whole World be justly made thy Stage:
Still they shall taking be, and ever new,
Still keep in vogue in spite of all the damning
Crew;

Till the last Scene of this great Theatre,

Clos'd, and shut down,

The numerous Actors all retire,

And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.

Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to blast
thy Bays,

Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raise,

And say it only shines with borrow'd Rays;

Rich in thy self, to whose unbounded store

Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more:

Thou could'st alone the Empire of the Stage main-
tain,

Could'st all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,

Nor needest other Subsidies to pay,

Needest no Tax on foreign, or thy native Country,
lay,

To

To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own Stock could raise the same,
Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray:
Yet like some mighty Conqueror in Poetry,
Design'd by Fate of choice to be
Founder of its new universal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,
Whilst all around thy pow'ful Genius sway'd,
Soon vanquish'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made
submit,
Both were thy humble Tributaries made,
And thou return'dst in Triumph with her captive
Wit.

X.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,
Thy spiteful, and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happiest Talent fix a lye,
And call that Slowness, which was Care and Industry:

Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)
Share all thy with'd Reproach, and share thy
shame,

If Diligence be deem'd a fault,
If to be faultless must deserve their Blame:
Judge of thy self alone (for none there were
Could be so just, or could be so severe)

Thou thy own Works didst strictly try
By known and uncontested Rules of Poetry,
And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially:
With rigor thou arraign'st each guilty Line,
And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas
thine:

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Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,
 (For never, or too seldom we,
 Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see)
 Thou didst not small'st Delinquencies acquit,
 But saw'st them to Correction all submit,
 Saw'st execution done on all convicted Crimes o
 Wit.

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
 (For they with Poets in that Title share)
 When he would undertake a glorious Frame,
 Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
 Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Design
 Long holds his doubting hand e'er he begin,
 And justly then proportions every stroke and line,
 And oft he brings it to review,
 And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,
 And mixes Oyls to make the flitting Colours dure,
 To keep 'em from the tarnish of injurious time
 cure;
 Finish'd at length in all that Care and Skill can do
 The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
 And all surpriz'd about it wond'ring stand:
 And tho' no name be found below,
 Yet strait discern th' unimitable hand,
 And strait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo*:
 So thy brave Soul that scorn'd all cheap and eas
 ways,
 And trod no common road to Praise,
 Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence pr
 ceed,

(F

(For who e'er saw Perfection grow in haste:
Or that soon done which must for ever last?)
But gently did advance with wary heed,
And shew'd that mastery is most in justness read:
Nought ever issued from thy teeming Breast,
But what had gone full time, could write exactly
best,
And stand the sharpest Censure, and defie the ri-
gid'st Test.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
Our weak, and meaner Acts with his compare)
When he the World's fair Poem did of old design,
That Work, which now must boast no longer date
than thine;

Tho' 'twas in him alike to will and do,
Tho' the same Word that spoke, could make it
too,
Yet would he not such quick and hasty methods use,
Nor did an instant (which it might) the great effect
produce:

But when th' All-wise himself in Council sat,
Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,
When Heaven consider'd, and th' Eternal Wit and
Sense,

Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,
It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,
That something worthy of a God was coming forth;
Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,
No point amiss did in the large voluminous Piece
appear;

And when the glorious Author all survey'd,
 Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,
 Well-pleas'd he was to find
 All answer'd the great Model, and Idea of his Mind:
 Pleas'd at himself He in high wonder stood,
 And much his Power, and much his Wisdom did
 applaud,
 To see how all was Perfect, all transcendent Good.

XIII.

Let meaner spirits stoop to low precarious Fame,
 Content on gross and coarse Applause to live,
 And what the dull, and senseless Rabble give,
 Thou didst it still with noble scorn contemn;
 Nor would'st that wretched Alms receive,
 The poor subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid
 name:

Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,
 And form'd of common Breath,
 The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about
 By popular Air, and glares awhile, and then goes
 out;

But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of light,
 That shone all over, was all over bright,
 And dar'd all sullying Clouds, and fear'd no dark-
 ning night;

Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
 Who wheresoe'er he does display
 His Sovereign Lustre, and Majestick Ray,
 Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh
 Vanish, and shrink away.

Overwhelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater blaze
 of Day;

With

With such a strong, an awful and victorious Beam
Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,
View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of
Wit,

Who only can endure to look on it.

The rest o'ercame with too much light,
With too much brightness dazled, or extinguish'd
quite :

Restless, and uncontroll'd it now shall pass,
As wide a course about the World as he,
And when his long-repeated Travels cease,
Begin a new and vaster Race,
And still tread round the endless Circle of Eternity.

The Ninth ODE of
 The Third Book of HORACE,
 I M I T A T E D.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and *Lydia*.

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

I.

Hor. **W**Hile you for me alone had Charms,

And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,
 Proud with content, I slighted Crowns,
 And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

II.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
 And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
 Than the blest'd Virgins are above.

III.

Hor. Now *Chloes* charming Voice and Art
 Have gain'd the conquest of my Heart :
 For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,
 If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy.

IV.

Lyd. *Thyrsis* by me has done the same,
 The Youth burns me with mutual Flame :

For whom a double Death I'd bear ;
Would Fate my dearest *Thyrsis* spare.

V.

Hor. But say, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive as before ;
Say, I throw off my *Chloes* Chain,
And take you to my Breast again.

VI.

Lyd. Why then, tho' he more bright appear,
More constant than a fixed Star ;
Tho' you than Wind more fickle be,
And rougher than the Stormy Sea,
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs I vow
I'd gladly live and die with you.

Upon

Upon a L A D Y,

*Who by overturning of a Coach, had
her Coats behind flung up, and what
was under shewn to the View of the
Company.*

Out of Voiture.

I.

P*Hillis*, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave.
This happy moment dates your Reign:
No force of human Pow'r can save
My captive Heart, that wears your Chain:
But when my Conquest you design'd;
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
It was unjust, and too severe,
Thus to attack me from behind.

II.

Against the Charms your Eyes impart,
With care I had secur'd my Heart;
On all the wonders of your Face
Could safely, and unwounded gaze:

But

But now entirely to enthrall
My Breast, you had expos'd to view
Another more resistless Foe,
From which I had no guard at all.

III.

At first assault constrain'd to yield,
My vanquish'd heart resign'd the Field,
My Freedom to the Conqueror
Became a prey that very hour :
The subtle Traitor, who unspied
Had lurk'd till now in close disguise,
Lay all his Life in ambush hid
At last to kill me by surprize.

IV.

A sudden Heat my Breast inspir'd,
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, sent,
From that new dawning Firmament,
Thro every Vein my Spirits fir'd ;
My Heart, before averse to Love,
No longer could a Rebel prove ;
When on the Grass you did display
Your radiant B U M to my survey,
And sham'd the Lustre of the Day.

V.

The Sun in Heav'n abath'd to see
A thing more gay, more bright than He,
Struck with disgrace, as well he might,
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light :
His beams he now thought useless grown,
That better were by yours supply'd,
But having once seen your Back-side,
For shame he durst not shew his own.

VI.

VI.

Forfaking every Wood, and Grove,
 The *Sylvans* ravish'd at the sight,
 In pressing Crowds about you strove,
 Gazing, and lost in wonder quite:
 Fond *Zephyr* seeing your rich store,
 Of beauty undescri'd before,
 Enamour'd of each lovely Grace,
 Before his own dear *Flora's* face,
 Could not forbear to kiss the place.

VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Rose,
 In blushes did her shame disclose:
 Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,
 And shrunk for fear into their Beds:
 The amorous *Narcissus* too,
 Reclaim'd of fond self-love by you,
 His former vain desire cashier'd,
 And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

VIII.

When this bright Object greets our sight,
 All others lose their Lustre quite:
 Your Eyes that shoot such pointed Rays,
 And all the Beauties of your Face,
 Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
 At the approach of brighter Day,
 No more regard, or value bear,
 But when its glories disappear.

IX.

Of some ill Qualities they tell,
 Which justly gives me cause to fear;
 But that, which most begets despair,
 It has no sense of Love at all:

More

More hard than Adamant it is,
They say, that no Impression takes,
It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
And rarely, very rarely speaks.

X.

Yet I must lov't, and own my Flame,
Which to the world I thus rehearse,
Throughout the spacious coasts of Fame
To stand recorded in my Verse:
No other subject, or design
Henceforth shall be my Muses Theme,
But with just Praises to proclaim
The fairest A R S E, that e'er was seen.

XI.

In pity gentle *Phillis* hide
The dazzling Beams of your Back-side;
For should they shine unclouded long,
All humane kind would be undone.
Not the bright Goddesses on high,
That reign above the starry Sky,
Should they turn up to open view
All their immortal Tails, can shew
An *Arse-b* — so divine as you.

CATUL

CATULLUS

EPIGR. VII.

Imitated.

Queris quot mihi Basiationes, &c.

NAY, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
 How many Kisses will suffice?
 Faith, 'tis a question hard to tell,
 Exceeding hard, for you as well
 May ask what sum of Gold suffice
 The greedy Miser's boundless Wish:
 Think what drops the Ocean store,
 With all the Sands that makes its Shore:
 Think what Spangles decks the Skies,
 When Heaven looks with all its Eyes:
 Or think how many Atoms came
 To compose this mighty Frame:
 Let all these the Counters be,
 To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee:
 Till no malicious Spy can guess
 To what vast height the Scores arise;
 Till weak Arithmetick grow scant,
 And numbers for the reck'ning want:
 All these will hardly be enough
 For me stark staring mad with Love.

SOME

SOME
ELEGIES
OUT OF

OVID'S Amours,
IMITATED.

BOOK II. ELEGY IV.

That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.

Non ego mendosus ausim defendere mores, &c.

NOT I, I never vainly durst pretend
My Follies and my Frailties to defend:
Own my Faults, if it avail to own,
While like a graceless wretch I still go on:
I hate my self, but yet in spite of Fate
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate;

In

In vain I would shake off this load of Love,
 Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:
 I want the strength my fierce Desires to stem,
 Hurried away by the impetuous stream.
 'Tis not one Face alone, subdues my Heart,
 But each wears Charms, and every Eye a Dart:
 And wheresoe'er I cast my Looks abroad,
 In every place I find Temptations strow'd.
 The modest kills me with her down-cast Eyes,
 And Love his ambush lays in that disguise.
 The brisk allures 'me with her gaiety,
 And shews how Active she in bed will be:
 If Coy, like cloyster'd Virgins, she appears,
 She but dissembles, what she most desires:
 If she be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read,
 I long to get a Learned Maidenhead:
 Or if untaught, and Ignorant she be,
 She takes me then with her simplicity:
 One likes my Verses, and commends each Line,
 And swears that Cowley's are but dull to mine:
 Her in meer Gratitude I must approve,
 For who, but would his kind Applauder love?
 Another damns my Poetry, and me,
 And plays the Critick most judiciously:
 And she too fires my Heart, and she too charms,
 And I'm agog to have her in my arms.
 One with her soft and wanton Trip does please,
 And prints, in every step she sets, a Grace:
 Another walks with stiff ungainly tread;
 But she may learn more pliantness abed:
 This sweetly sings, her Voice does Love inspire,
 And ev'ry Breath kindles and blows the Fire:

Wh

Who can forbear to kiss those Lips, whose sound
The ravish'd Ears does with such softness wound?
That sweetly plays: and while her Fingers move,
While o'er the bounding Strings their touches

rove,

My Heart leaps too, and every Pulse beats Love:

What Reason is so pow'rful to withstand

The magick force of that resistless Hand?

Another dances to a Miracle,

And moves her numerous Limbs with graceful
skill:

And she, or else the Devil's in't, must charm,

A touch of her would bed-rid Hermits warm:

If tall, I guess what plenteous Game she'll yield,

When Pleasures ranges o'er so wide a field:

If low, she's pretty: both alike invite,

The Dwarf and Giant both my wishes fit:

Undress'd; I think how killing she'd appear,

If arm'd with all Advantages she were:

Richly attir'd; she's the gay bait of Love,

And knows with Art to set her Beauties off.

I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,

And I can find attractions in the Brown:

If curling Jet adorn'd her snowy Neck,

The beauteous *Leda* is reported Black:

If curling Gold; *Aurora's* painted so:

All sorts of Histories my love does know,

I like the young with all her blooming Charms,

And Age it self is welcome to my Arms:

There uncropt Beauty in its flow'r assails,

Experience here, and riper sense prevails.

In fine, whatever of the Sex are known
 To stock this spacious and well furnish'd Town;
 Whatever any single Man can find
 Agreeable of all the numerous kind:
 At all alike my haggard Love does fly,
 And each is Game, and each a Miss for me.

BOOK II. ELEGY V.

To his Mistress that Jilted him.

Nullus amor tanti est: abest pharetræ Cupido, &c.

NAY then the Devil take all Love! if I
 So oft for its damn'd sake must wish to die,
 What can I wish for but to die, when you,
 Dear faithless Thing, I find, could prove untrue?
 Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
 For thee, false Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?
 'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
 Nor secret Presents, which thy Falshood tell:
 Would God! my just suspicions wanted cause,
 That they might prove less fatal to my ease:
 Would God! less colour for thy guilt there were
 But that (alas!) too much of proof does bear
 Bless'd he, who what he loves can justify,
 To whom his Mistress can the Fact deny,
 And boldly give his Jealousie the lye.

Crue

Cruel the Man, and uncompassionate,
 And too indulgent to his own Regret,
 Who seeks to have her guilt too manifest,
 And with the murd'ring secret stabs his Rest.
 I saw, when little you suspected me,
 When sleep, you thought, gave opportunity,
 Your Crimes I saw, and these unhappy eyes
 Of all your hidden stealths were Witnesses:
 I saw in signs your mutual Wishes read,
 And Nods the message of your hearts convey'd:
 I saw the conscious Board, which writ all o'er
 With scrawls of Wine, Love's mystick Cypher bore:
 Your Glances were not mute, but each bewray'd,
 And with your Fingers Dialogues were made:
 I understood the Language out of hand,
 (For what's too hard for Love to understand?)
 Full well I understood for what intent
 All this dumb Talk, and silent Hints were meant:
 And now the Guests were from the Table fled,
 And all the Company retir'd to Bed.
 I saw you then with wanton Kisses greet,
 Your Tongues (I saw) did in your Kisses meet:
 Not such as Sisters to their Brothers give,
 But Lovers from their Mistresses receive:
 Such as the God of War, and Paphian Queen
 Did in the height of their embraces join:
 Patience, ye Gods! (cry'd I) what ills I see!
 Unfaithful! why this Treachery to me?
 How dare you let another in my sight
 Invade my native Property, and Right?
 He must not, shall not do it: by Love I swear
 I'll seize the bold usurping Ravisher:

You are my Everbold, and the Fate designed,
 That you should be unutterably mine;
 These Fancies all to me appropriate are;
 How could I otherwise stoop to trespass here?
 This and much more I said, by Rage inspir'd,
 While conscious shame her Cheek with Blushes fir'd
 Such lovely stains the face of Heaven adorn,
 When Light's first blushes paint the bashful Morn;
 So on the bush the flaming Rose does glow,
 When mingled with the Lilies neighb'ring Snow.
 This, or some other Colour, much like these,
 The semblance then of her Complexion was:
 And while her Looks that sweet Disorder wore,
 Chance added Beauties undiscover'd before,
 Upon the ground she cast her jetty Eyes,
 Her Eyes shot fiercer Darts in that Disguise:
 Her Face a sad and mournful Air express'd,
 Her Face more lovely seem'd in sadness dress'd:
 Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
 Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear:
 Yet I no sooner had her Face survey'd,
 But straight the tempest of my Rage was laid:
 A look of her did my resentments charm,
 A look of her did all their Force disarm;
 And I, that since outrageous thing ere while,
 Grow calm as Infants, when in sleep they smile:
 And now a Kiss am humbly fain to crave,
 And beg no worse than she my Rival gave:
 She smil'd, and straight a throng of Kisses prest,
 The worst of which, should give himself but taste,
 The brandish'd Thunder from his Hand 'twould
 wrest:

Well pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
 For fear my envied Rival felt them so:
 Better they seem'd by far than I'er taught,
 And she in them shew'd something new methought:
 Fond jealous I my self the Pleasure grutch:
 And they displeas'd, because they pleas'd too much:
 When in my mouth I felt her darting Tongue,
 My wounded Thoughts it with suspicion stung:
 Nor is it this alone afflicts my mind,
 More reason for complaint remains behind:
 I grieve not only that she kisses gave,
 Tho' that affords me cause enough to grieve:
 Such need could be taught her in Bed,
 And Heaven knows what Reward her Teacher had.
 But I was much deceiv'd upon that score:
 For single I, as once love once and more:
 Two at one time reign jointly in my Breast,
 Both handsome are, both charming, both well-
 And hang me, if I know which takes me best:
 This fairer is than that, and that than this:
 That more than this, and this than that does please:
 Tell like a ship, by different sails of love,
 Now to this point, and now to that I move.
 Why, Love, why dost thou double thus my pains?
 Wert not enough to bear one Tyrant's Chains?
 Why, Goddess, dost thou vainly lavish more
 On one that was top full of love before?
 Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,
 May that ill Gods my Enemies be all:
 May my worst foes be damn'd to love of one,
 Be damn'd to Contumace, and be damn'd

BOOK II. ELEGY X.

To a Friend, acquainting him that he is in
Love with two at one time.

Tu mihi, tu certe (memento) Cœcine, negabat, &c.

I V E heard, my Friend, and heard it said by you,
No Man at once could ever well love two :

But I was much deceiv'd upon that score,
For single I, at once love one, and more :
Two at one time reign joyntly in my Breast,
Both handsome are, both charming, both well-
dress'd,

And hang me, if I know which takes me best :
This fairer is than that, and that than this,
That more than this, and this than that does please :
Toft, like a Ship, by diff'rent gusts of Love,
Now to this point, and now to that I move.
Why, Love, why dost thou double thus my pains?
Was't not enough to bear one Tyrants Chains ?
Why, Goddess, dost thou vainly lavish more
On one that was top-full of Love before ?
Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,
May that ill Curse my Enemies befall :
May my worst Foe be damn'd to love of one,
Be damn'd to Continence, and lie alone :

Let

Let Loves alarms each night disturb my Rest,
 And drowsie sleep never approach my Breast,
 Or strait-way thence be by new Pleasure chas'd.
 Let Pleasures in succession keep my Sense
 Ever awake, or ever in a Trance:

Let me lie melting in my fair One's Arms,
 Riot in blifs, and surfeit on her Charms:

Let her undo me there without controul,
 Drain nature quite, suck out my very Soul:

And, if by one I can't enough be drawn,
 Give me another, clap more Leeches on.

The Gods have made me of the sporting kind,
 And for the Feat my Pliant Limbs design'd:

What Nature has in Bulk to me deny'd,
 In Sinews, and in Vigor is suppli'd:

And should my Strength be wanting to desire,
 Pleasure would add new Fuel to the Fire:

Oft in soft Battels have I spent the Night,
 Yet rose next morning vigorous for the Fight,
 Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light.

No Maid, that ever under me took pay,
 From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.

Bless'd he, who in Loves service yields his Breath,
 Grant me, ye Gods, so sweet, so wish'd a death!

In bloody Fields let Soldiers meet their Fate,
 To purchase dear-bought Honour at the rate:

Let greedy Merchants trust the faithless Main,
 And shipwrack Life and Soul for sordid gain:

Dying, let me expire in gasps of Lust,

And in a gush of Joy give up the ghost:

And some kind pitying Friend shall say of me,

So did he live, and so deserv'd to die.

And drew these new pleasures
Of this way chance be my pleasure chanced.
P E T R O N I U S
P A R A P H R A S D.

Feda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.

I Hate Fruition, now 'tis past,
'Tis all but naitiness at best;
The homeliest thing, that Man can do,
Besides, 'tis short, and fleeting too:
A squirt of slippery Delight,
That with a moment takes its flight;
A fustom Bliss, that soon does cloy,
And make us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Passion blindly hurried on,
Like Beasts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Lust incites them to:
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by enjoyment quench'd:
But thus, let's thus together lie,
And kiss out long Eternity:
Here we dread no conscious Spies,
No blushes stain our guiltless joys:
Here no Paintness dulls Desires,
And Pleasure never flags nor tires:
This has pleas'd, and pleases now,
And for Ages will do so:
Enjoyment here is never done,
But fresh, and always but begun.

AN

That Cup which Heaven design'd a place for

Next the Sun, the Moon, and Stars

Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,

To light the poor Duncun's path below

Let mine be so, and give me drink

That I may drink, and say by it

Yet draw no drops of wine from it

No Care, nor Sorrow, nor Pain, nor Grief

Not Wars of Tiber, nor Winds of Scythia

O F

For what do I vainly almost pine,

Whom I can never see, nor touch

Be gentle, gentle, gentle, gentle

Fights, that can be no more

I'll have no more of this

I left light of the world behind

Left that I might be with you

Which Wine is left behind

Draw me no more of this

No Ram, nor Ox, nor Goat

To drink, nor to be drunk

Not any of the world

Of Animals

Not what are they

Stairs, which I would

Out from my

I lack no

To guide in the wide

But would for ever

And with no

Let gentle

My skill

ANACREON.

PARAPHRAS'D.

The CUP.

Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capricious Soul,
Vast as my thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;
I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of Me,
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup among the Stars:

That

That Cup which Heaven deign'd a place;
Next the Sun its greatest Grace.

Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor Drunkards here below:

Let mine be so, and give me light,

That I may drink, and revel by't:

Yet draw no shapes of Armour there,

No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,

Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,

Nor any other martial Toy;

For what do I vain Armour prize,

Who mind not such rough Exercises;

But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,

Fights, that cause no Wounds, or Scars:

I'll have no Battles on my Plate,

Lest fight of them should Brawls create;

Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,

Which Wine it self enough can do.

Draw me no Constellations there,

No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,

Nor any of that monstrous fry

Of Animals which stock the Sky:

For what are Stars to my Design?

Stars, which I, when drunk, out-shine,

Out-shine by every drop of Wine:

I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,

To guide in the wide Sea of Drink,

But would for ever there be tost;

And wish no Heaven, seek no Coast.

Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try

Thy Skill, then draw me (let me see)

Draw me first a spreading Vine,
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,
 With kind embraces, such as I
 Twist about my loving she:
 Let its Boughs o'erspread above
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love:
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
 Draw *Bacchus*, and soft *Cupid* by;
 Draw them both in toping Shapes,
 Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:
 Make them lean against the Cup,
 As 'twere to keep the Figures up:

And when their reeling Forms I view,

I'll think them drunk, and be so too:

The Gods shall my examples be

The Gods, thus drunk in Effigy

An Allusion to

MARTIAL

Book I. Epig. 118.

AS oft, Sir *Tradewell*, have I met,
 You'r sure to ask me in the street,
 When you shall find your Boy to me,
 To fetch my Book of Poetry,
 And promise you'll but read it o'er,
 And faithfully the Loan restore:
 But let me tell ye as a Friend,
 You need not take the pains to send:
 'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
 At farther end of *Clarkenwel*:
 There in a Garret near the Sky,
 Above five pair of Stairs I lie.
 But, if you'd have, what you pretend,
 You may procure it nearer hand:
 In *Cornbil*, where you often go,
 Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,
 A Shop of Rhime, where you may see
 The Posts all clad in Poetry;

There

There H——lives of high renown, whom I
 The notedst T O R Y in the Town? like
 Where, if you please, enquire for me,
 And he, or's Prentice, presently
 From the next Shelf will reach you down
 The Piece well bound for half a Crown:
 The Price is much too dear, you cry,
 To give for both the Book and me:—
 Yes doubtless for such Vanities,
 We know, Sir, you are too too wise.

D R E A M.

Written March 10. 1677.

L Ate as I on my Bed reposing lay,
 And in soft sleep forgot the Toils of Day,
 My self, my Cares, and Love all charm'd to Rest,
 And all the Tumults of my waking Breast,
 Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,
 Whose stillness did to that bless'd sleep invite;
 I dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene
 Did with delight my fancy entertain.

I saw,

I saw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
 Remote alike from Man's and Heavens Eye,
 Girt with the covert of a shady Grove,
 Dark as my thoughts, and secret as my Love:
 Hard by a Stream did with that softness creep,
 As 'twere by its own murmurs hush'd asleep;
 On its green Bank under a spreading Tree,
 At once a Pleasant shel'ring Canopy,
 There I, and there my dear *Cosmellia* fate,
 Nor envied Monarchs in our safe Retreat:
 So heretofore were the first Lovers laid
 On the same Turf of which themselves were made
 And while I did her charming Glories view,
 Which to their former Conquests added new;
 And while my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove
 Thro' all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;
 Ten thousand Kisses on her Lips I fix'd,
 Which she with interfering Kisses mix'd,
 Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,
 When they give up their Souls too with the Breath
 Love by these Freedoms first became more bold,
 At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:
 See then (said I) and pity charming Fair,
 Yield quickly, yield, I can no longer bear
 Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliss so near:
 You must, and you alone, these storms appease,
 And lay those Spirits which your charms could raise
 Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our flame,
 Come let's—and unawares I went to name
 The thing, but stopt and blush'd methought it
 Dream.

At first she did the rude Address disown;
 And check'd my Boldness, with an angry Frown;
 But yielding Glances, and consenting Eyes
 Prov'd the soft Traitors to her forc'd Disguise;
 And soon her looks with anger rough & raw while,
 Sunk in the Dimples of a calmer smile:
 Then with a sigh into these words she broke,
 And Printed melting Kisses as she spoke:
 Too strong, Phillander, is thy powerful Art
 To take a feeble Maid's ill guarded Heart:
 Too long I've struggled with my Bliss in vain,
 Too long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain;
 Loath to consent, yet loath to deny,
 At once I court, and shun Felicity:
 I cannot, will not yield;—and yet I must,
 Lest to my own Desires I prove unjust;
 Sweet Ravisher! what Love commands thee, do;
 Tho' I'm displeas'd, I shall forgive thee too,
 Too well thou know'st;—and there my hand she
 press'd,
 And said no more, but blush'd and smil'd the rest:
 Ravish'd at the new grant, fierce eager I
 Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling Prey;
 With guarding Arms she first my Force repell'd,
 Shrunk, and drew back, and would not seem to
 yield;
 Unwilling to o'ercome, she faintly strove,
 One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
 So feeble are the strugglings, and so weak,
 In sleep we seem, and only sleep to make:
 Forbear! (she said) ah, gentle Youth, forbear
 (And still she hugg'd, and clasp'd me still more near)
 Ah!

Ab! will you? will you force my Rain for? And I
Ab! do not, do not, do not, — let me go.

What follow'd was above the pow'r of Verse,
Above the reach of Fancy to rehearse;
Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,
When they in Vision antedate their Bliss;
Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so blest,
When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
And the God enters there to be a Guest.
Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
Pleasures which enter at the waking Eyes,
Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind.

A

SATYR

TOUCHING

NOBILITY.

Out of Monsieur *BOILEAU*.

TIS granted, that Nobility in Man,
 Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the Brain,
 Where he, descended of an ancient Race,
 Which a long train of numerous Worthies grace,
 By Virtues Rules guiding his steady Course,
 Traces the steps of his bright Ancestors.

But yet I can't endure an haughty Ass,
 Debauch'd with Luxury, and slothful Ease,
 Who besides empty Titles of high Birth,
 Has no pretence to any thing of Worth,
 Shou'd proudly wear the Fame which others sought,
 And boast of Honour which himself ne'er got.

I grant the Acts which his Forefathers did
 Have furnish'd matter for old *Hollinshead*,

T

For

For which their Scutcheon, by the *Conqueror* grac'd,
 Still bears a *Lion Rampant* for its Crest:
 But what does this vain mass of Glory boot
 To be the Branch of such a noble Root,
 If he of all the Heroes of his Line,
 Which in the Register of Story shine,
 Can offer nothing to the World's regard,
 But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have
 spar'd?

If sprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,
 He does his own Original disgrace,
 And, swoln with selfish Vanity and Pride,
 To greatness has no other claim beside,
 But squanders Life, and sleeps away his days,
 Dissolv'd in Sloth, and sleep'd in sensual ease?
 Meanwhile to see how much the Arrogant
 Boasts the false Lustre of his high descent,
 You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
 And form'd by Heaven of other Clay than me.

Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be thought
 So much above the mean and humble Rout,
 Of all the Creatures which do men esteem?
 And which would you your self the noblest deem?
 Put case of Horse: No doubt, you'll answer straight,
 The Racer, which has oft'n st won the Plate:
 Who full of mettle, and of sprightly Fire,
 Is never distanc'd in a fleet Career:
 Him all the Rivals of *New-market* dread,
 And crowds of Vent'urers stake upon his Head:
 But if the Breed of *Dragon*, often cast,
 Degenerate, and prove a Jade at last;

Nothing

Nothing of Honour, or Respect (we see)
 Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:
 But maugre all his great Progenitors,
 The worthless Brute is banish'd from the Course:
 Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,
 To drag some Cart, or bear some Carrier's Load.

Then how can you with any sense expect
 That I should be so silly to respect
 The ghost of Honour, perish'd long ago,
 That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?
 Such gaudy trifles with the Fools may pass,
 Caught with mere shew, and vain Appearances:
 Virtue's the certain Mark, by Heaven design'd,
 That's always stamp't upon a noble mind:
 If you from such illustrious Worthies came,
 By copying them your high extract proclaim:
 Shew us those generous Heats of Gallantry,
 Which Ages past did in those Worthies see;
 That zeal for Honour, and that brave disdain,
 Which scorn'd to do an Action base or mean:
 Do you apply your Interest aright,
 Not to oppress the Poor with wrongful Might?
 Would you make Conscience to pervert the Laws,
 Tho' brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cause?
 Dare you, when justly call'd expend your Blood
 In service for your King's and Countries good?
 Can you in open Field in Armour sleep,
 And there meet danger in the ghastliest Shape?
 By such illustrious Marks as these, I find,
 You're truly issued of a noble kind:
 Then fetch your Line from *Albanact*, or *Cnute*,
 Or, if these are too fresh, from older *Brute*:

At leisure search all History to find
 Some great and glorious Warriour to your mind:
 Take *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, which you please,
 To be the mighty Founder of your Race:
 In vain the World your Parentage bely,
 That was, or should have been your Pedigree.

But, if you could with ease derive your Kin
 From *Hercules* himself in a right Line;
 If yet there nothing in your Actions be,
 Worthy the name of your high Progeny;
 All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,
 Against you are a cloud of Witnesses:
 And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame
 Serves but to light and manifest your Shame:
 In vain you urge the merit of your Race,
 And boast that Blood, which you yourselves debase
 In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,
 The Spoils and Plunder of another's Fame;
 If, where I look'd for something Great, and Brave,
 I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,
 A Traitor, Villain, Sychophant, or Slave;
 A freakish Madman, fit to be confin'd,
 Whom *Bedlam* only can to order bind:
 Or (to speak all at once) a barren Limb,
 And rotten Branch of an illustrious Stem.

But I am too severe, perhaps you'll think,
 And mix too much of Satyr with my Ink:
 We speak to men of Birth, and Honour here,
 And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with care
 Cry mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known
 But how far backwards can you trace it down?

You answer: For at least a thousand year,
 And some odd hundreds you can make't appear: }
 'Tis much: But yet in short the proofs are clear: }
 All Books with your Fore-Fathers Titles shine,
 Whose names have escap'd the general wreck of
 Time:

But who is there so bold that dares engage
 His Honour, that in this long Tract of Age
 No one of all his Ancestors deceas'd
 Had e'er the fate to find a Bride unchast? }
 That they have all along *Lucretia's* been, }
 And nothing e'er of spurious Blood crept in, }
 To mingle and defile the Sacred Line?

Curs'd be the day, when first this vanity
 Did primitive simplicity destroy,
 In the bless'd state of infant time unknown,
 When Glory sprang from Innocence alone:
 Each from his merit only Title drew,
 And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too:
 Then, scorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,
 The Hero from himself deriv'd his Fame:
 But Merit by degenerate time at last,
 Saw Vice ennobled, and her self debas'd:
 And haughty Pride false pompous Titles feign'd,
 To amuse the World, and Lord it o'er mankind:
 Thence the Vast Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
 For Virtue each brought nothing but a Name:
 Soon after Man, fruitful in Vanities,
 Did Blazoning and Armory devise,
 Founded a College for the Herald's Art,
 And made a Language of their Terms apart,

Compos'd of frightful words, of *Chief*, and *Base*,
 Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Fess*,
 And whatsoe'er of hideous Jargon else
 Mad *Guillim*, and his barbarous Volume fills.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,
 Plain downright Honour out of fashion grew ?
 But to keep up its Dignity and Birth,
 Expence and Luxury must set it forth :
 It must inhabit stately Palaces,
 Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,
 And carrying vast Retinues up and down,
 The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.

Thus Honour to support it self is brought
 To its last shifts, and thence the Art has got
 Of borrowing every where, and paying nought :
 'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord
 To be an honest Man, and keep his Word,
 Who, by his Peerage, and Protection safe,
 Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave :
 While daily Crowds of starving Creditors
 Are forc'd to dance attendance at his doors :
 Till he at length with all his mortgag'd Lands
 Are forfeited into the Banker's hands :
 Then to redress his wants, the Bankrupt Peer
 To some rich trading Sot turns Pensioner :
 And the next News you are sure to hear that he
 Is nobly wed into the Company :
 Where for a portion of ill-gotten Gold,
 Himself and all his Ancestors are sold :
 And thus repairs his broken Family
 At the expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want Estate to set it forth,
In vain you boast the Splendor of your Birth:
Your priz'd Gentility for madness goes,
And each your Kindred shuns and disavows:
But he that's rich is prais'd at his full rate,
And tho he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the street,
Tho he, nor none of his e'er mention'd were,
But in the Parish Book or Register.

D——le by Help of Chronicle shall trace
An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.

A S A T Y R

Address'd to a Friend that is about to leave the
University, and come abroad in the World:

If you're so out of love with Happiness,
To quit a College-life, and learned ease;
Convince me first, and some good Reasons give,
What methods and designs you'll take to live:
For such Resolves are needful in the Case,
Before you tread the worlds mysterious Maze:
Without the Premises in vain you'll try
To live by Systems of Philosophy:
Your *Aristotle*, *Cartes*, and *Le-Grand*,
And *Eucleid* too in little stead will stand.

How many men of choice and noted parts,
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and Arts,
Designing high Preferment in their mind,
And little doubting good success to find,

With vast and tow'ring thoughts have flock'd to Town,
But to their cost soon found themselves undone,
Now to repent, and starve at leisure left,
Of Miseries last Comfort, Hope, bereft?

*These fail'd for want of good Advice, you cry,
Because at first they fix'd on no employ:*

Well then, let's draw the Prospect, and the Scene,
To all advantage possibly we can:

The world lies now before you, let me hear,
What course your Judgment counsels you to steer:

Always consider'd, that your whole Estate,
And all your Fortune lies beneath your Hat:

Were you the Son of some rich Usurer,
That starv'd, and damn'd himself to make his Heir
Left nought to do, but to interr the Sot;

And spend with ease what he himself had got;

'Twere easie to advise how you might live,
Nor would there need instruction then to give:

But you that boast of no Inheritance,
Save that small stock, which lies within your Brains,

Learning must be your Trade, and therefore weigh
With heed, how you your Game the best may play:

Bethink your self a while, and then propose
What way of Life is fitt'st for you to choose.

If you for Orders, and a Gown design,
Consider only this, dear Friend of mine,

The Church is grown so overstock'd of late,
That if you walk abroad, you'll hardly meet

More Porters now than Parsons in the street.
At every corner they are forc'd to ply

For Jobs of hawking Divinity:

And

And half the number of the Sacred Herd
Are fain to strowl, and wander unprefer'd.

If this, or thoughts of such a weighty Charge
Make you resolve to keep your self at large,
For want of better opportunity,

A School must your next Sanctuary be :

Go, wed some Grammar-Bridewell, and a Wife,

And there beat *Greek* and *Latin* for your life :

With birchen Scepter there command at will,

Greater than *Busby's* self, or *Dr. Gill* :

But who would be to the vile Drudg'ry bound

Where there so small encouragement is found ?

Where you for recompence of all your pains

Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains ?

For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,

To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain,

A Dancing-Master shall be better paid,

Tho' he instructs the Heels, and you the Head :

To such Indulgence are kind Parents grown,

That nought costs less in breeding than a Son :

Nor is it hard to find a Father now,

Shall more upon a Setting-dog allow :

And with a freer hand reward the Care

Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,

If they light in some noble Family :

Dier, an Horse, and thirty pounds a year,

Besides th' advantage of his Lordship's ear,

The credit of the business, and the State,

Are things that in a Youngster's Sense sound great.

Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,

What slavery he oft must undergo :

Who

Who tho' in Silken Scarf, and Cassock dress'd,
 Wears but a gayer Livery at best:
 When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
 With holy words to consecrate the Meat:
 But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
 If he be deign'd the Honour to sit down,
 Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw!
 Those Dainties are not for a spiritual Maw:
 Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
 Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in hand:
 There for diversion you may pick your Teeth,
 Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief:
 For meer Board-wages such their Freedom sell,
 Slaves to an Hour, and Vassals to a Bell:
 And if th' enjoyment of one day be stole,
 They are but Prisoners out upon Parole:
 Always the marks of Slavery remain,
 And they, tho' loose, still drag about their Chain.
 And where's the mighty Prospect after all,
 A Chaplainship serv'd up, and seven years Thrall?
 The menial thing perhaps for a Reward,
 Is to some slender Benefice preferr'd,
 With this Provifo bound, that he must wed
 My Lady's antiquated Waiting-Maid,
 In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade.

Let others who such meannesses can brook,
 Strike Countenance to every Great Man's Look:
 Let those that have a mind, turn slaves to eat,
 And live contented by another's Plate:
 I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
 For Food and Raiment truck my Liberty.

But,

But, if I must to my last shifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut;
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,
And my right Arm ty'd up, I'll chuse to beg:
I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be
The gawdiest Vassal to Dependency.

'Twas ever been the top of my Desires,
The utmost height of which my wish aspires,
That Heav'n would bless me with a small Estate,
Where I might find a close obscure retreat;
There, free from Noise, and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends.
Lord of my Self, accountable to none,
But to my Conscience, and my God alone:
There live unthought of, and unheard of die,
And grudge Mankind my very memory.
But since the Blessing is (I find) too great
For me to wish for, or expect of Fate,
Yet, maugre all the spite of Destiny,
My thoughts, and Actions are, and shall be free.
A certain Author, very grave and sage,
This Story tells: no matter what the Page.

One time, as they walk'd forth e'er break of day,
The Wolf and Dog encounter'd on the way:
Famish'd the one, meager and lean of plight,
As a cast Poet, who for Bread does write:
The other fat and plump, as Prebend was,
Pamper'd with Luxury and holy Ease.

Thus met with Complements, too long to tell,
Of being glad to see each other well:

*How now, Sir Towzer? (said the Wolf) I pray,
Whence comes it, that you look so sleek and gay?*

While

While I, who do as well (I am sure) deserve;
 For want of livelyhood am like to starve?
 Troth Sir (reply'd the Dog) 'thas been my Fate,
 I thank the friendly Stars, to hap of late
 On a kind Master, to whose care I owe
 All this good Flesh, wherewith you see me now:
 From his rich Volder every day I'm fed
 With Bones of Fowls, and Crusts of finest Bread:
 With Frigasee, Ragoust, and whatsoe'er
 Of costly Kickshaws now in fashion are:
 And more variety of Boil'd and Roast,
 Than a Lord-Mayor's Waiter e'er could boast.
 Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,
 How I'm respected and below'd by all:
 I'm the Delight of the whole Family,
 Not darling Shock more Favourite than I:
 I never sleep abroad, to Air expos'd,
 But in my warm Apartment am inclós'd:
 There on fresh Bed of Straw, with Canopy
 Of Húch above, like Dog of State I lie;
 Besides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,
 To generous Sports of Youth I am inspir'd,
 All the prond shees are soft to my Embrace,
 From Bitch of Quality down to Turnspit Race:
 Each day I try new Mistresses, and Loves,
 Nor envy Sovereign Dogs in their Alcoves.
 Thus happy I of all enjoy the best,
 No mortal Cur on Earth yet half so bless'd:
 And farther to enhance the Happiness,
 All this I get by idleness, and ease.

Troth! (said the Wolf) I envy your Estate,
 Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,

That

That I might happily admitted be
 A Member of your bless'd Society!
 I would with Faithfulness discharge my place
 In any thing that I might serve his Grace:
 But, think you, Sir, it might be feasible,
 And that my Application might prevail?

Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;
 I make no question but to bring't about:
 Only rely on me, and rest secure,
 I'll serve you to the utmost of my Pow'r;
 As I'm a Dog of Honour, Sir:—but this
 I only take the Freedom to advise,
 That you'd a little lay your Roughness by,
 And learn to practise Complaisance, like me.

For that let me alone: I'll have a care,
 And top my part, I warrant, to a hair:
 There's not a Courtier of them all shall vie
 For fawning, and for subtileness with me.

And thus resolv'd, at last, the Travellers
 Towards the House together shape their course:
 The Dog, who breeding well did understand,
 In walking gives his Guest the upper hand:
 And as they walk along, they all the while
 With Mirth, and pleasant Raillery beguile
 The tedious Time, and Way, till day drew near
 And Light came on; by which did soon appear
 The Mastiff's Neck to view all worn and bare.

This when his Comrade spy'd, *What means* (said
 he)

*This Circle bare, which round your Neck I see;
 If I may be so bold? Sir, you must know,
 That I at first was rough, and fierce, like you;*

Of

Of Nature cuss'd, and often apt to bite
Strangers, and else, whoever came in sight :
For this I was ty'd up, and underwent
The Whip sometimes, and such like Chastisement :
Till I at length by Discipline grew tame,
Gentle, and tractable, as now I am :
'Twas by this short, and slight severity,
I gain'd these Marks and Badges, which you see :
But what are they ? Allons Monsieur ! let's go.
Not one step farther : Sir, excuse me now.
Much joy t'ye of your envy'd, bless'd Estate,
I will not buy Preferment at that rate :
A Gods name, take your golden Chain for me :
Faith, I'd not be a King, not to be free :
Sir Dog, your humble Servant, so God bw'y.

SOME

SOME VERSES,

Written in Septemb. 1676.

Presenting a Book to *COSMELIA*.

GO, humble Gift, go to that matchless Saint,
Of whom thou only wast a Copy meant:
And all, that's read in thee, more richly find
Compriz'd in the fair Volume of her mind;
That living System, where are fully writ
All those high Morals, which in Books we meet:
Easie, as in soft Air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in Brass they graven were;
Nor is her Talent lazily to know,
As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;
She acts what they only in Pulpits prate,
And Theory to Practice does translate:
Nor her own Actions more obey her Will,
Than that obeys strict Virtues dictates still:
Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,
But she is good, because she will be so:
Her vertue scorns at a low pitch to flie,
Tis all free Choice, nought of Necessity:
By such soft Rules are Saints above confin'd,
Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.

The

The scatter'd Glories of her happy Sex,
In her bright Soul as in their Center mix :
And all that they possess but by Retail,
She hers by just Monopoly can call ;
Whose sole Example does more Virtues shew,
Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew.
No Act did e'er within her Practice fall,
Which for th' atonement of a Blush could call :
No Word of hers e'er greeted any ear,
But what a Saint at her last gasp might hear :
Scarcely her Thoughts have ever sullied been
With the least print, or stain of native Sin :
Devout she is, as holy Hermits are,
Who share their time 'twixt Extasie, and Prayer :
Modest, as infant Roses in their Bloom,
Who in a Blush their fragrant Lives consume :
So chaste, the Dead themselves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power :
So pure, could Virtue in a Shape appear,
'Twould chuse to have no other Form but Her :
So much a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
For fear to wrong her with a name too low :
Such the Seraphick Brightness of her Mind,
I hardly can believe her Womankind :
But think some nobler Being does appear,
Which to instruct the World, has left the Sphere,
And condescends to wear a Body here.
Or, if she mortal be, and meant to show
The greater Art by being form'd below ;
Sure Heaven preserv'd her by the Fall uncurst,
To tell how good the Sex was made at first.

THE
PARTING.

TOO happy had I been indeed, if Fate
Had made it lasting, as she made it great ;
But 'twas the Plot of unkind Destiny,
To lift me to, then snatch me from my Joy :
She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them just in view,
And then in spight the pleasing Scene withdrew :
So *He* of old the *promis'd Land* survey'd,
Which he might only see, but never tread :
So Heav'n was by that damned *Caitiff* seen,
He saw't, but with a mighty Gulf between,
He saw't to be more wretched, and despair agen :
Not Souls of dying Sinners when they go,
Assur'd of endless Miseries below,
Their Bodies more unwillingly desert,
Than I from you, and all my Joys did part.
As some young Merchant, whom his Sire unkind
Resigns to every faithless Wave and Wind ;
If the kind Mistress of his Vows appear,
And come to bless his Voyage with a Prayer,
Such sighs he vents as may the Gale increase,
Such Floods of Tears as may the Billows raise.

U

And

And when at length the launching Vessel flies,
 And severs first his Lips, and then his Eyes;
 Long he looks back to see what he adores,
 And, while he may, views the beloved Shores.
 Such just concerns I at your Parting had,
 With such sad Eyes your turning Face survey'd:
 Reviewing, they pursu'd you out of sight,
 Then sought to trace you by left Tracks of Light
 And when they could not Looks to you convey,
 Tow'rs the lov'd Place they took delight to
 stray,
 And aim'd uncertain Glances still that way.

Complaining of

ABSENCE

TEN days (if I forget not) wasted are
 (a Year in any Lover's Kalendar)
 Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu
 To all my Joy and Happiness in you;
 And still by the same Hindrance am detain'd,
 Which me at first from your lov'd Sight constrain'd
 Oft I resolve to meet my Bliss, and then
 My Tether stops, and pulls me back agen:
 So, when our raised Thoughts to Heav'n aspire,
 Earth stifles them, and choaks the good desire.

Curse on that Man, who, Bus'ness first design'd,
And by't enthrall'd a free-born Lover's mind!
A curse on Fate, who thus subjected me,
And made me slave to any thing but thee!
Lovers should be as unconfin'd as Air,
Free as its wild inhabitants from Care:
So free those happy Lovers are above,
Exempt from all Concerns but those of Love:
But I, poor Lover militant below,
The Cares and Troubles of dull Life must know;
Must toil for that, which does on others wait,
And undergo the drudgery of Fate:
Yet I'll no more to her a Vassal be,
Thou now shalt make, and rule my Destiny!
Hence troublesome Fatigues! all Bus'ness hence!
This very hour my Freedom shall commence:
Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,
And made me by neglectfull Absence sin;
But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,
Nor that, nor Fate it self shall hinder me,
Henceforth from seeing, and enjoying thee.

Promising a
VISIT.

Sooner may Art, and easier far divide
 The soft embracing Waters of the Tide,
 Which with united Friendship still rejoin,
 Than part my Eyes, my Arms or Lips from thine:
 Sooner it may Time's headlong motion force,
 In which it marches with unalter'd course,
 Or sever this from the succeeding Day,
 Than from thy happy Presence force my stay.
 Not the touch'd Needle (emblem of my Soul)
 With greater Rev'rence trembles to its Pole,
 Nor Flames with surer instinct upwards go,
 Than mine, and all their motives tend to you.
 Fly swift ye minutes and contract the space
 Of Time, which holds me from her dear Embrace:
 When I am there I'll bid you kindly stay,
 I'll bid you rest, and never glide away.
 Thither when Bus'ness gives me a Release,
 To lose my Cares in soft and gentle Ease,
 I'll come, and all arrears of Kindness pay,
 And live o'er my whole Absence in one day.
 Not Souls, releas'd from humane Bodies, move
 With quicker hast to meet their Bliss above,

Than

Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me now,
Eager to seize my Happiness, will go.
Should a fierce Angel arm'd with Thunder stand,
And threaten Vengeance with his brandish'd hand,
To stop the entrance to my Paradise,
I'll venture, and his slighted Bolts despise:
Swift as the wings of Fear, shall be my Love,
And me to her with equal speed remove:
Swift as the motions of the Eye, or Mind,
I'll thither fly, and leave slow Thought behind.

T H E

Careless Good-Fellow.

Written March 9. 1680.

S O N G.

I.

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother and stir has it kept in the
State?

Let the Rabble run mad with Suspicions, and Fears,
Let them scuffle and jar, till they go by the ears:
Their Grievances never shall trouble my pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

U 3

II.

II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter
their ease

And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mafs;
At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their
King;

A Friend and a Bottle is all my design;
He has no room for Treason, that's top-full of
Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,
Let them Sit or Prorogue, as his Majesty please:
Let them damn us to Wollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
About Right and Succession, the trifles of State;
We've a good King already: and he deserves laugh-
ter
That will trouble his head with who shall come
after:

Come, here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble as we.

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollanders* go?
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and *Monfieur*
D'Avanx?

What concerns it my Drinking, if *Casal* be sold,
If the Conqueror take it by Storming, or Gold?

Good

Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches
and Treat,

To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-house
Chat :

He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than
He.

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat:
No, I swear, Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that.

I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet and Halter.

This is the Profession that never will alter.

A

S A T Y R.

*The Person of Spencer is brought in,
Dissuading the Author from the Study
of P O E T R Y; and shewing how
little it is esteem'd and encourag'd in
this present Age.*

O N E night, as I was pondering of late
On all the mis'ries of my hapless Fate,
Cursing my rhiming Stars, raving in vain
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign:
In came a ghastly Shape, all pale and thin,
As some poor Sinner, who by Priest had been
Under a long Lent's Pennance, starv'd and whipp'd,
Or parboil'd Lecher, late from Hot-house crept,
Famish'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes sunk in,
Like Morning-Gown about him hung his Skin,
A Wreath of Lawrel on his Head he wore,
A Book, inscrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.

By this I knew him, rose, and bow'd, and said,
Hail reverend Ghost! all hail most sacred Shade!
Why this great Visit? why vouchsaf'd to me,
The meanest of thy British Progeny?

Com'st

Com'st thou in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muse,
 Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuse?
 If so, lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit
 For the high Cure, and Ministry of Wit:
 Let me (I beg) thy great Instructions claim,
 Teach me to tread the glorious paths of Fame.
 Teach me (for none does better know than thou)
 How, like thy self, I may immortal grow.

Thus did I speak, and spoke it in a strain,
 Above my common-rate, and usual vein;
 As if inspir'd by presence of the Bard,
 Who with a frown thus to reply was heard,
 In stile of Satyr, such wherein of old
 He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubbard* told.

I come, fond Ideot, ere it be too late,
 Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate:
 Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me
 To shun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:
 Had I the choice of Flesh and Blood again,
 To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;
 I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,
 A Groom, or any thing, but Poet here:
 Hast thou observ'd some Hawker of the Town,
 Who thro the streets with dismal Scream and Tone,
 Cries Matches, Small-coal, Brooms, Old Shoes and
 Boots,

Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and Votes?
 So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,
 And nothing but the Register tell, who:
 Rather that poor unheard of Wretch I'd be,
 Than the most glorious Name in Poetry,
 With all its boasted Immortality:

}
 Ra-

Rather than He, who sung on *Phrygia's* Shore,
The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore:
Or he of *Thebes*, whom Fame so much extols
For praising *Jockies* and *New-market-Fools*.

So many now, and bad the *Scriblets* be,
'Tis scandal to be of the Company:
The foul Disease is so prevailing grown,
So much the Fashion of the Court and Town,
That scarce a man well-bred in either's deem'd,
But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has
rhim'd:

The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,
And on each Paper squirt their filthy sense:
A leash of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon,
Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
A man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown:
Ev'n that vile Wretch, who in lewd Verse each year
Describes the Pageants, and my good Lord Mayr,
Whose Works must serve the next Election-day,
For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,
Yet counts himself of the inspired Train,
And dares in thought the sacred Name profane.

But is it nought (thoult say) in Front to stand,
With Laurel crown'd by White, or Loggan's hand?
Is it not great, and glorious to be known,
Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro' the wond'ring Town,
By all the Rabble passing up and down?
So Oats and Bedloe have been pointed at,
And every busie Coxcomb of the State:
The meanest Felons who thro' *Holborn* go,
More eyes and looks than twenty Poets draw:

If this be all, go have thy posted Name
 Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham;
 To be the stop of gaping Prentices,
 And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piss;
 Or else to be expos'd on trading Stall,
 While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazetts to tell,
 Mongst Spaniels lost, that Author does not sell. }
 Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in
 dream,

With hopes of purchasing a lasting Name?
 Thou think'st perhaps thy Trifles shall remain,
 Like sacred *Cowley*, and immortal *Ben*;
 But who of all the bold Adventurers,
 Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Verse
 Can be ensur'd in this unfaithful Sea,
 Where there so many lost and shipwrack'd be?
 How many Poems writ in ancient time,
 Which thy Fore-fathers had in great esteem,
 Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,
 And sold like News-Books, and Affairs of State,
 Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,
 As *Pordage*, *Fleckno*, or the *British Prince*?
Quarles, *Chapman*, *Haywood*, *Withers* had Applause,
 And *Wild*, and *Ogilby* in former days;
 But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs and Wares,
 And curst by all their broken Stationers:
 And so may'st thou perchance pass up and down,
 And please a while th' admiring Court and Town,
 Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
 To mould with *Silvester*, and *Shirley* there,
 And truck for pots of Ale next *Stour-bridg-Fair*.

Then

Then who'll not laugh to see th' immortal Name
To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr flame?
And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit,
Wipe Porters Tails, or mount in Paper-Kite?

But, grant thy Poetry should find success,
And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks please
Admit it read, and prais'd, and courted be
By this nice Age, and all Posterity;

If thou expectest ought but empty Fame,
Condemn thy Hopes, and Labours to the Flame:
The rich have now learn'd only to admire,
He, who to greater Favours does aspire,
Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:
Would'st thou to raise thine, and thy Country
Fame,

Chuse some old *English* Hero for thy Theme;
Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edward's* greater Son,
Or our fifth *Harry*, matchless in Renown;
Make *Agincourt*, and *Cressy* Fields outvie
The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores and Walls of *Troy*;
What *Scipio*, what *Mæcenæ*s would'st thou find,
What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?
Bless me! how great his Genius! how each Line
Is big with Sense! how glorious a Design
Does thro' the whole, and each proportion shine!
How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inspir'd!
Pity, such wondrous Thoughts are not preferr'd,
Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail
For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
Should he starve there, and rot; who if a Brief
Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
To the whole Tribe would scarce a Tester give.

But fifty Guineas for a Whore and Clap!
The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous
cheap:

A Poet would be dear, and out o' th' way,
Should he expect above a Coach-man's pay:
For this will any dedicate, and lye,
And dawb the gawdy As with Flattery?
For this will any prostitute his Sence
To Coxcombs void of Bounty, as of Brains?
Yet such is the hard Fate of Writers now,
They're forc'd for Alms to each great Name to
bow:

Fawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glafs,
By which she every morning primes her Face:
Sneak to his Honour, call him Witty, Brave,
And Just, tho' a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,
And praise his Lineage, and Nobility,
Whose Arms at first came from the Company.

'Tis so, 'twas ever so, since heretofore
The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,
Was fain to sing for Bread from door to door.
The needy Muses all turn'd Gipsies then,
And of the begging Trade e'er since have been:
Should mighty *Sappho* in these days revive,
And hope upon her stock of Wit to live;
She must to *Creswel's* trudge to mend her Gains,
And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.
What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff? or who
By Wit and sence did ever Lord-Mayors grow?

My

My own hard Usage here I need not press,
 Where you have every day before your face
 Plenty of fresh resembling Instances :
 Great *Cowley's* Muse the same ill Treatment had,
 Whose Verse shall live for ever to upbraid
 Th' ungrateful World, that left such Worth un-
 paid.

Waller himself may thank Inheritance
 For what he else had never got by Sense.
 On *Butler* who can think without just Rage,
 The Glory and the Scandal of the Age?
 Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to Town,
 Met every where with welcome of Renown,
 Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
 And promises of Princely Favour fed :
 But what Reward for all had he at last,
 After a Life in dull expectance pass'd?
 The Wretch at summing up his mis-spent days
 Found nothing left, but Poverty and Praise :
 Of all his Gains by Verse he could not save
 Enough to purchase Flannel, and a Grave :
 Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
 Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick :
 And well might bless the Fever that was sent,
 To rid him hence, and his worse Fate prevent.

You've seen what Fortune other Poets share ;
 View next the Factors of the Theatre :
 That constant Mart, which all the year does hold,
 Where Staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and sold ;
 Here trading Scriblers for their Maintenance,
 And livelihood trust to a Lott'ry chance :

But who his Parts would in the Service spend,
 Where all his hopes on vulgar Breath depend?
 Where every Sot, for paying half a Crown,
 Has the Prerogative to cry him down?
Sidley indeed may be content with Fame,
 Nor care should an ill judging Audience damn:
 But *Settle*, and the rest, that write for Pence,
 Whose whole Estate's an ounce or two of Brains,
 Should a thin House on the third day appear,
 Must starve, or live in Tatters all the year.
 And what can we expect that's brave and great,
 From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?
 Who the success of the next Play must wait
 For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths: and whose chief
 care

Is how to sponge for the next Meal, and where?

Hadst thou of old in flourishing *Athens* liv'd,
 When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,
 When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did sway,
 And Poets by the State were held in pay,

'Twere worth thy pains to cultivate thy Muse,
 And daily wonders then it might produce;
 But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,
 That's only thought the Nuisance of the Age?

Go after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
 And toil to bring in thankless Ideots means:
 Turn o'er dull *Horace*, and the Classick Fools,
 To poach for Sense, and hunt for idle Rules:

Be free of Tickets, and the Play-Houses,
 To make some tawdry Act'ress there thy Prize,
 And spend thy third Days gains 'twixt her clapp'd
 Thighs.

All

All Trades, and all Professions here abound,
 And yet Encouragement for all is found :
 Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
 Who every where helps to increase the Bills,
 Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore beside
 For what less Villains must to *Tyburn* ride.
 There a dull trading Sot, in Wealth o'ergrown
 By thriving Knavery, can call his own
 A dozen Mannors, and if Fate still blefs,
 Expects as many Counties to possess.
 Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Pensions gain
 And every day the great Mens Bounty drain :
 Lavish expence on Wit, has never yet
 Been tax'd amongst the Grievances of State.
 The *Turky*, *Guinny*, *Indian* Gainers be,
 And all but the Poetick Company :
 Each place of Traffick, *Bantam*, *Smyrna*, *Zant*,
Greenland, *Virginia*, *Sevil*, *Alicant*,
 And *France*, that sends us Dildoes, Lace, and
 Wine,
 Vast profit all, and large Returns bring in :
Parnassus only is that barren Coast,
 Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's lost.
 Then he advis'd, the slighted Muse forsake,
 And *Cook* and *Dalton* for thy study take :
 For Fees each Term sweat in the crowded Hall,
 And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl :
 Where *M——d* thrives, and pockets more each
 year
 Than forty Laureats at the Theater.
 Or else to Orders, and the Church betake
 Thy self, and that thy future Refuge make :

There

There fawn on some proud Patron to engage
 Th' Advowson of each Punk, and Parsonage:
 Or sooth the Court and preach up Kingly Right,
 To gain a Prebend or a Miter by't.
 In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canonist,
 Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Priest,
 Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,
 Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer:
 Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg,
 Cheat, or Thieve;

Be all but Poet, and there's way to live.

But why do I in vain my Counsel spend
 On one whom there's so little hope to mend?
 Where I perhaps as fruitlessly exhort,
 As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court;
 Not enter'd Punks from Lust they once have try'd,
 Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,
 Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from Fear,
 Nor seer'd unfeeling Sinners past Despair,
 Are half so hard, and stubborn to reduce,
 As a poor Wretch, when once possess'd with Muse.

If therefore, what I've said, cannot avail,
 Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,
 But spight of all thou wilt be obstinate,
 And run thy self upon avoidless Fate;
 May'st thou go on unpitied, till thou be
 Brought to the Parish-Badg, and Beggary:
 Till urg'd by want, like broken Scriblers, thou
 Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,
 And write Heroick Verse for *Barthol'mew*.

}

Then slighted by the very Nursery,
 May'st thou at last be forc'd to starve, like me.

A

SATYR,

In Imitation of the Third of

JUVENAL.

Written in May, 1682.

*The Poet brings in a Friend of his, giving him
an account why he removes from London to
live in the Country.*

TH^{O'} much concern'd to leave my dear old
Friend,

I must however his Design commend
Of fixing in the Country: for were I
As free to chuse my Residence, as he;
The Peake, the Fens, the Hundreds, or Lands-end
I would prefer to Fleetstreet, or the Strand.

Wha

What place so desert, and so wild is there,
Whose Inconveniences one would not bear,
Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,
The falls of Houses, Knavery of Cits,
The Plots of Factions, and the noise of Wits,
And thousand other Plagues, which up and down
Each day and hour infest the cursed Town?

As Fate wou'd hav't on the appointed day
Of parting hence, I met him on the way,
Hard by *Mile-end*, the place so fam'd of late,
In Prose and Verse for the great *Factions Treat*;
Here we stood still, and after Complements
Of course, and wishing his good Journey hence,
I ask'd what sudden causes made him flie
The once lov'd Town, and his dear Company:
When, on the hated Prospect looking back,
Thus with just rage the good old *Timon* spake.

Since Virtue here in no repute is had,
Since Worth is scorn'd, Learning and Sense unpaid,
And Knavery the only thriving Trade;
Finding my slender Fortune every day
Dwindle and wast insensibly away,
I, like a losing Gamester, thus retreat,
To manage wiselier my last stake of Fate:
While I have strength, and want no staff to prop
My tott'ring Limbs, e'er Age has made me stoop
Beneath its weight, e'er all my Thread be spun,
And Life has yet in store some Sand to run,
Tis my resolve to quit the nauseous Town.

Let thriving *Morecraft* chuse his dwelling there,
Rich with the spoils of some young spend-thrift

Heir:

X 2

Let

Let the Plot-mongers stay behind, whose Art
 Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth convert:
 Whoever has an House to build, or Set,
 His Wife, his Conscience, or his Oath to let:
 Who ever has, or hopes for Offices,
 A Navy, Guard, or Custom-house's Place:
 Let sharpening Courtiers stay, who there are great
 By putting the false Dice on King, and State:
 Where they, who once were *Grooms*, and *Footboys*
 known,

Are now to fair Estates, and Honours grown;
 Nor need we envy them, or wonder much
 At their fantastick Greatness, since they're such,
 Whom Fortune oft in her capricious freaks
 Is pleas'd to raise from Kennels, and the Jakes,
 To Wealth and Dignity above the rest,
 When she is frolick and dispos'd to jest.

I live in *London*? What should I do there?
 I cannot lye, nor flatter, nor forswear:
 I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,
 (Tho' a Lord were the Author) dully writ:
 I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* to read the Stars,
 And cast Nativities for longing Heirs
 When Fathers shall drop off: no *Gadbury*
 To tell the minute when the King shall die,
 And you know what—come in: nor can I steer,
 And tack about my Conscience, whensoever
 To a new Point I see Religion veer.
 Let others pimp to Courtier's Lechery,
 I'll draw no City Cuckold's Curse on me:
 Nor would I do it, tho' to be made great,
 And rais'd to be chief Minister of State.

There

Therefore I think it fit to rid the Town
Of one, that is an useless member grown.

Besides, who has pretence to Favour now,
But he, who hidden Villany does know,
Whose Breast does with some burning secret glow? }

By none thou shalt preferr'd, or valu'd be,
That trusts thee with an honest Secrefie:
He only may to great Mens Friendship reach,
Who Great Men, when he pleases, can impeach.
Let others thus aspire to Dignity ;

For me, I'd not their envied Grandeur buy
For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will cost,
Or was of late in the *Scotch* Voyage lost.

What would it boot, if I, to gain my end,
Forego my Quiet, and my ease of mind,
Still fear'd, at last betray'd by my great Friend. }

Another cause, which I must boldly own,
And not the least, for which I quit the Town,
Is to behold it made the Common-shore,
Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure pour:
What Spark of true old *English* rage can bear
Those, who were Slave at home, to Lord it here:
We've all our Fashions, Language, Complements,
Our Musick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence ;
And we shall have their Pois'ning too ere long
If still in the improvement we go on.

What would'st thou say, great *Harry*, should'st thou
view

Thy gawdy flutt'ring Race of *English* now,
Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Essences,
Their *Chedrenx* Peruques, and those Vanities,
Which thou and they of old did so despise? }

What would'st thou say to see th' infected Town
 With the foul Spawn of Foreigners o'er-run:
 Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,
 The Spue and Vomit of their Goals at home;
 To Court they flock, and to *S. James* his Square,
 And wriggle into great Mens Service there:
 Foot-boys at first, till they from wiping Shooes,
 Grow by degrees the Master of the House:
 Ready of Wit, harden'd of Impudence,
 Able with ease to put down either *H—*
 Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:
 Flippant of talk, and voluble of Tongue,
 With words at will, no Lawyer better hung:
 Softer than flattering Court-Parasite,
 Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat,
 No Calling or Profession comes amiss:
 A needy *Monsieur* can be what he please,
 Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,
 Perfumer, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Juggler, Dancer:
 Give but the word; the Cur will fetch and bring,
 Come over to the *Emperor*, or *King*:
 Or, if you please, fly o'er the Pyramid,
 Which *J—n* and the rest in vain have try'd.

Can I have patience, and endure to see
 The paltry Foreign Wretch take place of me,
 Whom the same Wind and Vessel brought ashore,
 That brought prohibited Goods and Dildoes o'er?
 Then, pray, what mighty Privilege is there
 For me, that at my Birth drew *English* Air?
 And where's the benefit to have my Veins
 Run *British* Blood, if there's no difference

'Twixt me and him, the Statute Freedom gave,
And made a Subject of a true-born Slave?

But nothing shocks, and is more loath'd by me,
Than the vile Rascal's fulsom Flattery :
By help of this false Magnifying Glass,
A Louse or Flea shall for a Camel pass :
Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far
Than those ill Shapes, which in old Hangings are ?
He'll make him strait a *Beau Garçon* appear :
Commend his Voice and Singing, tho' he bray
Worse than Sir *Martin Marr--all* in the Play :
And if he Rhime, shall praise for Standard Wit,
More scurvy sense than *Pryn* and *Vickars* writ.

And here's the mischief, tho' we say the same,
He is believ'd, and we are thought to sham :
Do you but smile, immediately the Beast
Laughs out aloud, tho' he ne'er heard the jest :
Pretend you're sad, he's presently in Tears,
Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears
Sorrow in Metaphor : but speak of Heat ;
O God ! how sultry 'tis, he'll cry, and sweat.
In depth of Winter : strait, if you complain
Of Cold ; the Weather-glass is sunk again :
Then he'll call for his Frize-Campaign, and swear,
'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here.
Thus he shifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a day
Can change his Face, than Actors at a Play :
There's nought so mean can 'scape the flatt'ring Sot,
Not his Lord's Snuff-box, nor his Powder Spot :
If he but Spit, or pick his Teeth ; he'll cry,
How every thing becomes you ! let me die,
Your Lordship does it most judiciously :

And swear, 'tis fashionable, if he Sneeze,
 Extremely taking, and it needs must please.
 Besides there nothing sacred, nothing free
 From the hot Satyr's rampant Lechery:
 Nor Wife, nor Virgin Daughter can escape,
 Scarce thou thy self, or Son avoid a Rape:
 All must go pad-lock'd: if nought else there be,
 Suspect thy very Stables Chastity.
 By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,
 Thus Families in awe they strive to keep.
 What living for an *English* Man is there,
 Where such as these get head, and domineer,
 Whose use and custom 'tis, never to share
 A Friend, but love to reign without dispute,
 Without a Rival, full and absolute?
 Soon as the Insect gets his *Honour's* ear,
 And fly-blows some of's pois'nous malice there,
 Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of doors, discar-
 ded,

And all my former Service dis-regarded.

But leaving these *Messieurs*, for fear that I
 Be thought of the *Silk-Weavers Mutiny*,
 From the loath'd Subject let us hasten on,
 To mention other Grievances in Town:
 And further, what Respect at all is had
 Of poor men here? and how's their Service paid,
 Tho' they be ne'er so diligent to wait,
 To sneak, and dance attendance on the Great?
 No mark of Favour is to be obtain'd
 By one, that sues, and brings an empty hand:
 And all his merit is but made a sport,
 Unless he glut some Cormorant at Court.

'Tis now a common thing, and usual here,
To see the Son of some rich Usurer
Take place of Nobles, keep his first rate Whore,
And for a Vaulting Bout or two give more
Than a Guard-Captains Pay: meanwhile the
Breed

Of Peers, reduc'd to poverty and Need,
Are fain to trudge to the *Bank-side*, and there
Take up with Porters leavings, Suburb-Ware.
There spend that Blood, which their great An-
cestor

So nobly shed at *Cressy* heretofore,
At Brothel-Fights in some foul Common shore.

Produce an Evidence, tho' just he be,
As righteous *Job*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,
Whom Heaven, when whole Nature shiprack'd
was,

Thought worth the saving, of all humane Race;
Or *other*, whom the flaming Deluge scap'd,
When *Sodom's* Lechers Angels would have rap'd;
How rich he is, must the first question be,
Next for his Manners, and Integrity:
They'll ask, *what Equipage he keeps, and what*
He's reckon'd worth in Money and Estate;
Whether for Sheriff he has been known to fine,
And with how many Dishes he does dine?

For look what Cash a person has in store,
Just so much Credit has he, and no more:
Should I upon a thousand Bibles Swear,
And call each Saint throughout the Kalendar,
To vouch my Oath, it won't be taken here;

The

The poor slight *Heav'n*, and *Thunderbolts* (they think)
And *Heav'n* it self does at such Trifles wink.

Besides, what store of gibing scoffs are thrown
On one that's poor, and meanly clad in Town;
If his Apparel seem but overworn,
His Stockings out at heel, or Breeches torn?
One takes occasion his ript Shooe to flout,
And swears 'thas been at Prison-grates hung out:
Another shrewdly jeers his coarse Crevat,
Because himself wears *Point*: a third his Hat,
And most unmercifully shews his Wit,
If it be old, and does not cock aright:
Nothing in Poverty so ill is born,
As its exposing men to grinning scorn,
To be by tawdry Coxcombs piss'd upon,
And made the jesting-stock of each Buffoon.

Turn out there, Friend! (cries one at Church) *the Pen*
Is not for such mean scoundrel Curs as you:

'Tis for your *Betters* kept: Belike, some Sot,
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot:
But now is rais'd to an Estate, and Pride,
But having the kind Proverb on his side:
Let *Gripe* and *Cheativel* take their Places there,
And *Dash* the Scriv'ners gawdy sparkish Heir,
That wears three ruin'd Orphans on his Back:
Mean while you in the Alley stand, and sneak:
And you therewith must rest contented, since,
Almighty Wealth doth put such difference.

What Citizen a Son in law will take,
Bred ne'er so well, that can't a Joynter make?
What man of sense, that's poor, e'er summon'd is
Amongst the Common-Council to advise?

At vestry-Consults when does he appear,
For choosing of some Parish-Officer,
Or making Leather Buckets for the Choir?
'Tis hard for any man to rise, that feels
His Vertue clogg'd with Poverty at heels:
But harder 'tis by much in *London*, where
A sorry Lodging, course and slender Fare,
Fire, Water, Breathing, every thing is dear:
Yet such as these an earthen Dish disdain,
With which their Ancestors in *Edgar's* Reign,
Were serv'd, and thought it no disgrace to dine,
Tho' they were rich, had store of Leather-Coin.
Low as their Fortune is, yet they despise
A man that walks the streets in homely Frize:
To speak the truth great part of *England* now
In their own Cloth will scarce vouchsafe to go:
Only, the Statutes Penalty to save,
Some few perhaps wear Wollen in the Grave.
Here all go daily drest, altho it be
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:
The most in borrow'd Gallantry are clad,
For which the Tradesmen's Books are still unpaid:
This fault is common in the meaner sort,
That they must needs affect to bear the Port
Of Gentlemen, tho they want Income for't.
Sir, to be short, in this expensive Town
There's nothing without Mony to be done:
What will you give to be admitted there,
And brought to speech of some Court-Minister?
What will you give to have the quarter-face,
The squint and nodding go-by of his Grace?

His

His Porter, Groom, and Steward must have Fees,
And you may see the *Tombs*, and *Tower* for less:
Hard Fate of Suitors! who must pay, and pray
To livery-slaves, yet oft go scorn'd away.

Who-e'er at *Barnet*, or *S. Albans* fears,
To have his Lodging drop about his ears,
Unless a sudden Hurricane befall,
Or such a Wind as blew old *Noll* to Hell?
Here we build slight, what scarce out-lasts the Lease
Without the help of Props, and Buttresses:
And Houses now adays as much require
To be ensur'd from Falling, as from Fire.
There Buildings are substantial, tho less neat,
And kept with care both Wind and Water-tight
There you in safe security are blest,
And nought, but Conscience, to disturb your Rest

I am for living where no Fires affright,
No Bells rung backward break my sleep at night:
I scarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here,
But strait I'm rous'd by the next House on Fire:
Pale, and half dead with Fear, my self I raise,
And find my Room all over in a blaze;
By this 'thas seiz'd on the third Stairs, and I
Can now discern no other Remedy,
But leaping out at Window to get free:
For if the Mischief from the Cellar came,
Be sure the Garret is the last takes flame.

The moveables of *P——ge* were a Bed
For him and's Wife, a Piss-pot by its side,
A Looking-glass upon the Cupboards Head,
A Comb-case, Candlestick and Pewter-spoon,
For want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:

A Box without a Lid serv'd to contain
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican* :
And there his own immortal Works were laid,
On which the barbarous Mice for hunger prey'd.
P—— had nothing all the World does know ;
And yet should he have lost his nothing too,
No one the wretched Bard would have supply'd
With Lodging, House-room, or a Crust of Bread.
But if the Fire burn down some Great Man's
House,

All strait are interess'd in the loss :
The Court is strait in Mourning sure enough,
The Act, Commencement, and the Term put off :
Then we mischances of the Town lament,
And Fasts are kept like Judgments to prevent.
Out comes a Brief immediately, with speed,
To gather Charity as far as *Tweed* ;
Nay, while 'tis burning, some will send him in
Timber and Stone to build his House agen :
Others choice Furniture : here some rare piece
Of *Rubens*, or *Vandike* presented is :
There a rich Suit of *Moreclack*-Tapestry,
A Bed of Damask or Embroidery :
One gives a fine Scrutote, or Cabinet,
Another a huge mighty Dish of Plate,
Or Bag of Gold: thus he at length gets more
By kind misfortune than he had before,
And all suspect it for a laid Design,
As if he did himself the Fire begin.
Could you but be advis'd to leave the Town,
And from dear Plays, and drinking Friends be
drawn ;

An

An handsome Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,
Surrey, or *Essex*, at a cheaper Rent
 Than what you're forc'd to give for one half year
 To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here:

A Garden there, and Well, that needs no Rope,
 Engin, or Pains to Crane its Waters up:

Water is there thro' Natures Pipes convey'd,
 For which no Custom, or Excise is paid:

Had I the smallest Spot of Ground, which scarce
 Would Summer half a dozen Grasshoppers,

Not larger than my Grave, tho' hence remote,
 Far as *S. Michaels Mount*, I would go to't,

Dwell there content, and thank the Fates to boot.

Here want of Rest anights more People kills
 Than all the College, and the weekly Bills:

Where none have privilege to sleep, but those,
 Whose Purfes can compound for their Repose:

In vain I go to Bed, or close my eyes,

Methinks the place the middle Region is,

Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder rise:

The restless Bells such Din in Steeples keep,

That scarce the Dead can in their Church-yard
 sleep:

Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight Rhimes

The noise of Shops, with Hawkers early Screams

Besides the Brawls of Coach men, when they meet

And stop in turnings of a narrow Street,

Such a loud medley of confusion make,

As drowfie A---r on the Bench would wake.

If you walk out in Bus'ness ne'er so great,

Ten thousand stops you must expect to meet:

Thick crowds in every place you must charge thro',
And storm your Passage wheresoe'er you go :
While Tides of Followers behind you throng,
And, pressing on your heels, shove you along :
One with a Board, or Rafter hits your Head,
Another with his Elbow bores your Side ;
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in sport,
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o'er with Dirt ;
Here you the March of a slow Funeral wait,
Advancing to the Church with solemn State ;
There a Sedan, and Lacquies stop your way,
That bears some Punk of Honour to the Play ;
Now you some mighty piece of Timber meet,
Which tott'ring threatens ruin to the Street ;
Next a huge *Portland Stone*, for building *Pauls*,
Itself almost a Rock, on Carriage rows ;
Which, if it fall, would cause a Massacre,
And serve at once to murder, and inter.

If what I've said can't from the Town affright,
Consider other dangers of the Night :

When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down
From Garret Windows : you have cause to bless
The gentle Stars, if you come off with Piss :

So many Fates attend, a man had need,
Ne'er walk without a Surgeon by his side :
And he can hardly now discreet be thought,
That does not make his Will ere he go out.

If this you 'scape, twenty to one, you meet
Some of the drunken Scowlers of the Street,
Flush'd with success of warlike Deeds perform'd,
Of Constables subdu'd, and Brothels storm'd :

These

These if a Quarrel, or a Fray be mist,
 Are ill at ease a-nights, and want their Rest.
 For mischief is a Lechery to some,
 And serves to make them sleep, like *Landanum*.
 Yet heated, as they are, with Youth and Wine,
 If they discern a train of Flambeaus shine,
 If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,
 And a strong Guard of Foot-boys in the rear,
 The Rascals sneak, and shrink their Heads for fear.
 Poor me, who use no Light to walk about,
 Save what the Parish, or the Skies hang out,
 They value not: 'tis worth your while to hear
 The scuffle, if that be a scuffle, where
 Another gives the Blows, I only bear:
 He bids me stand: of force I must give way,
 For 'twere a senseless thing to disobey,
 And struggle here, where I'd as good oppose
 My self to P--- and his Mastiffs loose.
Who's there? he cries, and takes you by the Throat
Dog! are you dumb? Speak quickly, else my Foot
Shall march about your Buttocks: whence d'ye come,
From what bulk-ridden Strumpet reeking home?
Saving your reverend Pimpship, where d'ye ply?
How may one have a Job of Lechery?
 If you say any thing, or hold your peace,
 And silently go off; 'tis all a case:
 Still he lays on: nay well, if you scape so:
 Perhaps he'll clapan Action on you too
 Of Battery, nor need he fear to meet
 A Jury to his turn, shall do him right,
 And bring him in large Damage for a Shooe
 Worn out, besides the pains in kicking you.

A poor Man must expect nought of redress,
But Patience : his best way in such a case
Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg,
That they would mercifully spare one Leg,
Or Arm unbroke, and let him go away
With Teeth enough to eat his Meat next day.

Nor is this all, which you have cause to fear,
Oft we encounter midnight Padders here :
When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are close,
And the rich Tradesman in his Counting-house
To view the Profit of the day withdraws. }
Hither in flocks from *Shooters-Hill* they come,
To seek their Prize and Booty nearer home :
Your Purse ! they cry, 'tis madness to resist,
Or strive, with a cock'd Pistol at your Breast :
And these each day so strong and numerous grow,
The Town can scarce afford them Jail-room now.
Happy the Times of the old *Heptarchy*,
Ere *London* knew so much of Villany :
Then fatal Carts thro' *Holborn* seldom went,
And *Tyburn* with few Pilgrims was content :
A less, and single Prison then would do,
And serv'd the City, and the Country too.

These are the Reasons, Sir, which drive me
hence,
To which I might add more, would time dispense
To hold you longer ; but the Sun draws low,
The Coach is hard at hand, and I must go :
Therefore, dear Sir, farewell ; and when the Town
From better Company can spare you down,
To make the Country with your Presence blest,
Then visit your old Friend amongst the rest :

Y

There

There I'll find leisure to unlade my mind
 Of what Remarks I now must leave behind:
 The Fruits of dear Experience, which with these
 Improv'd will serve for hints, and notices;
 And when you write again, may be of use
 To furnish Satyr for your daring Muse.

DITHYRAMBICK

The Drunkards Speech in a Mask.

Written in Aug. 1677.

Ὅτι δὲ Διὶ θεῶν ἐν ἑσπερίᾳ πίνω.

I.

YES, you are mighty wise, I warrant, mighty
 wife!

With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
 Who think to chouse me of my dear and pleasant
 Vice.

Hence holy Sham! in vain's your fruitless Toil
 Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,
 To some raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and whine,
 Who never knew the worth of Drunkenness and
 Wine;

I've try'd, and prov'd, and found it all Divine:

A DITHYRAMBICK. 323

It is resolv'd, I will drink on, and die,
I'll not one minute lose, not I,
To hear your troublesome Divinity:
Fill me a top-full Glafs, I'll drink it on the Knee,
Confusion to the next that spoils good Company.

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
And thorowout new Life and Vigor sent:
I feel it warm at once my Head and Heart,
I feel it all in all, and all in every part.
Let the vile Slaves of Bus'ness toil, and strive,
Who want the Leisure, or the Wit to live;
While we Life's tedious journey shorter make,
And reap those Joys which they lack sense to
take.

Thus live the Gods (if ought above our selves
there be)

They live so happy, unconcern'd, and free:
Like us they sit, and with a careless Brow
Laugh at the petty Jars of Human kind below:
Like us they spend their Age in gentle Ease,
Like us they drink; for what were all their Heav'n,
alas!

Sober, and compell'd to want that Happiness?

III.

Assist Almighty Wine, for thou alone hast Power,
And other I'll invoke no more,
Assist, while with just Praise I thee adore;
Aided by thee, I dare their worth rehearse,
Flights above the common pitch of groveling
Verse.

Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'nly
 Fire,
 Which dost our dull half-kindled mass inspire.
 We nothing gallant, and above our selves produce
 Till thou do'st finish Man, and Reinfuse.
 Thou art the only source of all the World call
 great,

Thou didst the *Poet*: first, and they the Gods create:
 To thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they
 owe,

Thou must half share with Art, and Nature too
 They owe their Glory, and Renown to thee;
 Thou giv'st their Verse, and them Eternity.
 Great *Alexander*, that big'st Word of Fame,
 That fills her Throat, and almost rends the same,
 Whose Valour found the World too strait a Stage
 For his wide Victories and boundless Rage,
 Got not Repute by War alone, but thee.
 He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,
 And drunk as well as fought for universal Mo
 narchy. IV.

Pox o' that lazy *Claret*! how it stays?
 Were it again to pass the Seas,
 'Twould sooner be in Cargo here,
 'Tis now a long *East-India* Voyage, half a year.
 'Sdeath! here's a minute lost, an Age, I mean,
 Slit by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again.
 For pity suffer not the precious Juice to die;
 Let us prevent our own, and its Mortality:
 Like it, our Life with standing and Sobriety
 pall'd,

And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd

A DITHYRAMBICK. 325

Push on the Glass, let it measure out each hour,
For every Sand an Health let's pour:

Swift as the rowling Orbs above,
And let it too as regularly move:

Swift as Heav'n's drunken red-fac'd Traveller, the
Sun,

And never rest, till his last Race be done;
Till time it self be all run out, and we
Have drunk our selves into Eternity.

V.

Six in a hand begin! we'll drink it twice apiece,

A Health to all that love and honour Vice.

Six more as oft to the great Founder of the Vine.

(A God he was, I'm sure, or should have been)

The second Father of Mankind I meant,

He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge sent,

When for their Crimes our sinful Race was
drown'd,

The only bold and vent'rous man was found,

Who durst be drunk agen, and with new Vice the
World replant.

The mighty Patriarch 'twas of blessed Memory,

Who scap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,

And stock'd the Globe afresh with a brave drinking
Progeny.

In vain would spightful Nature us reclaim,

Who to small Drink our *Iste* thought fit to damn,

And set us out o' th' reach of Wine,

In hope strait Bounds could our vast Thirst con-
fine:

326 A DITHYRAMBICK.

He taught us first with Ships the Seas to roam,
Taught us from foreign Lands to fetch supply.
Rare Art! that makes all the wide World our
Home,
Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

VI.

Adieu poor tott'ring Reason! tumble down!
This Glass shall all thy proud usurping Power
drown,
And Wit on thy cast Ruins shall erect her Throne:
Adieu thou fond Disturber of our Life;
That check'st our Joys, with all our Pleasures art
strife:

I've something brisker now to govern me,
A more exalted noble Faculty,
Above thy Logick, and vain boasted Pedantry.
Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,
That guides th' unerring Deities:
They no base Reason to their Actions bring,
But move by some more high, more heavenly
thing,

And are without Deliberation wise:
Ev'n such is this, at least 'tis much the same,
For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find
name,

Call ye this madness? damn that sober Fool,
('Twas sure some dull Philosopher, some reas'ning
Tool)

Who the reproachful Term did first devise,
And brought a scandal on the best of Vice.
Go, ask me, what's the rage young Prophets feel,
When they with holy Frenzy reel:

Drum

Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,
They rave, and stagger, and are mad, like me,

VH.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?
Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,
Let the vast Ocean be our mighty Cup:
We'll drink't, and all its Fishes too like Loaches up:

Bid the *Canary Fleet* land here: we'll pay
Thy Freight, and Custom too defray:
Set every man a Ship, and when the Store
Is emptied, let them strait dispatch, and Sail for
more:

'Tis gone: and now have at the *Rhine*,
With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:
The *Empire's* Forces with the *Spanish* we'll com-
bine,

We'll make their Drink too in confederacy joyn.
'Ware *France* the next: this Round *Bordeaux*
shall swallow,

Champagn, *Langoon*, and *Burgundy* shall follow.
Quick let's forestal *Lorrain*;

We'll starve his Army, all their Quarters drain,
And without Treaty put an end to the Campaign.

Go, set the Universe a tilt, turn the Globe up,
Squeeze out the last, the slow unwilling Drop:
A pox of empty Nature! since the World's drawn
dry,

'Tis time we quit mortality,

'Tis time we now give out, and die,

Lest we are plagu'd with Dulness and Sobriety.

328 A DITHYRAMBICK.

Beset with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,
A Troop of stag'ring Ghosts down to the Shades
below :

Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the Tomb,
Natures convenient dark Retiring Room ;
And there, from noise remov'd, and all tumultuous
strife,
Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of
Life.

[Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls
asleep.]



RE-

Print

REMAINS

O F

Mr. John Oldham.

I N

VERSE and PROSE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for D. Brown, J. Nicholson, B. Tooke,
and G. Strahan. MDCCX.

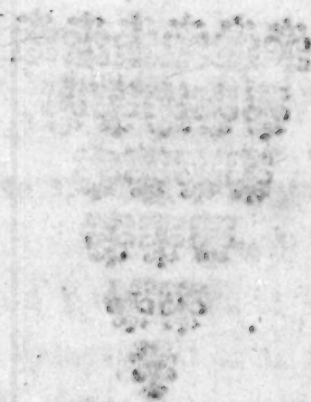
REMAINS

O.F.

Mr. John Oldham

IN

VERSE and PROSE



LONDON

Printed for D. Brown, J. Nicholson, B. Toke
and G. Smith, MDCCLXX

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest (tho' a Bookseller that disdains Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now-a-days, than a through paced Fanatick that pretends he makes a journey to New-England purely for Conscience sake) but for securing the Reputation of Mr. Oldham; which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to Print the last Remains of his Friend since he had the good fortune to publish first his Pieces.

He confesses it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the File, and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to Print these following Miscellanies, had they

Advertisement.

they not already been countenanced by men of unquestionable repute and esteem.

He is not of the same persuasion with several other of his own profession, that never care how much they lessen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhance the value of the Book; that ransack the Studies of the deceased, and Print all that passed under the Author's hand, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley has exprest it) think a rude heap of ill-placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble:

To

To the MEMORY of
Mr. O L D H A M.

Farewell; too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For sure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Cast in the same Poetick mould with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did strike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhor'd alike:
To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slippery place, (Race:
While his young Friend perform'd and won the
Oearly ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.
But Satyr needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble Error and but seldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their
prime
Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of
Rhime.
Once more, hail and farewell; farewell you young,
But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

John Dryden.

Authori

Authori Epitaphium.

HOC, ô Viator, marmore condita
Charæ recumbunt Exuvie, brevem
Viventis (oh ! fors dura) vitam,
Præcoce cælum animâ petentis.
Nec præpedita est Mens celeris diu,
Quin Pustularum mille tumoribus
Effloruit, portisque mille
Præpes iter, patefecit altum.
Musarum Alumnus jam fuit, artibus
Instructus alacris, quas studio pio,
Atque aure quàm fidâ repostas,
Oxonli coluit Parentis.
Hic quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepit, Vellera candida,
Collati Honoris signa, necnon
Innocui simulacra cordis.
Sed manè montis summa cacumina
Ascendit ardens, Pierio jugo
Insedit, atque ore multo
Ipsam Heliconæ scatere vidit.
Nunc pura veri Flumina perspicit,
Nunc mira Mundi semina concipit,
Pulchrasque primævi figuras,
In speculo species, creante,
At Tu, viator, Numina poscito,
Ut dissolutis reliquiis, vaga
Dum mens remigret, detur—— ab sit
Terra levis, plocidusque somnus.

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

A Pindarique Pastoral Ode.

Stanza I.

U N doubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miserable *Astragon*!

Thou art condemn'd alone

To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,
Still in this howling Wilderness to roam,
While all thy Bosom-friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.

Thy dear *Alexis* would not stay,
Joy of thy Life, and pleasure of thine Eyes,

Dear *Alexis* went away

With an invincible Surprize;

Th' Angel-like Youth early dislik'd this State,

And chearfully submitted to his Fate,

Never did Soul of a Celestial Birth

Inform a purer piece of earth.

O that 'twere not in vain

To wish what's past might be retriev'd again!

Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then

Had answer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,

And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy silver Hairs,

Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And thou, my Friend, has left me too,

Menalcas! poor *Menalcas*! even thou,

Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke

Records of her immortal Book.

Whose

Whose disregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the Lash of thy poetick Rage.

Th' untutor'd World in after-Times
May live uncensur'd for their Crimes,
Free from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again. (Lyr

Of all th' instructive Bards, whose more than *Theba*
Could savage Souls with many Thoughts inspire,

Menalcas worthy was to live,
Say, you his Fellow Shepherds that survive,
Tell me, you mournful Swains,
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,

In all these pensive Plains
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind :
Which of you all did more Majestick Shew,
Or wore the Garland on a sweeter Brow ?

III.

—But wayward *Astragon* resolves no more
The loss of his *Menalcas* to deplore :

He's altogether blest ;
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breast,
No midnight Cares can break his Rest ;
For all is Everlasting cheerful Dawn.

The Poet's bliss there shall he long possess,
Perfect Ease and soft Recess ;
The treacherous World no more shall him deceive
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave :

And now in mighty Triumph does he reign
(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spight,
And the dull wealthy Fool's Disdain.
Thrice happy he that dies the Muses Friend,
He needs no Obelisque, no Pyramid
His sacred Dust to hide,
He needs not for his Memory to provide;
For he might well foresee his Praise can never end.

Thomas Flatman:

In Memory of the Author.

TAKE this short summon'd loose unfinisht Verse,
Cold as thy Tomb, and sudden as thy Herse;
From my sick thoughts thou canst no better crave,
Who scarce drag Life and envy thee thy Grave.
Me *Phæbus* always fainting did inspire,
And gave my narrow Breast more scanty Fire. (Spoil,
My *Hybla* Muse through humble Meads sought
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil;
Yet when some Friend's just Fame did Theme afford,
Her Voice among the tow'ring Swains was heard,
In vain for such attendance now I call,
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;
Yet, sweet *Alexis*, my esteem of thee
Was equal to thy Worth and Love to me.
Death is my Gain--that Thought affects me most,
I care not what th' ill natur'd World has lost.

Z

For

For Wit with thee expl'd, how shall I grieve;
Who grudge th' ungrateful Age what thou didst
The Tribute of their Verse let others send, (leave
And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.
Enjoy the Fate---thy Predecessors come,
Cowley and *Butler* to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to serve a grateful Age?
For such Rewards what Task will Authors shun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?

Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raise;
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo's* Praise
Let me retire, while some sublimer Pen
Performs for thee what thou hast done for *Homer*
and for *Ben*. N.T.

On the ensuing Poems of *Mr. John Oldham*
and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious
Author.

O Bscure and cloudy did the day appear,
As Heaven design'd to blot it from the year
The Elements all seem'd to disagree,
At least, I'm sure, they were at strife in me:
Possess'd with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
When Rumor told me that my Friend was dead.
That *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,
Was cropt, like a sweet Blossom from the Earth,
Where late he grew, delighting every Eye
In his rare Garden of Philosophy.

The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuse,
And all my Griefs were doubled at the News:
For we with mutual Arms of Friendship strove,
Friendship the true and solid part of Love;
And he so many Graces had in store,
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
His Wit in his immortal Verse appears,
Many his Vertues were, tho' few his Years;
Which were so spent as if by Heaven contriv'd
To lash the Vices of the longer liv'd.
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,
A Poet in its sacred Quality.
Inspir'd above, and could command each Passion;
Had all the Wit without the Affectation.
A Calm of Nature still possess'd his Soul,
No canker'd envy did his Breast controul:
Modest as Virgins that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauseous Town;
And easie as his Numbers that sublime
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime.
Till the Time's Ignominy inspir'd his Pen,
And rous'd the drowsie Satyr from his Den;
Then fluttering Fops were his aversion still,
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.
The Spark, whose noise proclaims his empty Pate,
That struts along the Mall with antick Gate;
And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools
Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a constant Friend,
And as he well could judge, could well commend.

The mighty *Homer* he with care perus'd,
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o' th' Soul his Reason knew:
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts assail,
With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal*.
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
But Pride to know he understood it well.
Adieu thou modest Type of perfect Man;
Ah, had not thy perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd so soon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n, from whence thy *Genius* came,
Assign'd thee by immutable Decree
A glorious Crown of Immortality.
Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends below
Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.
Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;
But Poets in the next have their Reward:
And Heaven in *Oldham's* Fortune seem'd to show,
No Recompence was good enough below:
So to prevent the Worlds ungrateful Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. D'ursey.

On

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

HArk ! is it only my prophetick Fear,
Or some Death's sad Alarum that I hear ?
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham's* fatal Knell ;
It rings aloud, eternally farewell ;
Farewel thou mighty *Genius* of our Isle,
Whose forward Parts made all our Nation smile,
In whom both Wit and Knowledge did conspire ;
And Nature gaz'd as if she did admire :
How such few years such Learning could acquire :
Nay seem'd concern'd that we should hardly find
So sharp a Pen, and so serene a Mind.
Oh then lament ; let each distracted Breast
With universal Sorrow be possess'd.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, and your Songs give o'er :
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more,
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant years,
Cold, pale and ghastly as the Grave appears :
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring
Stream,
Your daily pleasure and your mighty Theme,
Is now no more ; the Youth, the Youth is dead,
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled ;
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known ;
No sooner seen, but in a moment gone :
Like to some tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes more fragrant, and most fair ;

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;
Then comes a Blast, and all the Work is vain.

But Oh! my Friend, must we no more rehearse
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleasing Verse?
In Love how soft, in Satyr how severe?
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere:
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An easie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight:
Horace in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Biblis* must each Heart engage!
Just in his Praises, and what most desire,
Wou'd flatter none for Greatness, Love, or Hire:
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to see,
Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modesty.
So far from Ostentation he did seem,
That he was meanest in his own Esteem.
Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be
At once our Glory and our Misery?
Our Misery in losing thee is more
Than could thy Life our Glory be before:
For shou'd a Soul celestial Joys possess,
And strait be banish'd from that Happiness,
Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?
The Bliss once tasted but augments the Pain:
So having once so great a Prize in thee,
How much the heavier must our Sorrows be?
For if such Flights were in thy younger Days,
What if thou'dst liv'd, O what had been thy
Praise,
Eternal Wreaths of never dying Bays:

But

But those are due already to thy Name,
Which stands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;
And though thy great Remains to Ashes turn,
With lasting Praises we'll supply thy Urn,
Which like Sepulchral Lamps shall ever burn.

But hold! methinks, great Shade, I see thee rove
Through the smooth Path of Plenty, Peace and
Love;

Where *Ben* salutes thee first, o'erjoy'd to see
The Youth that sung his Fame and Memory:
Great *S P E N C E R* next, with all the learned
Train,

Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:

Adonis is the Joy of all the Plain.

Tho. Andrews.

D A M O N, an E C L O G U E

On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham,

Corydon.

Alexis.

BEeneath a dismal Yew the Shepherds fate,
And talk'd of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's* Fate.
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Ease;
For sometimes Melancholy it self does please:
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to distress,
Yet ev'n their Griefs in Musick they express.

Cor. I'll sing no more since Verses want a Charm.
The Muses could not their own *Damon* arm:

At least I'll touch this useless Pipe no more,
Unless, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades restore.

A. Rather, like *Orpheus* celebrate your Friend,
And with your Musick Hell it self suspend:
Tax *Proserpine* of Cruelty and Hate,
And sing of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's* Fate.

C. When *Damon* sang, he sang with such a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London* brutes did gaze!
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.

A. Oh had he liv'd, and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be shown;
He would have charm'd their Sence a nobler way,
Taught Virgins how to sigh, and Priests to pray.

C. Let Priests and Virgins then to him address,
And in their Songs their Gratitude express,
While we that know the worth of easie Verse,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herse.

A. *Codrus*, you know, that sacred Badge does
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there; (wear,
But since no Merit can strike Envy Dumb,
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.

C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected
Majestick, sad, and suited to the Time, (Rhime,
His Name to future Ages consecrate,
By praising of his Muse, and mourning of his Fate.

A. Alas, I never must pretend to this,
My Pipe scarce knows a Tune but what is his:
Let future Ages then for *Damon's* sake,
From his own Works a just Idea take.

Yet then, but like *Alcides*, he'll be shown,
And from his meanest part his Size be known,
C. 'Twill be your Duty then to set it down.
A. Once and but once (so Heaven and Fate ordain,)

I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
Kindly cries he, if you *Alexis* be,
And though I know you not you must be he;
Too long already we have Strangers been,
This Day, at least, our Friendship must begin.
Let Business, that perverse Intruder, wait,
To be above it is poetical and great.
Then with *Affyrian* Nard our Heads did shine,
While rich *Sabeen* Spice exalts the Wine;
Which to a just Degree our Spirits fir'd;
But he was by a greater God inspir'd:
Wit was the Theme, which he did well describe,
With Modesty unusual to his Tribe.
But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,
When Lovers after first Enjoyment part,
Not half content, for this was but a Taste,
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew so fast,
They vow a Friendship that shall ever last.
So we--- but oh how much am I accus'd!
To think that this last Office is my first.

Occa-

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Occa-

Occasioned by the present Edition of the
ensuing Poems; and the Death of
the ingenious Author.

Curs'd be the day when first this Godly Iste
Vile Books, and useless thinking did defile.
In Greek and Latin Bogs our Time we waste,
When all is Pain and Weariness at best:
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
While treacherous Fancy dances on before:
Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,
Too late repent, and are too soon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own ruins lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Heresie.
Avoid the nasty *learned* dust, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever *Jakes* or *Dunghills* did.
The want of Dulness will the World undo,
This learning makes us mad and Rebels too.
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away;
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindness and a Dotage gives.
Worse than the Pox, or scolding Woman fly
The awkward Madness of Philosophy.
That *Bedlam Bess*, Religion, never more
Phantastick, pie-ball'd, antick Drestles wore:
Opinion, Pride, Moroseness gives a Fame;
'Tis Folly, christen'd with a modish Name.

Let dull Divinity no more delight;
It spoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*.
The chief Professors to Preferment fly,
By Cringe and Scrape, the basest *Simony*.
The humble Clown will best the Gospel teach,
And inspir'd Ign'rance sounder Doctrines preach.
A way to Heaven mere Nature well does shew,
Which reasoning and Disputes can never know.
Yet still proud Tyrant *Sense* in Pomp appears,
And claims a Tribute of full threescore Years.
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkness circl'd round,
Each man must be with *Snakes* and *Monkies* drown'd:
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,
To waste that Life whose longest Date's too short.
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
What Death unravels soon, and renders vain;
We blindly hurry on in Mystick ways,
Nor wisely tread the Paths of solid Praise.
There's nought deserves one precious drop of
sweat

But Poetry, the noblest Gift of Fate,
Which after Death does a more lasting Life beget.
Not that which sudden, frantick Heats produce,
Where Wine and Pride, not Heaven, shall raise
the Muse.

Not that small Stock which does Translators make;
That Trade poor Bankrupt Poetasters take:
But such, when God his *Fiat* did express,
And powerful Numbers wrought an Universe.
With such great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
That *Saul* and *Madness* ever could admire.
With such great *Oldham* bravely did excel,
That *David's* Lamentation sung so well.

Old-

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write
Our *Oxford's* Glory, and the World's Delight.
Sometimes in boundless keenest Satyr bold,
Sometimes as soft as those Love-*tales* he told.
That Vice could praise, and Virtue too disgrace;
The first *Excess* of Wit that e'er did please.
Scarce *Cowley* such Pindarique soaring knew,
Yet by his Reader still was kept in view.
His Fancy, like *Jove's* Eagle, liv'd above,
And bearing Thunder still would upward move.
Oh noble *Kingston!* had thy lovely Guest
With a large stock of Youth and Life been blest;
Not all thy Greatness, or thy Vertues store,
Had surer Comforts been, or pleas'd thee more.
But Oh! the date is short of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His Soul, the bright, the pure *Etherial* Flame
To those lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came
And spight of what Mankind had long believ'd,
My Creed says only Poets can be sav'd.
That God has only for a number staid,
To stop the breach which Rebel Angels made.
For none their absence can so well supply;
They are all o'er Seraphick Harmony.
Then, and not till then the World shall burn,
And its base Dross, Mankind, their fortune mourn
While all to their old Nothing quick return.
The peevish Critick then shall be asham'd,
And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

Oxon, May the 26th 1684.

T. Wood

On the Death of Mr. Oldham.

A PASTORAL.

ON the Remains of an old Blasted Oak
Unmindful of himself *Menalcas* lean'd ;
He sought not now in heat the shades of Trees,
But shun'd the flowing Rivers pleasing Bank ;
His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass :
Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themselves they wandred out at large.
In this lamenting state Young *Corydon*
His Friend and Dear Companion of his Hours)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

Corydon.

Thee have I sought in every shady Grove ;
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted, and by Thunder rent ?
What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind ;
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me ?
But I would comfort and not chide my Friend :
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

Menalcas

Menalcas.

Young *Astrophel* is dead, dear *Astrophel*,
He that could tune so well his charming Pipe:
To hear whose Lays Nymphs left their Cryſtal
Spring,

The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forſook the Woods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd: Swiſteſt Streams
With-held their Courſe to hear the Heavenly Sound
And murmur'd, when by following Waves preſt on
The following Waves forcing their way to hear.
Oft the fierce Wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the Purſuit rather than loſe the Sound
Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf and liſtned to the Sound:
He could command a general Peace, and Nature
would obey.

This Youth, this Youth is dead, the ſame Diſeaſe
That carried ſweet *Orinda* from the World
Seiz'd upon *Astrophel*: Oh let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate require
The Tears of all Mankind: General the Loſs,
And General the Grief, except by Fame
I knew him not, but ſurely this is he,

Wh

Who sung learn'd * *Collin's*, or great * *Ægon's* * *Spencer and Johnson*
Praise ?

Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from
him.

Did he not mourn lamented * *Bion's* Death, * *Rochester*
In Verse equal to what great *Bion* wrote ?

Menalcas.

Yes this was he (oh that I say he was)

He that could sing the Shepherds deeds so well.

Whether to praise the Good he turn'd his Pen,

Or lasht th' egregious Folly of the Bad,

In both he did excel,——

His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,

And dictated more fast than he could write.

Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd

His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own,

Yet Art he us'd, where Art could useful be,

But sweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,

Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught

Of Youthful Vigor, how would he have wrote !

Menalcas.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares,

I mourn his Death, the loss of such a Friend ;

But for himself he dy'd in the best Hour,

And

And carried with him every mans Applause :
Youth meets not with Detractions blotting hand,
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he would have seen the World
Put on its ugliest but its truest Face :
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen ;
And ignorant Youths, who would for Criticks pass
Had thrown their scornful Jest upon his Vein,
And censur'd what they did not understand.
Such was not my dear *Astrophel* : he's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him : what's Death
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream ;
Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion.

Corydon.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Astrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from straying, round thee gaze
And wonder at thy mourning : Drive them Home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with easing Sleep
To Morrow chearful Light may give thee Comfort

To the MEMORY of
Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too busie with Immutable Decree,
could, dear Friend, ev'n blame thy cruel Doom,
That lent so much, to be requir'd so soon:
The Flow'rs, in which the *Meads* are drest so gay,
Altho' they are short liv'd, they live a Day;
Thou, in the Noon of Life was snatch'd away:
Though not before thy Verse had Wonders shown
and bravely made the Age to come their own!
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not so charming, not so sweet as thine;
They quickly perish; yours was still the same,
an everlasting, but a Lambent Flame;
Which something so resistless did impart,
It still through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart:
Unlike the Wretch that strives to get Esteem,
Nay, thinks it fine and Janty to blaspheme,
And can be witty on no other Theme:
Oh Foolish men, (whom thou didst still despise)
That must be wicked to be counted wise!
But thy Converse was from this Error free;
And yet, 'twas ev'ry thing true Wit can be:
None had it, but ev'n with a Tear does own,
The Soul of dear Society is gone.

A a

But

But while we thus thy Native Sweetness sing,
We ought not to forget thy Native Sting:
Thy Satyr spar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes;
Satyr! the best Reformer of the Times!
How wide shoot they, that strive to blast thy Fame,
By saying, that thy Verse was rough and lame;
They would have Satyr their Compassion
move,
And writ so plyant, nicely, and so smooth,
As if the Muse were in a Flux of Love:
But who of Knaves, and Fops, and Fools would
sing,
Must Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring;
For 'tis no Satyr if it has no Sting:
In short, who in that Field would Famous be,
Must think, and write like *Juvenal* and Thee.
Let others boast of all the mighty Nine, to me,
'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast in-
spire,
And warm'd it first with a Poetick Fire;
But 'tis a warmth that does with thee expire:
For when the Sun is set that guides the Day,
The Traveller must stop, or lose his Way.

Robert Gould

COUN

COUNTERPART

TO THE SATYR against VERTUE.

In Person of the Author.

Pardon me, Vertue, whatsoe'er thou art,
(For sure thou of the God-head art a part,
And all that is of him must be
The very Deity.)

Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaspheme,
Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,
The best Atonement of my penitent humble Muse,
The best that Heaven requires, or Mankind can pro-
duce.

All my Attempts hereafter shall at thy Devotion be
Ready to consecrate my Ink and very Blood to
thee.

Forgive me, ye blest Souls that dwell above,
Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove.
Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Passion now
(but Love.

And

And you unhappy happy few,
 Who strive with Life, and Humane Miseries below,
 Forgive me too,
 If I, in ought disparag'd them, or else discourag'd
 (you.

II.

Blest Vertue! whose Almighty Power
 Does to our fallen Race restore
 All that in Paradise we lost, and more:
 Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be
 The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
 Soft gentle Yoak! which none but resty Fools re-
 (fufe

Which before freedom I would ever chuse.
 Easie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;
 Easie as those of Lovers are,
 (If I with ought less pure may thee compare)
 Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty.
 By such soft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;
 So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does

(bind
 Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we
 (steer

Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here;
 Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,
 And dangerous Rocks of Black Despair,
 Safe in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,
 Secure from all the Threatning Storms that blow
 From all Attacks of Chance below,
 And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

Best Mistres of our Souls | whose Charms and Beau-
(ties last,

And are by very Age increast,
By which all other Glories are defac'd.
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far
Than all the Race of Woman-kind e're brought,
Tho' each of them like the first Wife were
(fraught,
And half the Universe did for her Portion share,
That tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless we
Thro' Ignorance so vainly Deifie,
Are all but glorious Brutes when unendow'd with
(thee,

'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worse,
In whose Enjoyments tho' we find
A flitting Pleasure, yet it leaves behind
A Pain and Torture in the Mind,
And claps the wounded Conscience with incurable
Remorse,
(kind.

Or else betrays us to the great Trepan of Humane
IV.

'Tis Vice the greater Thralldom, harder Drudgery,
Whereby deposing Reason from its gentle Sway,
(That rightful Sovereign which we should obey)
We undergo a various Tyranny,
And to un-number'd servile Passions Homage pay:
These with *Ægyptian* Rigor us enslave,
And govern with unlimited command;
They make us endless Toil pursue,
And still their doubled Task renew,

To push on our too hasty Fate, and build our Grave,
Or which is worse, to keep us from the Promis'd
Land :

Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
We struggle with our heavy Yoak in vain :
In vain we strive to break that Chain,
Unless a Miracle relieve ;
Unless the Almighty Wand enlargement give,
We never must expect Delivery,
Till Death, the universal Writ of Ease, does set us
free.

V.

Some sordid Avarice in Vassalage confines,
Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines.
These are in its harsh *Bridewel* lash'd and punished,
And with hard Labour scarce can earn their bread.
Others Ambition, that Imperious Dame,
Exposes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's great Theatre.
Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchase grinning Honour and an empty Name,
And some by Tyrant Lust are Captive led,
And with false Hopes of Pleasure fed ;
Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Desires,
Life's o'er-charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff
(expires.

VI.

Consider we the little Arts of Vice,
The Stratagems and Artifice
Whereby she does attract her Votaries ;
All those Allurements and those Charms,
Which pimp transgressors to her Arms,

Are

Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Disguise,
To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,
And for false empty Joys betray us to true solid
(Harms,

In vain she would her Dowry boast,
Which clogg'd with Legacies we never gain,
But with unvaluable Cost,

Which got we never can retain:
But must the greater part be lost,
To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again:
'Tis vastly overballanc'd by the Joynture which we
make,

In which our lives, our souls, our All is set at stake.

Like silly *Indians*, foolish we
With a known Cheat, a losing Traffick hold,
Whilst led by an ill-judging Eye,

W' admire a trifling Pageantry,
And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,
For worthless Glasse and Beads, or an *Exchange's*
Frippery.

If we a while maintain th' expensive Trade,
Such mighty Impost on the Cargo's laid,

Such a vast Custom to be paid, (out,
We're forc'd at last like wretched Bankrupts to give
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance shut.

VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we strive?

What art thou but an empty Shade

By the Reflection of our Actions made?

Thou, unlike others, never follow'st us alive;

But like a Ghost, walk'st only after we are dead.

Posthumous Toy! vain after-Legacy!
 Which only ours can be,
 When we our selves no more are we!
 Fickle as vain! who dost on vulgar Breath depend,
 Which we by dear experience find
 More changeable, more veering than the uncon-
 stant Wind.

What art thou, Gold, that clear'st the Miser's eyes?
 Which he does so devoutly idolize;
 For whom he all his Rest and Ease does sacrifice.
 'Tis Use alone can all thy value give,
 And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.
 Curs'd Mineral! near Neigh'ring Hell begot,
 Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbour-
 hood hast brought.

Thou Baud to Murthers, Rapes, and Treachery,
 And every greater Name of Villany:
 From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedegree,
 Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes
 dost store,
 And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cause of
 more.

And what is Pleasure that does most beguile?
 That Syren which betrays us with a flattering
 Smile.

We listen to the treacherous Harmony
 Which sings but our own Obsequy.
 The danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;
 Till drowning we want Pow'r to scape the fatal
 Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure,
Who perpetual Surfeit will endure?
Who places all his chiefest Happiness
In the Extravagancies of Excess,
Which wise Sobriety esteems but a Disease;
O mighty envied Happiness to eat!
Which fond mistaken Sots call Great:
Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each day
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous decay!
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are
To make and keep up Man! (fain
Which, when the Paradise above we gain,
Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
By each Disease the sickly Joy's destroy'd;
At every Meal it's nauseous and cloy'd,
Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, we
Fancie a Feast, and great *Regalio's* by;
And think we tast, and think we see,
And riot on imaginary Luxury.

IX.

Grant me, O Virtue, thy more solid lasting Joy;
Grant me the better Pleasures of the Mind,
Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find,
Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy.
One Moment in thy blest Enjoyment is
Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss,
Which we derive from Sense,
Which often cloy, and must resign to Impotence.
Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy State?

Above

Above the Changes and Reverse of Fate ;
Above her Favours and her Hate.

I'll scorn the worthless Treasures of *Peru*,

And those of t' other *Indies* too. (Fame)

I'll pity *Cesar's* self with all his Trophies and his

And the vile brutish Herd of Epicures contemn,

And all the Under-shrivialties of Life not worth

Nor will I only owe my Bliss, (Name)

Like others to a Multitude,

Where Company keeps up a forced Happiness ;

Should all Mankind surcease to live,

And none but individual I survive,

Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.

Thus shall my Life in pleasant Minutes wear,

Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,

And gentle as the motions of the upper Air :

Soft as my Muse, and unconfin'd as she,

When flowing in the numbers of *Pindarique* liberty

And when I see pale ghastly Death appear,

That grand inevitable Test which all must bear,

Which best distinguishes the blest and wretched

here ;

I'll smile at all its Horrors, court my welcome De-

stiny,

And yield my willing Soul up in an easie Sigh ;

And Epicures that see shall envy and confess,

That I and those that dare like me be good, the

chiefest Good possess.

Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

The Enchantment.

Poet, Damon, Alphens, Speakers.

Damon and Alphens, the two Shepherds Strains
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the
Plains.

Will tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,
Inmindful of their Grass, in Throngs admir'd.
At which fierce Savages astonish'd stood,
And every River stopt its list'ning Flood.

For you, Great Sir, whether with Canons Roar
You spread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore,

Or with a gentle and a steady hand

In Peace and Plenty rule our Native Land.

Shall ever that auspicious Day appear,

When I your glorious Actions shall declare?

It shall, and I throughout the World rehearse

Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer's* Verse.

With you my Muse began, with you shall end,

Accept my Verse that waits on your Command:

And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find

Among the Laurels which your Temples bind.

'Twas

'Twas at the time that Night's cool shades with
 (drew,
 And left the Grass all hung with Pearly Dew;
 When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
 Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.

D. Arise, thou Morning, and drive on the day
 While wretched I with fruitless words inveigh
 Against false *Nisa*, while the Gods I call
 With my last Breath, tho' hopeless to avail,
 Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

Mendus ever has its warbling Groves,
 And talking Pines, it ever hears the Loves
 Of Shepherds, and the Notes of mighty *Pan*,
 The first that would not let the Reeds untun'd re-

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains (main
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

Mopsus weds *Nisa*, Gods! What Lover e'er
 Need after this have reason to despair?
 Griffins shall now leap Mares, and the next Age
 The Deer and Hounds in Friendship shall engage.
 Go, *Mopsus*, get the Torches ready soon;
 Thou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.
 Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut scramble make,
 The Evening-star quits *Oeta* for thy sake.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

How fitly art thou match'd who wast so nice!
 Thou haughty Nymph who didst all else despise!

Why slight'st so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,
 My rough grown Eye-brows, and unshaven Beard,
 And think'st no God does mortal things regard.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
 What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

I saw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,
 To gather Apples with thy Mother, come;
 I was in our Hedg-rows, I was there with Pride,
 To shew you to the best, and be your Guide.
 Then I just entring my twelfth Year was found,
 Then could reach the tender Boughs from ground.
 Heav'n's! when I saw, how soon was I undone!
 How to my heart did the quick Poyson run!

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
 What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold North
 Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,
 Or Africk's wildest Desarts gave him Birth,
 Among the Canibals and Savage Race;
 He never of our Kind, or Country was.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
 What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
 In Children's Blood; a cruel Mother, thou;
 Hard 'tis to say of both which is the worst,
 The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurst.
 He a curst Boy, a cruel Mother thou;
 The Devil a whit to chuse between the two.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
 What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Let Wolves by Nature shun the Sheep-folds now,
 On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:

Let

Let the coarse *Alders* bear the *Daffadil*,
 And costly *Amber* from the *Thorn* distil:
 Let *Owlsmatch Swans*, let *Tyrus Orpheus* be,
 In the Woods *Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

Let all the World turn Sea, the Woods adieu!
 To some high Mountains top I'll get me now,
 And thence my self into the Waters throw.

There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She
 Accept this my last dying Will and Legacy.

Cease now my Pipe, cease now those warbling Strains
Which I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

This *Damon's* Song; relate ye *Muses* now
Alpheus Reply: All cannot all things do.

A. Bring Holy Water, sprinkle all around,
 And see these Altars with soft Fillets bound:
 Male-Frankincense and juicy Vervain burn,
 I'll try if I by Magick force can turn
 My stubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire
 His frozen Breast: Nothing but charms are wanting
 here.

Bring *Daphnis* from the Town, ye Magick Charms
 Bring home lov'd *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.
 Charms in her wonted Course can stop the Moon,
 And from her well fix'd Orb can call her down.
 By Charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)
Ulysses fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
 Snakes, by the Virtue of Enchantment forc'd,
 Oft in the Meads with their own Poison burst.

Bring

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms ;
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

First, these three several Threads I compass round
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound :
Then round these Altars thrice thy Image bear ;
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms ;
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Go tie me in three knots three Ribbands now,
And let the Ribbands be of diff'rent Hue :

Go, *Amaryllis*, tie them strait, and cry,
At the same time, they're true Love-knots, I tie.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms ;
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how
With the same Fire this Wax doth softer grow ;

So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do so.
Strow Meal and Salt (for so these Rites require)

And set the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire :
This naughty *Daphnis* sets my Breast on flame,

And I this Laurel burnt in *Daphnis* Name.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms ;
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chase,
Of seeking her lov'd Steer from place to place,

Thro' Woods, thro' Groves, thro' Arable, and Wast,
On some green River's bank lies down at last :

There Lows her Moan, despairing, and forlorn,
And tho' belated, minds not to return :

Let *Daphnis*'s-Case be such, and let not me
Take any care to give a Remedy.

Bring

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

These Garments erst the faithless Traitor left,

Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm rest:

Beneath the Threshold these I bury now,

In thee, O Earth; these Pledges *Daphnis* owe.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms:

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

Of *Mæris* I these Herbs and Poysons had,

From *Pontus* brought: in *Pontus* store are bred:

With these I have oft seen *Mæris* Wonders do,

Turn himself Wolf, and to the Forest go:

I've often seen him Fields of Corn displace, (raise

From whence they grew, and Ghosts in Church-yards

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms:

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

Go, Maid, go, bear the Ashes out at door, (pour

And them forthwith into the neighb'ring current

Over thy Head, and don't look back be sure:

I'll try what these on *Daphnis* will prevail,

The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms:

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

Behold! the Ashes while we lingring stay,

While we neglect to carry them away,

Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood

That lies upon't: Heav'n send it be for good!

Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!

I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.

Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,

Which Lovers Fancies are too apt to frame?

Cease now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!

Cease needless Charms, my Daphnis is at home!

U P O N

UPON THE
MARRIAGE
OF THE
Prince of ORANGE
WITH THE
Lady MARY.

When of Old some bright and Heav'nly
A God of equal Majesty did Wed; (DAME)
trait thro' the Court above the Tydings spread,
trait at the News th' immortal Offspring came;
And all the Deiries did the High Nuptials grace:
With no less Pomp, no less of Grandure we
Behold this glad Solemnity,
And all confess an equal Joy,
And all expect as God-like and as great a Race:

Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,
Which rise in Gratitude to Heav'n from whence
they came;

Glad some next those which brought our Royal Exile
home,

When he resum'd his long usurped Throne:

Hark how the mighty Vellies rend the Air,

And shake at once the Earth and Atmosphere;

Hark how the Bells harmonious Noise

Bear Consort too with human Joys;

Behold those num'rous Fires which up and
down

Threaten almost new Conflagration to the Town.

Well do these Emblems, mighty *Orange*, speak thy
Fame,

Whose Loudness, Musick, Brightness, all express the
same;

'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,

In Thunder and in Lightning so approach'd her Bed.

II.

Hail happy Pair! kind Heav'n's great Hostages!

Sure Pledges of a firm and lasting Peace!

Call't not a Match, we that low Stile disdain,

Nor will degrade it with a Term so mean; A

League it must be said,

Where Countries thus Espouse, and Nations Wed.

Our Thanks, propitious Destiny!

Never did yet thy Pow'r dispence,

A more Plenipotentiary Influence,

Nor Heav'n more sure a Treaty ratifies.

To Y O U, our great and gracious Monarch, too,
An equal share of Thanks is due,
Nought could this mighty Work produce, but
Heav'n and You.
Let others Boast

Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter cost;
This Union by no Blood cemented is,
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Discords rise.
Not more to your great Ancestor we owe,
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow;
He join'd but what nature had join'd before,
Lands disunited by no parting Shore:
By you to Foreign Countries we're Ally'd,
You make us Continent whom Seas and Waves di-
vide.

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Con-
duct prove

What was denied to mighty *Jove*,
Together to be Wise and Love.

In this you highest Skill of Choice and Judgment
'Tis here display'd, and here rewarded too;

Others move only by unbridled guideless Heat,
But you mix Love with Policy, Passion with State:

You scorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts
should tye,

Which oft (and here they must) the Original be-
For how should Art that Beauty undertake,

Which Heav'n would strive in vain again to make?

Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,
 And worshipp'd not the Image, but the Deity :
 And God, envied Prince, your glorious B R I D E re-
 ceive,

Too great for ought but mighty T O R K to
 give :

She, whom if none must Wed, but those who merit

Her,
 Monarchs might cease Pretence, and slighted Gods
 despair :

Think You in Her far greater Conquests gain,
 Than all the Pow'rs of France have from your

Country taen:
 In her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,
 And fancy there a Universal Monarchy !

IV.

And you, fair Princess, who could thus subdue,
 What France with all its Forces could not do,

Enjoy your glorious Prize,

Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes :

From him, and th' Height of your great Mind look

down,

And with neglect despise a Throne,

And think't as great to Merit, as to wear a Crown

Nassau in all which your Desires or Thoughts can

frame,

All Titles lodge within that single Name ;

A Name which Mars himself would with Ambition

bear,

Prouder in that, than to be call'd the God of War

To you, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increase

If Heaven has not already set your Happiness

Above

Above its Pow'r to raise)

To You the zealous humble Muse
These solemn Wishes Consecrates and Vows,
And begs you'll not her Offering refuse,
Which not your want but her Devotion shews.

V.

May your great Consort still successful prove,
In all his high Attempts as in your Love;
May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear
As free from Danger, as he is from Fear;
May neither Sense of Grief, or Trouble know,
But what in Pity you to others show;
May you be fruitful in a numerous Store (bore;
Of Princely Births, as She who your great Father
May Heav'n to your just Merits kind
Repeal the ancient Curse on Womankind:
Easie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain
May yours so prove, and just so free from Pain:
May no rude Noise of War approach your Bed,
But Peace her downy Wings about you spread,
Calm as the Season, when fair Halcyons breed,
May you, and the just owner of your Breast,
Both in as full Content and Happiness be blest,
As the first sinless Pair of old enjoy'd,
E're Guilt their Innocence and that destroy'd:
Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliss can add,
And you by Heav'n alone be happier made:
Till future Poets who your Lives review,
When they'd their utmost Pitch of Flattery shew,
Shall pray their Patrons may become like you:
Nor know to frame a skilful With more great,
Nor think a higher Blessing in the Gift of Fate.

A N
O D E
For an Anniversary of MUSICK
on St. Cecilia's Day.

I.

Begin the Song, your Instruments advance,
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,
Touch the silent sleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.
Bring gentlest Thoughts that into Language glide,
Bring softest Words that into Numbers slide:
Let every Hand and every Tongue
To make the Noble Confort throng.
Let all in one Harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Musicks sacred Jubile.

II.

Hark how the wak'ned Strings resound,
And Break the yielding Air,
The ravish'd Sense how pleasingly they wound,
And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear;

Each

Each Pulse beats Time, and every Heart,
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.

By Harmonies entrancing Power,
When we are thus wound up to Extasie;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tower,
And seem to antedate our future Bliss on high.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the Charms that Musick lends!

How faint its pleasures would appear,
But for the Pleasure which our Art attends!

Without the sweets of Melody,
To tune our vital Breath,
Who would not give it up to Death,
And in the silent Grave contented lye?

IV.

Musick's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;
The greatest Spell that charms our Care to rest,
And calms the ruffled Passions of the Mind.

Musick does all our Joy refine,
It gives the relish to our Wine,
'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,
And Wings Devotion to a pitch Divine; (above,
'Tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heaven

Chorus.

Come then with tuneful Throat and String,
The Praises of our Art let's sing;

Let's sing to Blest CECILIA's Fame,
That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day its Name,

With Musick, Wine and Mirth conspire
To bear a Consort, and make up the Choir.

TO
MADAM L. E.

Upon her Recovery from a late Sickness.

Madam,

Pardon, that with slow Gladness we so late
Your wish'd return of Health congratulate;
Our Joys at first so throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the Crowd;
And now such haste to tell their Message make,
They only stammer what they meant to speak.

You the fair Subject which I am to sing,
To whose kind Hands this humble Joy I bring:
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme pursue,
For I invoke no other Muse but you.
Long time had you here brightly shone below
With all the Rays kind Heaven could bestow.
No envious Cloud e'er offer'd to invade
Your Lustre, or compel you to a Shade:
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,
But that you throughout Immortal were.
Till Heaven (if Heaven could prove so cruel) sent
To interrupt the Growth of your Content,

As

As if it grudg'd those Gifts you did enjoy,
And would that Bounty which it gave, destroy:
Twas since your Excellence did envy move
In those high powers and made them jealous prove.
(thin'd

They thought these Glories should they still have
Infullied, were too much for Woman-kind.

Which might they write as lasting as they're Fair,
Too great for ought but Deities appear:

But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat,
And when it could not fairly woo you hence,
Turn'd Ravisher, and offer'd Violence.

Sickness did first a formed siege begin,
And by sure slowness try'd your Life to win.

As if by lingering methods Heav'n meant
To chase you hence and tire you to consent.

But thus in vain, Fate did to force resort,
And next by Storm strove to attack the Fort.

A Sleep, dull as your last, did you Arrest,
And all their *Magazines* of life possess.

No more the Blood its circling course did run,
But in the Veins, like Ificles, it hung.

No more the Heart (now void of quick'ning heat)
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.

Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,
And a short Death crept cold through every Limb.

All Signs of Life from sight so far withdrew,
Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There might you (were not that sense lost) have
seen

How your true Death would have resented been;
A

A Lethargy like yours, each Breast did seize,
 And all by Sympathy catcht your disease.
 Around you silent Imagery appears,
 And nought in the Spectators moves but Tears,
 They pay what Grief were to your Funeral due,
 And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew

Meanwhile, all Means, all Drugs prescribed are
 Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,
 Medicines so powerful they new Souls would save
 And Life in long dead Carcasses retrieve :

But these in vain they rougher Methods try,
 And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die
 Sad Scene of Fate ! when Tortures were your gain
 And 'twas a kindness thought to wish you pain
 As if the slack'ned string of Life run down,
 Could only by the Rack be screw'd in tune.

But Heav'n at last (grown conscious that its Pow
 Could scarce what was to die with you restore,)

And loth to see such Glories overcome,
 Sent a Post-Angel to repeat your doom ;

Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent
 And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent :

Triumphant Charms ! what may not you subdue,
 When Fate's your Slave, and thus submits to you

It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
 And for another Clew her Spindle fit :

And Life's hid Spark which did unquencht remain
 Caught the fled Light and brought it back again :

Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you
 Reviv'd, and found their Resurrection too ;

Some only griev'd, that what was deathless thought
 They saw so near to fatal ruin brought :

Now

Now crowds of Blessings on that happy hand,
Whose skill could eager Destiny withstand;
Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to save;
That Life which were it thus untimely lost,
Had been the fairest Spoil Death e'er could boast:
May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,
By whom such good to you and us was brought:
Altars and Shrines to him are justly due,
Who shew'd himself a God by raising you.
But say, fair Saint, for you alone can know,
Whither your Soul in this short fling did go;
Went it to antedate that happiness,
You must at last (tho' late we hope) possess?
Inform us lest we should your Fate belye,
And call that Death which was but Extasie.
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us see,
That Goddesses from Wounds could not be free;
And you by this unwish'd Occasion show,
That they like Mortal us can sickness know:
Pity! that Heav'n should all its Titles give,
And yet not let you with them ever live.
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,
If you could like it too Immortal be.

And so you are; half boasts a Deathless State;
Although your frailer part must yield to Fate.
By every breach in that fair lodging made,
Its blest Inhabitant is more display'd:
In that white Snow which over-spreads your Skin,
We trace the whiter Soul which dwells within;
Which while you through this shining Hue display,
Looks like a Star plac'd in the milky way:

Such

Such the bright Bodies of the Blessed are,
 When they for Rayment cloath'd with Light appear
 And should you visit now the Seat of Bliss,
 You need not wear another form but this.
 Never did Sickness in such Pomp appear,
 As when it thus your Livery did wear,
 Disease it self look'd amiable here.

So Clouds which would obscure the Sun oft gild
 be,
 And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.

Grieve not, fair Nymph, when in your Glass you
 trace

The marring Footsteps of a pale Disease.
 Regret not that your Cheeks their Roses want,
 Which a few Days shall in full store replant,
 Which, whilst your Blood withdraws its guilt
 (Red,

Tells that you own no Faults that Blushes need:
 The Sun whose bounty does each Spring restore
 What Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,
 Which every Morning with an early Ray
 Paints the young blushing Cheeks of instant Day
 Whose skill (inimitable here below,)
 Limns those gay Clouds which from Heaven's co-
 lour'd Bow,

That Sun shall soon with Interest repay,
 All the lost Beauty Sickness snatch'd away.
 Your Beams like his shall hourly now advance,
 And every Minute their swift Growth enhance.

Meanwhile (that you no helps of Health refuse)
 Accept these humble Wishes of the Muse:

Which shall not of their just Petition fail,
 & she (and she's a Goddess) ought prevail.

May no prophane Disease henceforth approach,
 This sacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,
 Or with rude Sacrilege its frame debauch.

May these fair Members always happy be
 In as full Strength and well-set Harmony,
 As the new Foundress of your Sex could boast,
 Ere she by Sin her first Perfection lost:

May Destiny, just to your Merits, twine
 All your smooth Fortunes in a Silken Line;
 And that you may at Heaven late arrive,
 May it to you its largest Bottom give.

May Heaven with still repeated Favours bless,

Till it its Pow'r below its Will confess;

Till Wishes can no more exalt your Fate,

Nor Poets fanſie you more fortunate.

D

M

S

N

ON THE DEATH

M^{rs.} *Katharine Kingscourt*

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.

SHE did, She did—I saw her mount the Sky
And with new Whiteness paint the Galaxy.
Heav'n here methought with all its Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I saw in Crowds blest Spirits meet,
And with loud Welcomes her Arrival greet;
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away
To see a Soul more white, more pure than they.

Earth was unworthy such a Prize as this,
Only a while Heav'n let us share the Bliss:
In vain her stay with fruitless Tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd Court, when that our Rival grew.
Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did so long dispence,
(Since you so wish'd her) with her absence thence:
We now resign to you alone we grant
The Sweet Monopoly of such a Saint;
So pure a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low:

Such

Such a Seraphick Brightness in her shin'd,
I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.
Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be said to die, but disappear.
Or if the Mortal was and meant to show
The greater skill by being made below;
Sure Heav'n preserv'd her by the Fall uncurst,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at first:
Never did yet so much Divinity
In such a small Compendium crowded lie.
By her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.
More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* rest,
Than lodg'd of Blessed Spirits in her Breast;
Religion dawn'd so early in her mind,
You'd think her Saint, whilst in the Womb enshrin'd.
Nay, that bright Ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had she learnt to lisp Religion's Name,
E'er she by her Example preach'd the same,
And taught her *Cradle* like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.
No Action did within her Practice fall,
Which for th' Atonement of a Blush could call;
No word of her's e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint confest might hear.
Her Thoughts had scarcely ever fully'd been
By the least Foot-step of Original Sin.
Her Life did still as much Devotion breath,
As others do at their last gasp in Death.
Hence on her Tomb of her let not be said,
So long she liv'd: but thus, so long she pray'd.

SUNDAY-THOUGHT,

in Sickness.

Lord, how dreadful is the Prospect, of Death at the remotest Distance! How the smallest Apprehensions of it can pall the most gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in sight of my Coffin, and drink a health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble at the least Envoy of the King of Terrors. To see but the shaking of my Glass makes me turn pale, and Fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Distemper. All the Jollity of my Humour and Conversation is turn'd on a sudden into shagrin and melancholy, black as Despair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body seem at once laid out, and fancy all the Plummetts of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But

whence

whence proceed these Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Disease, which disorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimera's. Why should my Soul be averse to its Enlargement? Why should it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purlieu? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and present Friends; I'm parted from the first already, and could be sever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far distant from them as my Soul must when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleasures of the World; some of them I have tried, and found empty, the others cover not, because unknown. I'm confident I could despise 'em all by a Greatness of Soul, did not the *Bible* oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've Establish'd a Reputation, and something to make me survive my self. I could have been content to be Stillborn, and have no more than the

Register, or Sexton to tell that I've ever been in the Land of the Living. In Fine, 'tis not from a Principle of Cowardise, which the Schools have called Self-preservation, the poor Effect of Instinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingness therefore, and Aversion to undergo the general Fate, must have a juster Original, and flow from a more important Cause. I'm well satisfied that this other Being within, that moves and actuates my Frame of Flesh and Blood, has a Life beyond It and the Grave: and something in it prompts me to believe its Immortality. A Residence it must have somewhere else, when it has left this Carcase, and another State to pass into, unchangeable and everlasting as it self after its Separation. This Condition must be good or bad according to its Actions and Deserts in this Life; for as it owes its Being to some Infinite Power that created it, I well suppose it his Vassal, and oblig'd to live by his Law; and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that Law, 'tis to be rewarded or punished hereafter.

This

This Diversity of Rewards and Punishments makes the two Places, Heaven and Hell, so often mention'd in Scripture, and talked of in Pulpits. Of the latter my Fears too cruelly convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torment, which I already feel in my own Conscience. There is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my single Breast. I dare not any longer with the Atheist disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergies Bugbears, invented as Nurses do frightful Names for their Children to scare 'em into Quietness and Obedience. How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd and fear'd insensibility? How oft boasted of that unhappy suspected Calm, which like that of the dead Sea, prov'd only my Curse, and a treacherous Ambush to those Storms, which at present (and will for ever I dread) shipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Bosom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noise of a tumultuous Debauch, or by stupifying

Wine (like some condemn'd Malefactor) arm'd my self against the Apprehensions of my certain Doom; Now, now the Tyrant awakes, and comes to pay at once all Arrears of Cruelty. At last, but too late (like drowning Mariners) I see the gay Monsters, which inveigled me into my Death and Destruction, Oh the gnawing Remorse of a rash unguarded, unconsidering Sinner! Oh how the Ghosts of former Crimes affright my haunted Imagination, and make me suffer a thousand Racks and Martyrdoms! I see, methinks, the Jaws of Destruction gaping wide to swallow me; and I (like one sliding on Ice) tho' I see the Danger, cannot stop from running into it. My Fancy represents to me a whole Legion of Devils, ready to tear me in pieces, numberless as my Sins or Fears; and whither Alas! whither shall I fly for Refuge? Where shall I retreat and take Sanctuary? Shall I call the Rocks and Mountains to cover me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Centre, and take me in? Poor Shift of escaping Almighty Justice! Distracting Fren-

zy! that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the reach of him whose Presence is every where, not excluded Hell it self; for he is there in the effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke some Power infinite, as That that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my Being and all that tortures it? No, no, 'tis in vain, I must be forced into Being, to keep me fresh for Torment, and retain Sense only to feel Pain. I must be dying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that nature had placed me in the Rank of things that have only a bare Existence, or at best an Animal Life, and never gave me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my Misery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables! Would the Womb that bare me had been my Prison till now, or I stept out of it into my Grave, and saved that Expences and Toil of a long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite ones stay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my first Breath, and

enter'd the Bill of Mortality as soon as the World ; Happy if I had been drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regenerate, and give me New Life, had prov'd Mortal in another Sense ! I had then died without any Guilt of my own, but what I brought into the World with me, and that too atton'd for ; I mean that which I contracted from my first Parents, my unhappiness rather than Fault, inasmuch as I was fain to be born of a sinning Race : Then I had never enhanc'd it with acquired Guilt, never added those innumerable Crimes which must make up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Ungrateful Wretch ! I've made my Sins as numerous as those Blessings and Mercies the Almighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to oblige and lead me to Repentance. How have I abused and misimployed those Parts and Talents which might have render'd me serviceable to Mankind, and repaid an Interest of Glory to their Donor ? How ill do they turn to account which I have made the Patrons of Debauchery, and Pimps and Panders

ders to Vice? How oft have I broke my Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be conscientious of keeping to a silly Woman, a Creature beneath my self; What has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Shew? Either an useful Hypocrisie taken up for Interest, or a gay specious Formality worn in Complaisance to Custom and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Fashion. How oft have I gone to Church (the place where we are to pay him Homage and Duty) as to an Assignation or Play, only for Diversion; or at best, as I must ere-long (for ought I know) with my Soul sever'd from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be imposed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of these High Treasons against the King of Glory, dare I expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts levell'd at my Head, to strike me through the very Centre? Yes I dare appeal to thee, boundless Pity and Compassion!

sion! My own Instances already tell me that thy Mercy is infinite; for I've done enough to shock Long-sufferance it self, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beseech thee by thy soft and gentle Attributes, of Mercy and Forgiveness, by the last dying Accents of my suffering Deity, have pity on a poor, humble, prostrate and confessing Sinner: And thou great Ransom of lost Mankind, who offer'd thy self a Sacrifice to atone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgag'd Happiness, do thou be my Advocate, and interceed for me with the Angry Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now shone,
 And (lo!) an Angel Post comes hast'ning down
 From Heav'n, I see him cut the yielding Air;
 So Swift, he seems at once both there and here;
 So quick, my Sight in the pursuit was slow,
 And Thought could scarce so soon the Journey go.
 No angry Message in his Looks appears,
 His Face no signs of threatening Vengeance wears.
 Comely his Shape, of Heavenly Mien and Air,
 Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.
 Such he was seen by the blest Maid of old,
 When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.

A mighty Volume in one hand is born,
Whose open'd Leaves the other seems to turn :
Vast Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.
Hark how the Heavenly Whisper strikes mine Ear,
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here !
Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King :
Welcome as the bless'd Tidings thou dost bring.
Welcome as Heav'n from whence thou cam'st but
now,

Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,
And might I here, O might I ever grow,
Fix'd and unmov'd an endless Monument
Of Gratitude to my Creator sent.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend,
Mr. CHARLES MORWENT:

A PINDARIQUE.

*Ignis utique quo clarius effulsit, citius extinguitur,
eripit se auferque ex oculis subito perfecta virtus:
quicquid est absoluti facilius transfluit, & optimi neu-
tquam diurnant.* Cambden. de Phyl. Syd.

I.

BEST Friend! could my unbounded Grief but
(rate
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wishes and thy greater Worth,
All *Hellicon* should soon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
The learned Sisters all transform'd should be,
No longer Mine but one *Melpemene*:
Each should into a *Niobe* relent,
At once the Mourner and thy Monument,
Each should become
Like the fam'd *Memnon's* speaking Tomb,
To sing thy well tun'd Praise;
Nor should we fear their being dumb,
Thou still would'st make 'em vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could distil my vital Juice in Tears!
Or waft away my Soul in sobbing Airs!
Were I all Eyes,
To flow in liquid Elegies!
That every Limb might grieve,
And dying Sorrows still retrieve;
My life should be but one long mourning day,
And like moist Vapours melt in Tears away.
I'd soon dissolve in one great Sigh,
And upwards fly,
Glad so to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.
A Sigh which might well nigh reverse thy death,
And hope to animate thee with new Breath;
Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give
A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

Adieu, blest Soul! whose hasty Flight away,
Tells, Heaven did ne'er display
Such happiness to bless the World with stay.
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmost Spite,
And shew'd her Shafts most times are levell'd at the
white.
She saw thy blooming Ripeness time prevent;
She saw and envious grew, and straight her Arrow
sent.
So Buds appearing e'er the Frosts are past,
Nip'd by some unkind Blast,
Wither in Penance for their forward Haste.
Thus have I seen a Morn so bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it scorn'd to think of Night,
Which

Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did shroud
 And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.
 The day in funeral Blackness mourn'd,
 And all to Sighs and all to Tears is turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
 Or Fate blaspheme?
 We should thy full ripe Vertues wrong,
 To think thee young;
 Fate when she did thy vigorous Growth behold
 And all thy forward Glories told,
 Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old
 The brisk Endowment of thy Mind
 Scorn'd i' th' Bud to be confin'd,
 Out-ran thy Age, and left slow Time behind;
 Which made thee reach Maturity so soon,
 And at first Dawn present a full-spread Noon.
 So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
 Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.
 Thus the first Pattern of our Race began
 His Life in middle age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V.

So well thou acted'st in thy Span of Days,
 As calls at once for Wonder, and for Praise;
 Thy prudent Conduct had so learn'd to measure
 The different whiles of Toil and Leasure,
 No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleasure:

Thy busie Industry could Time dilate,
 And stretch the Thread of Fate:
 Thy careful Thrift could only boast the Power
 To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.

No single Sand could e'er slip by
 Without its Wonder, sweet as high :
 And every teeming Moment still brought forth
 A thousand Rarities of Worth.
 While some no other Cause for Life can give,
 But a dull Habitude to live :
 Thou scorn'dst such Laziness while here beneath,
 And Liv'dst that time which others only Breath.

VI.

Next our just Wonder does commence,
 How so small Room could hold such Excellence.
 Nature was proud when she contriv'd thy Frame,
 In thee she labour'd for a Name :
 Hence 'twas she lavish'd all her Store,
 As if she meant hereafter to be poor,
 And, like a Bankrupt, run o' th' Score.
 Her curious Hand here drew in Straights, and joyn'd
 All the Perfections lodg'd in Humane kind ;
 Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie
 Crampt in a short Epitome.
 So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,
 And Jewels in a narrow Point confine
 The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.

Thus subtile Artists can
 Draw Nature's larger self within a Span :
 A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and
 (all,
 Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

VII.

Those parts which never in one Subject dwell,
 But some uncommon Excellence foretel,

Like

Like Stars did all constellate here,
 And met together in one Sphere.
 Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conspir'd
 To make themselves and thee admir'd:
 And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have
 known,
 Thou hadst all other Glories and thy self out-done,
 While some to Knowledge by degrees arrive,
 Through tedious Industry improv'd,
 Thine scorn'd by such pedantick Rules to thrive;
 But swift as that of Angels mov'd,
 And made us think it was intuitive.
 Thy pregnant Mind ne'er struggled in its Birth,
 But quick, and while it did conceive, brought
 (forth)
 The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain
 Were all unstrain'd, and without Pain.
 Thus when great *Jove* the Queen of Wisdom bare,
 So easie and so mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were these Fruits in a rough Soil bestown,
 As Gems are thick'ft in rugged Quarries sown.
 Good Nature and good Parts so shar'd thy mind,
 A Muse and Grace were so combin'd,
 'Twas hard to guess which with most Lustre shin'd,
 A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,
 Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,
 As every Heart attack'd.
 Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,
 As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;

All rude Affections that disturbers be,
 That marr or disunite Society,
 Were Foreingers to thee.
 Love only in their stead took up its Rest;
 Nature made that thy constant Guest,
 And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX.

This made thy Courtesie to all extend,
 And thee to the whole Universe a Friend:
 Those which were strangers to thy native Soil and
 (thee

No Strangers to thy Love could be,
 Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.

Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd
 (Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;
 But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt,
 As firm by Love, as they by Earth annex.
 Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection guide
 Like theirs who love by dull Geography,
 Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:

Thine reach to all beside,
 To every Member of the World's great Family.
 Heav'n's Kindness only claims a Name more ge-
 (neral

Which we the nobler call,
 Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was,
 Thou seem'dst corrupted with the very Power to
 (please.

Only to let thee gratifie,
 At once did bribe and pay thy Courtesie:
 Thy

Thy Kindness by Acceptance might be bought,
 It for no other Wages fought,
 But would its own be thought:
 No Suitors went unsatisfy'd away,
 But left thee more unsatisfy'd than they.
 Brave *Titus* ! thou might'st here thy true Portraiture

(find,

And view thy Rival in a private mind.
 Thou heretofore deserv'dst such Praise,
 When Acts of Goodness did compute thy days,
 Measur'd not by the *Sun's*, but by thine own kinder
 Rays.

(lost

Thou thought'st each Hour out of Life's Journal
 Which could not some fresh Favour boast,
 And reckon'dst Bounties thy best *Clepsydras*.

XI.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,
 Deflower their Largess with too slow a Grant:
 Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys
 What hardly can defray
 The Expence of Importunities,
 Or the Suspense of torturing Delay.
 Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to sue,
 Or thy too backward Kindness woo:
 It moved with no formal State,
 Like theirs whose Pomp does for Entreaty wait:
 But met the swift'st Desires half way;
 And Wishes did well nigh anticipate;
 And then as modestly withdrew,
 Nor for its due Rewards of Thanks would stay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodness to the happy most accrue;
 Somewhat was to the miserable due,
 Which they might justly challenge too.
 What-e'er Mishap did a known Heart oppress,
 The same did thine as wretched make;
 Like yielding Wax, thine did th' Impression take,
 And paid its Sadness in as lively Dress. (State,
 Thou could'st Afflictions from another's Breast tran-
 And foreign Grief inappropriate;
 Oft-times our Sorrows thine so much have grown,
 They scarce were more our own;
 Who seem'd exempt, thou suffer'dst all alone.

XIII.

Our small'st Misfortunes scarce could reach thy Ear,
 But made thee give in Alms a Tear;
 And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in
 (Sighs,
 As a just Tribute to their Miseries,
 Thine with their mournful Fits did symbolize,
 Like Throngs of Sighs did from its Fibres crowd,
 And told thy Grief for our each Grief aloud:
 Such is the secret Sympathy
 We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes descry,
 If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent,
 Its soft Complaint in pensive murmurs vent,
 As if it did that Injury resent:
 Untoucht the other strain returns the Moan,
 And gives an Eccho to each Groan:
 From its sweet Bowels a sad Note's convey'd,
 Like those which to condole are made,
 As if its Bowels too a kind compassion had.

D d

XIV.

XIV.

Nor was thy goodness bounded with so small extent,
Or in such narrow Limits pent.

Let Female Frailty in fond Tears distil,

Who think that Moisture which they spill
Can yield Relief,

Or shrink the Current of another's Grief,

Who hope that Breath which they in sighs convey
Should blow Calamities away.

Thine did a manlier Form express,

And scorn'd to whine at an Unhappiness;

Thou thought'st it still the noblest Pity to redress,

So friendly Angels their Relief bestow

On the unfortunate below,

For whom those purer Minds no Passion know:

Such nature in that generous Plant is found,

Whose every Breach does with a Salve abound,

And wounds it self to cure another's Wound.

In pity to Mankind it sheds its Juice,

Glad with expence of Blood to serve their Use:

First with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,

And after heals:

And makes those very Tears the Remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didst thou to thy Foes less generous appear,

(If there were any durst that Title wear,)

They could not offer Wrongs so fast,

But what were pardon'd with like haste,

And by thy acts of Amnesty defac't.

Had he who wish'd the Art how to forget

Discover'd its new Worth in thee,

He had a double Value on it set,

And justly scorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory. And

No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose,
'Twas plac'd as much out of the reach of those,
As of material Blows.

No Injuries could thee provoke,
Thy Softness always damp't the stroke,
As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.
Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
Or chase thy temper from its settled State :
But still thou stoodst unshockt by all,
As if thou hadst unlearn't the Power to hate,
Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,
And own no Passions to resent Offence,
May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
And Virtue on those Principles erect,
Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.
Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,
Which their own Statutes may possess,
And they themselves when Carcasses.
Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,
To court Abuses, that thou mightst forgive;
Wrongs thus in high Esteem seem'd Courtesie,
And thou the first was e're oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think these God-like Qualities
Could stand in need of Votaries,
Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.
Each Assignment, each Converse
Gain'd thee some new Idolaters.
Thy sweet Obligingness could supple Hate,
And out of its contrary create,

Its powerful Influence made Quarrels cease,
 And Fewds dissolv'd into a calmer Peace.
 Envy resign'd her Force, and vanquish'd Spite
 Became thy speedy Profelyte.
 Malice could cherish Enmity no more ;
 And those which were his Foes before,
 Now wish'd they might adore.
Cesar may tell of Nations took,
 And Troops by force subjected to his Yoke :
 We read as great a Conqueror in thee,
 Who couldst by milder ways all Hearts subdue,
 The Nobler Conquest of the Two ;
 Thus thou whole Legions mad'st thy Captives be,
 And like him too couldst look, and speak thy Vi-
 ctory.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs
 Thou didst Express,
 To all whom thou didst with thy Friendship bless:
 To think of Passion by new Mothers bore
 To the young Offspring of their Womb,
 Or that of Lovers to what they adore,
 Ere Duty it become:
 We should too mean *Ideas* frame,
 Of that which thine might justly claim,
 And injure it by a degrading Name:
 Conceive the tender Care,
 Of guardian Angels to their Charge assign'd ;
 Or think how dear
 To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are.
 These are the Emblems of thy mind,
 The only *Types* to shew how thou wast kind.

XIX.

On whomsoever thou didst confer this Tye
 'Twas lasting as Eternity,
 And firm as the unbroken Chain of Destiny.
 Embraces would faint shadows of your Union
 Unless you could together grow.
 That Union which is from Alliance bred,
 Does not so fastly wed,
 Tho it with Blood be cemented:
 That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,
 Which twists the double Nature in Mankind
 Only so close can bind.
 That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Vesta* paid,
 Which they immortal as the Goddess made.
 Thy noble Flames most fitly parallel;
 For thine were just so pure and just so durable.
 Those feigned Pairs of Faithfulness which claim
 So high a place in ancient Fame,
 Had they thy better Pattern seen,
 They'd made their Friendship more divine,
 And strove to mend their Characters by thine.

XX.

Yet had this Friendship no advantage been,
 Unless it were exercis'd within;
 What did thy Love to other Objects tie,
 The same made thy own Pow'rs agree,
 And reconcil'd thy self to thee,
 No Discord in thy Soul did rest,
 Save what its Harmony increas'd.
 Thy Mind did with such regular calmness move,
 As held resemblance with the greater Mind above.

Reason there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
 And reign'd alone.
 The Will its easie Neck to Bondage gave,
 And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.
 The Passions rais'd no Civil Wars,
 Nor discompos'd thee with intestine Jars :
 All did obey,
 And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.
 All threw their resty Tempers by,
 And gentle Figures drew,
 Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
 As when themselves in their first Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within such silent Pomp did keep,
 As if Humanity were lull'd asleep ;
 So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
 Time's unheard Feet scarce make less Noise,
 Or the soft Journey which a Planet goes :
 Life seem'd all calm as its last Breath,
 A still Tranquility so busht thy Breast,
 As if some *Halcyon* were its Guest,
 And there had built her Nest ;
 It hardly now enjoys a greater Rest.
 As that smooth Sea which wears the Name of *Peace*,
 Still with one even Face appears,
 And feels no Tides to change it from its place,
 No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears ;
 As that unspotted Sky,
 Where *Nile* does want of Rain supply,
 Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free,

So thy unvary'd Mind was always one,
 And with such clear Serenity still shone,
 And caus'd thy little World to seem all temp'rate
 Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boast,
 And Greatness which no Travel, but their Mothers
 (cost;

Let 'em extol a swelling Name,
 Which theirs by Will and Testament became;
 At best but meer Inheritance,
 As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.

Let some ill-plac'd Repute on Scutcheons rear,
 As fading as the Colours which those bear;

And prize a painted Field,
 Which Wealth as soon as Fame can yield.
 Thou scorn'dst at such low Rates to purchase
 Worth.

Nor couldst thou owe it only to thy Birth,
 Thy self-born Greatness was above the Power
 Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.
 Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded
 bright,

Disdain'd to shine with borrow'd Light:
 Thus from himself th' Eternal Being grew,
 And from no other Cause his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
 Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:

If from thy better part we Measures take,
 And that the Standard of our Value make,
 Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry
 To blazon thee.

Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings,
 And look'd on Empires as poor humble things,
 Great as his boundless Mind,
 Who thought himself in one wide Globe confin'd,
 And for another pin'd.

Great as that Spirit whose large Powers rowl
 Thro' the vast Fabrick of this spacious Bowl,
 And tell the World as well as Man can boast a Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtiness beget,
 Or thee above the common Level set.
 Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowments mar,
 (As things most lofty smaller still appear)
 With thee did no Alliance bear.

Love Merits oft are by too high Esteem bely'd,
 Whose Owners lessen while they raise their Price;
 Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
 Above all others and thy own *Hyperbole*;
 In thee the widest Extreames were joyn'd;
 The loftiest and the lowliest Mind.

Thus tho' some part of Heav'n's vast Round
 Appear but low, and seem to touch the Ground,
 Yet 'tis well known almost to bound the Spheres,
 'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy Brave Mind preserv'd this noble Frame,
 Thou stood'st at once secure
 From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame;
 Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee
 the same:

(lower;
 Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depress thee
 But thou from thy great Soul on both look'd'st
 down

(Frown
 Without the small concernment of a Smile or
 Heaven less dreads that it should fir'd be
 By the weak flitting Sparks that upwards fly,
 Less the bright Goddess of the Night
 Fears those loud howlings that revile her Light,
 Than thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth
 (should blast,
 Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcast.
 'Twas thy brave Method to despise Contempt,
 And make what was the Fault the Punishment.
 What more Assaults could weak Detraction raise,
 When thou could'st Saint disgrace,
 And turn Reproach to Praise?

(be,
 So Clouds which would obscure the Sun, oft gilded
 And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.
 So Diamonds, when envious Night
 Would shroud their Splendor, look most bright,
 And from its Darkness seem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

XXVI.

'Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Frame,
 Free from Contagions as thy Soul or Fame:
 Could Virtue been but proof against Death's Arms,
 Th'adst stood unvanquish'd by these Harms,
 Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.
 Fond Pleasure, whose soft Magick oft beguiles
 Raw unexperient'd Souls,
 And with smooth Flattery cajoles,
 Cou'd ne'er ensnare thee with her Wiles,
 Or make thee Captive to her smoothing Smiles.
 In vain that Pimp of Vice essay'd to please,
 In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.
 Thy Prudence still that *Syren* past
 Without being pinion'd to the Mast:
 All its attempts were ineffectual found;
 Heav'n fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,
 And forc'd the Tempter still from that forbidden
 Ground.

XXVII.

'The mad *Capricio's* of the doating Age
 Could ne'er in the same Frenzy thee engage;
 But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.
 Gallants, whom their high Breeding prize,
 Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
 Whose Talent is to court a fashionable Sin,
 And act some fine Transgression with a janty Mien,
 May by such Methods hope the Vogue to win,

Let

Let those gay Fops who deem
Their Infamies Accomplishment,
Grow scandalous to get Esteem;
And by Disgrace strive to be eminent.

Here thou disdainst the common Road,
Nor wouldst by ought be woo'd
To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode,
Vice with thy Practice did so disagree,
Thou scarce couldst bear it in thy Theory.
Thou didst such Ignorance 'bove Knowledge prize,
And here to be unskill'd, is to be wise.

Such the first Founders of our Blood,
While yet untempted, stood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didst steer.

No sly Decoy would serve,
To make thee from its rigid Dictates swerve.

Thy Love ne'er thought her worse
Because thou hadst so few Competitors.
Thou couldst adore her when ador'd by none,
Content to be her Votary alone:

When 'twas proscrib'd the unkind World,
And to blind Cells and Grotto's hurl'd,
When thought the Fantom of some crazy Brain,
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,
A thin *Chimera*, whom dull Gown-Men frame
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Thou own'dst no Crimes that shunn'd the
 Light,
 Whose Horror might thy Blood affright,
 And force it to its known Retreat.

While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
 And tell that Blushes are too weak to expiate :
 Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,
 And the whole World thy Confessor.

Conscience within still kept Affize,
 To punish and deter Impieties :

That inbred Judge such strict Inspection bore,
 So travers'd all thy Actions o'er,
 Th' Eternal Judge could scarce do more :
 Those little Escapades of Vice,

Which pass the Cognisance of most
 I th' Crowd of following Sins forgot and lost,
 Could ne'er its Sentence or Arraignment miss :

Thou didst prevent the young desires of ill,
 And them in their first Motions kill :

The very Thoughts in others unconfin'd,
 And lawless as the Wind,

Thou couldst to Rule and Order bind.

They durst not any Stamp, but that of Virtue bear,
 And free from stain as thy most publick Actions
 were.

Let wild Debauchees hug their darling Vice,
 And court no other Paradise,

Till want of Power

Bids 'em discard the stale Amour,

And when disabled Strength shall force
 A short Divorce, which
 Miscall that weak forbearance Abstinence,
 Which wise Mortality and better Sense
 Stiles but at best a sneaking Impotence.

Thine far a nobler Pitch did fly,
 'Twas all free choice, nought of Necessity.
 Thou didst that puny Soul disdain,
 Whose half strain Virtue only can restrain;
 Nor wouldst that empty Being own,
 Which springs from Negatives alone,
 But truly thought it always Vertues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor did thou those mean Spirits more approve,
 Who Virtue only for its Dowry love;
 Unbrib'd thou didst her sterling self espouse,
 Nor wouldst a better Mistress chuse.
 Thou couldst Affection to her bare *Idea* pay,
 The first that e'er caress'd her the Platonick way,
 To see her own attractions drest,
 Did all thy Love arrest,
 Nor lack'd there new Efforts to storm thy Breast:
 Thy generous Loyalty
 Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be,
 But chose to serve her still without a Livery.
 Yet wast thou not of Recompence debar'd,
 But countedst Honesty its own Reward;
 Thou didst not with a greater Bliss t' accrue,
 For to be good to thee was to be happy too.

That

That secret Triumph of thy Mind,
Which always thou in doing well didst find,
Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven
design'd.

XXXI.

What Virtues few possess but by Retail
In gross could thee their Owner call:
They all did in thy single Circle fall.
Thou wast a living *System*, where were wrote
All those high Morals which in Books are sought,
Thy Practice did more Virtues share,
Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,
Or in the *Stagyrites* scant *Ethics* grew:
Devout thou wast as holy *Hermits* are,
Which share their time 'twixt Extasie and Prayer;
Modest as Infant Roses in their bloom,
Which in a Blush their Lives consume;
So chaste, the Dead are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power,
So pure, that if blest Saints could be
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.
Thy Virtues height in Heaven alone could grow,
Nor to ought else would for Accession owe:
It only now's more perfect than it was below:

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did share;
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.
Its Motions always did to that bright Centre rowl,
And seem'd t' inform thee only on Parole.

Look

Look how the Needle does to its dear North incline,
 As wer't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb,
 Or mark what hidden force
 Bids the Flame upwards take its course,
 And makes it with that swiftness rise,
 As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.
 Such a strong Virtue did thy inclinations bend,
 And made 'em still to the best Mansions tend.
 That mighty Slave whom the proud Victor's Rage
 Shut Pris'ner in a golden Cage,
 Condemn'd to glorious Vassalage,
 Ne'r long'd for dear Enlargement more,
 Nor his gay bondage with less Patience bore,
 Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,
 While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
 And wish'd to disengage and fly away.
 It vex'd and chaf'd, and still desir'd to be
 Releas'd to the sweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wishes long unheard,
 Fate soon at its desire appear'd,
 And straight for an Assault prepar'd.
 A sudden and a swift Disease
 First on thy Heart Life's chiefest Fort does seize,
 And then on all the Subburb vitals preys:
 Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
 And scatters Poyson through its purple Flood.
 Sharp Aches in thick Troops it sends,
 And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.
 Anguish

Anguish through every Member flies,
 And all those inward Gemonies
 Whereby frail Flesh in Torture dies.
 All the staid Glories of thy Face,
 Where sprightly Youth lay checkt with manly
 (Grace
 Are now Impair'd,
 And quite by the rude hand of Sickness marr'd.
 The Body where due Symmetry
 In just Proportions once did lie,
 Now hardly could be known,
 Its very Figure out of Fashion grown;
 And should thy Soul to its own Seat return,
 And Life once more adjourn,
 'Twould stand amaz'd to see its alter'd Frame,
 And doubt (almost) whether its own Carcass were
 the same.

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickness does new matter raise,
 Both for thy Virtue and our Praise;
 'Twas here thy Picture look'd most neat,
 When deep't in Shades 'twas set;
 Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be
 Advantag'd by the Foil of Misery.
 Thy Soul which hasten'd now to be enlarg'd,
 And of its grosser Load discharg'd,
 Began to act above its wonted rate,
 And gave a Prelude of its next unbody'd State.
 So dying Tapers near their Fall,
 When their own Lustre lights their Funeral,

Con-

Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire.

So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
Tho' he gild Heav'n with a glorious Rise,
Reserves his choicest Beams to grace his

(Set :

And then he looks most great,
And then in greatest Splendor dies.

XXXV.

Thou sharpest Pains didst with that Courage
And still thy Looks so unconcern'd didst wear,
Beholders seem'd more indispos'd than thee ;

For they were sick in Effigie.

Like some well-fashion'd Arch thy Patience stood,
And purchas'd Firmness from its greater Load.

Those shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
Would make another faint ;

Thou couldst endure with true Reality,
And feel what some could hardly bear to see.

Those *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures chose,
Subjecting all the Royal Issue to that Test

Could ne'er thy Sway refuse,
If he deserves to reign that suffers best.

Had those fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
Thou'dst claim'd their Choice alone ;

They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne.

XXXVI.

All those Heroick Pieties,
Whose Zeal to truth made them its Sacrifice :
Those nobler *Scevola's*, whose whole Rage
Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,

E e

Who

Who did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,
 As if those Fires but lambent were;
 Or they had founded their *Empyreum* there.
 Might these repeat again their Days beneath,
 They h'd seen their Fates out-acted by a natural
 Death,
 And each of them resign to thee his Wreath.
 In spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny,
 To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery :
 So to caress a Doom,
 As make its Sufferings Delights become :
 So to triumph o'er Sence and thy Disease,
 As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease :
 These Wonders did thy Virtues worth enhance,
 And Sicknes to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVII.

Yet could not all these Miracles stern Fate avert,
 Or make't without the Dart.
 Only she paus'd a while with Wonder strook,
 A while she doubted if that destiny was thine,
 And turned o'er again the dreadful Book,
 And hop'd she had mistook ;
 And wish'd she might have cut another Line.
 But dire Necessity
 Soon cry'd 'twas thee,
 And bad her give the fatal Blow.
 Strait she obeys, and straight the vital Powers grow
 Too weak to grapple with a stronger Foe,
 And now the feeble Strife forego.
 Life's sap'd Foundation every Moment sinks,
 And every Breath to lesser compass shrinks ;

Last

Last panting Gasps grow weaker each Rebound,
 Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound :
 And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,
 Ready to usher in Eternal Night.

XXXVIII.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave;
 All the slight Horrors of the Grave :

Pale Death's Arrest

Ne'er shock'd thy Breast ;

Nor could it in the dreadfulst Figure drest :

That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
 When the dire Ghosts of Crimes departed haunt,
 Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldst that *Mormo*
 dare,

And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors stare;
 As free from all Effects as from the cause of Fear.

Thy Soul so willing from thy Body went,

As if both parted by Consent.

No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,

Only a Sigh, a Groan, and so away.

Death seem'd to glide with Pleasure in,

As if in this Sense too't had lost her Sting,

Like some well-acted Comedy Life swiftly past,

And ended just so still and sweet at last.

Thou like its Actors, seem'dst in borrow'd Habit
 here beneath,

And couldst, as easily

As they do that, put off Mortality.

(Breath,

Thou Breathedst out thy Soul as free as common

As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XXXIX.

Go happy Soul, ascend the joyful Sky,
 Joyful to shine with thy bright Company :
 Go mount the spangled Sphere,
 And make it brighter by another Star :
 Yet stop not there, 'till thou advance yet higher,
 'Till thou art swallow'd quite
 In the vast unexhausted Ocean of Delight :
 Delight, which there alone in its true Essence is,
 Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliss :
 Where the *Regalio's* of refined Joy,
 Which fill, but never cloy,
 Where Pleasures ever growing, ever knew,
 Immortal as thy self, and boundless too.
 There may'st thou learn'd by *Compendium*
 (grow ;
 For which in vain below
 We so much time and so much pains bestow.
 There may'st thou all *Idea's* see,
 All wonders which in Knowledge be
 In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

XL.

Meanwhile thy Body mourns in its own Dust,
 And puts on Sables for its tender Trust.
 Tho' dead, it yet retains some untoucht Grace,
 Wherein we may the Soul's fair Footsteps trace ;
 Which no Disease can frighten from its wonted
 (place :
 E'en its Deformities to thee become,
 And only serve to consecrate thy Doom.

Thofe

Those marks of Death which did its Surface stain
Now hallow, not profane.

Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;
Those Asterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin
Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:
Thy leffer, like the greater World, appears
All over bright, all over stuck with Stars.
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.
Thus among ancient *Piſſs* Nobility
In Blemishes did lie;
Each by his Spots more honourable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew.
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they
(bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

XLI.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greatest
(State
Whose Purple seem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,
And all thy Body o'er
Its ruling Colours bore:
That which infected with the noxious Ill,
But lately help'd to kill,
Whose Circulation fatal grew,
And thro' each part a swifter Ruin threw.
Now conscious its own Murther would arraign,
And throngs to sally out at every Vein.
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,
As if in its own Blushes 'twould its Guilt atone.
A sacred Rubrick does thy Carcass paint,
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint.

So *Phæbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,
And blushes he can live no longer to give Light.

XLII.

Let Fools, whose dying Fame requires to have
Like their own Carcasses a Grave,
Let them with vain Expence adorn
Some costly Urn,
Which shortly, like themselves, to Dust shall turn:
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,
Which Ruin shall e're long in its own Tomb interr.
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabrick built so high
As if 'twould climb the Sky,
And thence reach Immortality.
Thy Virtues shall embalm thy Name,
And make it lasting as the Breath of Fame,
When frailer Brass
Shall moulder by a quick Decrease;
When brittle Marble shall decay,
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.
Thy Praise shall live when Graves shall buried lie,
Till time it self shall die,
And yield its tripple Empire to Eternity.

*To the Memory of that worthy Gentle-
man Mr. Harman Atwood.*

PINDARIQUE.

I.

NO, I'll no more repine at Destiny,
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die,
When thee, blest Saint, we cold and breathless see
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,
Ought that is excellent might save,
Had justly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black irreversible Decree.
Thou didst alone such Worth, such Goodness share
As well deserv'd to be immortal here; (wear.
Deserve a Life as lasting as the Fame thou art to
At least, why went thy Soul without its Mate?
Why did they not together undivided go?
So went (we're told) the fam'd Illustrious Two.
(Nor could they greater Merits shew,
Altho' the best of Patriarchs that,
And this the best of Prophets was)
Heav'n did alive the blessed Pair translate;
Alive they launch'd into Life's boundless Happiness,
And never past Death's Straights and narrow Seas;
Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profession under Scandal lain,
And felt a general tho' unjust Disdain,

An upright Lawyer Contradiction seem'd,
 And was at least a Prodigy esteem'd,
 If one perhaps did in an Age appear,
 He was recorded like some blazing Star;
 And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,
 As heretofore to the strange honest Publican.
 To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks should

(give,
 To thee who couldst alone its lost Repute retrieve.
 Thou the vast wide extremes didst reconcile,
 The first, almost e'er taught it was not to beguile.
 To each thou didst distribute Right so equally,
 Ev'n Justice might her self correct her Scales by
 And none did now regret (thee.
 Her once bewail'd Retreat,
 Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.

Henceforth succeeding Time shall bear in mind,
 And Chronicle the best of all the kind:

The best e'er since the Man that gave
 Our suffering God a Grave;
 (That God who living no abode could find,
 Tho' he the World had made, and was to save)
 Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,
 And make it from Corruption free: (Fame,

Those Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of
 And fixt a lasting Fragrancy upon his Name;
 And rais'd it with his Saviour to Immortality.

III.

Hence the stale musty Paradox of equal Souls,
 That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,
 Avow'd by dull Philosophers and thinking Fools.
 Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-
 thrown: Here

Here might the grave Disputers find
 Themselves all baffl'd by a single Mind,
 And see one vastly larger than their own,
 Tho' all of theirs was mixt in one.
 A Soul as great as e'er vouchsaf'd to be
 Inhabiter in low Mortality;
 As e'er th' Almighty Artist labour'd to infuse,
 Thro' all his Mint he did the brightest chuse;
 With his own Image stamp't it fair,
 And bid it ever the Divine Impression wear:
 And so it did, so pure, so well,
 We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell:
 So spotless still, and still so good,
 As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.
 Hence conscious too, how high, how nobly born:
 It never did reproach its Birth,
 By valuing ought of base or meaner worth,
 But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt
 and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who
 Can only by diffusing greater grow:
 He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,
 And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.
 So kind, so generous, and so free,
 As if he only liv'd in Courtesie,
 To be unhappy did his Pity claim,
 Only to want it did deserve the same:
 (Misery.
 Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and
 His unconfin'd unhoarded Store
 Was still the vast Exchequer of the Poor;
 And

And whatſoe'er in pious Acts went out
 He did in his own Inventory put :
 For well the wiſe and prudent Banker knew
 His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,
 And all th' expences of his Charity defray ;
 And ſo he did, both Principal and Intereſt too,
 And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.
 Such, and ſo univerſal is the Influence, (penſe,
 Which the kind bounteous Sun does here diſ-
 With an unwearied indefatigable Race,
 He travels round the World each day,
 And viſits all Mankind, and every place,
 And ſcatters Light and Bleſſings all the way.
 Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,
 Yet does he not like waſting Tapers ſpend.
 Tho' he ten thouſand years diſburſe in Light,
 The boundleſs Stock can never be exhausted quite.

V.

Nor was his Bounty ſtinted or deſign'd,
 As theirs who only partially are kind ;
 Or give where they Return expect to find :
 But like his Soul, its fair Original ;
 'Twas all in all,
 And all in every part,
 Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.
 Brib'd with the Pleaſure to oblige and gratifie,
 As Air and Sunſhine he diſpos'd his kindneſs free,
 Yet ſcorn'd Requitals, and worſe hated Flattery,
 And all obſequious Pomp of vain Formality.
 Thus the Almighty Bounty does beſtow
 Its Favours on our undeſerving Race below :
 Conferr'd on all its loyal Votaries ;
 Conferr'd alike on its rebellious Enemies. To

To it alone our All we owe,
 All that we are and are to be,
 Each Art and Science to its Liberty,
 And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.
 Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude re-
 No charge of Sacrifice desire; (quire,
 Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,
 As heretofore,
 To make his Altars float, with reeking Gore
 A small Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,
 Ev'n the cheap humble Offring of worthless
 Thanks and Praise.

VI.

(sum,
 But how, blest Saint, shall I thy numerous Virtues
 If one or two take up this room,
 To what vast bulk must the full *Audit* come?
 As that bold Hand that drew the fairest Deity,
 Had many naked Beauties by,
 And took from each a several Grace, and Air, and
 And all in one Epitome did joyn (Line,
 To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:
 So must I do to frame thy Character.
 I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,
 And then abridge it all,
 And crowd, and mix the various *Idea's* there;
 And yet at last of a just Praise despair.

Whatever ancient Worthies boast,
 Which made themselves and Poets their Describers
 great, (ate;
 From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines cre-
 Thou hadst thy self alone engrost, (meet:
 And all their scatter'd Glories in thy Soul did
 And

And future Ages when they eminent Virtues see,
 (If any after thee
 Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,
 Without the Fear of being far out-done)
 Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
 Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
 And thy fair Copy in a less correct Edition show.

VII.

Religion over all did a just Conduct claim,
 No false Religion which from Custom came,
 Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name;
 No Issue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
 Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
 But 'twas a firm well grounded Piety,
 That knew all that it did believe, and why;
 And for the glorious Cause durst die,
 And durst out-suffer ancient Martyrology.

So knit and interwoven with its being so,
 Most thought it did not from his Duty, but his
 Nature flow;

Exalted far above the vain small Attacks of Wit,
 And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,
 Who try by little Railleries to ruin it,
 And jeer't into an unregarded poor defenceless thing.

The Men of Sense who in Confederacy join
 To damn Religion, had they view'd but thine
 They'd have confest it pure, confest it all divine,
 And free from all Pretences of Imposture or Design.
 Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and
 the Stage,

And Profelyte as fast as they debauch the Age:
 So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World
 reprieve,
 Should

Should a destroying Angel stand
 With brandish'd Thunder in his Hand,
 Ready the bidden stroke to give,
 Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
 Which all the Epithets of Gentleness did claim,
 Late prov'd the Source of Faction and intestine
 (Jars:

Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, she
 Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,
 And harbour'd in her Bowels, Fewds and Civil Wars;
 Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,
 And of a soft and easie Mistress turn'd a Shrew:
 Passion and Anger went for marks of Grace,
 And looks deform'd and sullen sanctify'd a Face.
 Thou first its meek and Primitive Temper didst
 restore,

First shew'd how Men were pious heretofore:
 The gall-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no
 (Rest,

Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast,
 And straight the swelling Waves decreast,
 And straight tempestuous Passions ceast:
 Like Winds and Storms where some fair *Halcyon*
 builds her Nest,

No over-threatning Zeal did thee inspire,
 But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,
 To warm, but not devour,

And only did refine, and make more pure:
 Such is that Fire that makes thy present blest Abode,
 The Residence and Palace of our God.

And

And such was that bright unconsuming Flame,
 So mild, so harmless, and so tame,
 Which heretofore i' th' Bush to *Moses* came:
 At first the Vision did the wondring Prophet scare,
 But when the Voice had check'd his needless fear,
 He bow'd and worshipp'd, and confest the Deity was

IX.

(there.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'n's happy Guest!

Hail new Inhabitant amongst the Blest!

Methinks I see kind Spirits in convoy meet,

And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief away

To see a Soul more white, more pure than they:

By them thou'rt led on high

To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.

Where circulating Pleasures make an endless Round,

To which scant Time or Measures sets no Bound:

Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,

And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy,

Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oftner Cloy:

Where Being is no longer Life but Extasie,

But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.

A Joy above the boldest flights of daring Verse,

And all a Muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse:

There happy thou

(free,

From Troubles and the bustling Toil of Business

From noise and *tracas* of tumultuous Life below;

Enjoy'st the still and calm Vacation of Eternity.

F I N I S.

CHARACTER.

NO wonder if I am at a loss to describe him, whom Nature was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in Painting, where the most misshapen Figures are the greatest Proofs of Skill. To draw a Thersites or Æsop well, requires the Pencil of Vandike or Titian, more than the best Features and Lineaments. All the thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigested as himself. The very Idea and Conception of him are enough to cramp Grammar, to disturb Sense, and confound Syntax. He's a Solecism in the great Construction, therefore the best Description of him is Nonsense, and the fittest Character to write it in, that Pot-hook-hand the Devil at Oxford us'd in Queens College-Library. He were Topick enough for convincing an Atheist that the World was made by Chance. The first Matter had more of Form and Order, the Chaos more of Symmetry and Proportion. I could call him Nature's Byblo, Miscarriage and Abortive; or say, he is her Embryo sink'd before Maturity; but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher Pitch to reach his Deformity. He is the ugliest she ever took Pains to make so, and Age to make worse. All the Monsters of Africa lie kennell'd in his single Skin. He's one of the Grotesques of the Universe, whom the grand Artist drew only (as Painters do uncouth ugly Shapes) to fill up the empty Spaces and
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Cantons of *this* great Frame. *He's* Man anagrammatiz'd : A Mandrake has more of Humane Shape : His Face carries Libel and Lampoon in't. Nature at its Composition wrote Burlesque, and shew'd him how far she could out-do Art in Grimace. I wonder 'tis not hired by the Play-houses to draw Antick Vizards by : Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and design'd for the Scaramuchio of Mankind. When I see him, I can no more forbear than at the sight of a Zany or Nokes ; but am like to run the Risque of the Philosopher, looking on an Ass mumbling Thistles. He's more ill-favour'd than the Picture of Winter drawn by a Fellow that dawbs Sign-Posts, more lowering than the last day of January. I have seen a handsomer Mortal carv'd in Monumental Gingerbread, and woven in Hangings at Mortlack. If you have ever view'd that wooden Gentleman that peeps out of a Country Barbers Window, you may fancy some Resemblance of him. His damn'd squeeking Close-stool-Face can be likn'd to nothing better than the Buttocks of an old wrinkled Baboon, straining upon an Hillock. The very Sight of him in a morning would work with one beyond Jalap and Rhubarb. A Doctor (*I'm* told) once prescrib'd him to one of his Parishioners for a Purge : he wrought the Effect, and gave the Patient fourteen Stools. 'Tis pity he is not drawn at the City Charge, and hung up in some publick Forica as a Remedy against Costiveness.

Indeed by his Hue you might think he had been employed to that use : One would take him for the Picture of Scoggin or Tarleton on a Privy-house Door, which by long standing there has contracted the Colour of the
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neighbouring Excrements. Reading lately how Garagantua came into the World at his Mother's Ear, it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth, that his Dam was deliver'd of him on t'other side, beset him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the Stains. His filthy Countenance looks like an old Chimney-piece in a decay'd Inn, sullied with Smoak, and the sprinkling of Ale-pots. 'Tis dirtier than an ancient thumb'd Record, greasier than a Chandler's Shop-book. You'd imagine Snails had crawl'd the Hay upon it. The Case of it is perfect Vellum, and has often been mistaken for it. A Scrivener was like to cheapen it for making Indentures and Deeds; besides 'tis as wrinkled as a walking Busking: It has more Furrows than all Cotswold. You may resemble it to a Gammon of Bacon with the Sward off. I believe the Devil travels over it in his Sleep with Hobnails in his Shooes. By the Maggot-eaten Sur-Face you'd swear he had been dug out of his Grave again with all his Worms about him to bait Fel-hooks. But enough of it in General, I think it time to descend to Particulars; I wish I could divide his Face, as he does his Text, i. e. tear it asunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the most remarkable part of it. His Mouth (saving your presence, Christian Readers) is like the Devils Arse of Peak, and is just as Large. By the Scent you'd take it for the Hole of a Privy: He may be winded by a good Nose at twelve score; I durst have ventur'd at first being in Company, that he dieted on Asa-fœtida. His very Discourse stinks in a Literal Sense; 'tis breaking-Wind, and you'd think

he talk'd at the other End. Last New-years-day he taint'd a Loin of Veal with saying Grace: All the Guests were fain to use the Fanatical Posture in their own Defence, and stand with their Caps over their Eyes like Malefactors going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is, that it can't be stopp'd: The Breach is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a Milliner, he might measure Ribbon by it without the help of his Yard or Counter. It reaches so far backwards, those, that have seen him with his Peruke off, say it may be discerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould stretch the Dutchess of Cl-- to straddle over: I had almost said, 'tis as wide as from Dover to Calais. Could he shut it, the Wrinkles round about would represent the Form of the Sea-mens Compass, and should he bluster, 'twere a pretty Emblem of those swelling Mouths at the Corners of Maps puffing out Storms. When he Smoaks I am always thinking of Montgibel and its Eruptions. His Head looks exactly like a Devise on a Kitchen Chimney; His Mouth the Vent, and his Nose the Fane. And now I talk of his Snout, I dare not mention the Elephants for fear of speaking too little: I'd make bold with the old Wit, and compare it to the Gnomon of a Dial; but that he hath not Teeth enough to stand for the twelve Hours. 'Tis so long, that when he rides a Journey, he makes use of it to open Gates. He's fain to smite it with both Hands. It cannot be wip'd under as much as the Royal Breech. A Man of ordinary Bulk might find Shelter under its Eves, were it not for the Droppings. One protested to me in Raillery, that when he looks against the Sun, it

sha-

shadows his whole Body, as some story of the Sciopodæ Feet. Another Hyperbolical Rascal would make me believe that the Arches of it are as large as any two of London-Bridge, or the great Rialto at Venice. Not long ago I met a one-legg'd Tarpawlin that had been begging at his Door, but could get nothing: The witty Whoreson (I remember) swore that his Bow-sprit was as long as that of the Royal Sovereign. I confess, stood he in my way, I durst not venture round by his Forside, for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the Cape: He has this priviledge for being unmannerly, that it will not suffer him to put off his Hat: And therefore (tis said at home he has a Cord fastn'd to it, and draws it off with a Pully, and so receives the Addresses of those that visit him. This I'm very confident of, he has not heard himself sneeze this seven Years: And that leads me to his Tools of Hearing: His Ears, resemble those of a Country Justices Black Jack, and are of the same matter, hue, and size. He's as well bung as any Hound in the Country; but by their Bulk and growing upwards, he deserves to be rank'd with a greazier of Beasts: His single self might have shown with Smeck, and all the Club Divines. You may pare enough from the sides of his Head to have furnisht a whole Regiment of Round-Heads: He wears more there than all the Pillories in England ever have done. Mandevile tells me of a People somewhere, that use their Ears for Cushions: He has reduced the Legend to Probability: A Servant of his (that could not conceal the Midas) told me lately in private that going to Bed he binds them on his

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Crown, and they serve him instead of Quilt Night-Caps. The next observable that falls under my Consideration is his Back: Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his Shoulders: He was built with a Buttreſs to ſupport the weight of his Noſe; and help ballance it. Nature hung on him a Knapſack, and made him repreſent both Tinker and Budget too. He looks like the Viſible Tye of Æneas bolſtring up his Father, or like a Beggar-Woman, endorſt with her whole Litter, and with Child behind. You may take him for Anti-Chriſtopher with the Devil at his Back. I believe the Atlas in Wadham-Garden at Oxford was carv'd by him: Certainly he was begot in a Cupping-Glaſs: His Mother longed for Pumpions, or went to ſee ſome Camel ſhown while ſhe was conceiving him. One would think a Mole has crept into his Carcaſs before 'tis laid in the Church-Yard, and Rooted in; it or that an Earthquake had diſorder'd the Symmetry of the Microcoſm, ſunk one Mountain and put up another. And now I ſhould deſcend lower, if I darſt venture: But I'll not deſile my Pen: My Ink is too cleanly for a farther Deſcription. I muſt beg my Reader's Diſtance, as if I were going to Untruſts. Should I mention what is beneath, the very Jakes would ſuffer by the Compariſon, and twere enough to bring a Bog-Houſe in diſgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good People on the Parliament-Houſe, only from the Shoulders upwards. To me 'tis a greater Prodigy than himſelf, how his Soul has ſo long endured ſo naſty a Lodging. Were there ſuch a thing as a Metemphychoſis, how gladly would it exchange its Carcaſe for
that

that of the worst and Vile Brute: I'm sufficiently perswaded against the whim of Præ-existence; for any thing that had the Pretence of Reason would never have entred such a Durance of Choice: Doubtless it must have been guilty of some unheard of Sin, for which Heaven dooms its Penance in the Present Body, and ordains it its first Hell here. And 'tis disputable which may prove the worst, for't has suffered half an Eternity already. Men can hardly tell which of the two will out-live the other. By his Face you'd guess him one of the Patriarchs, and that he liv'd before the Flood: His Head looks as if it had worn out three or four Bodies, and were Legacied to him by his Great-Grand-Father. His Age is out of Knowledge. I believe he was born before Registers were invented. He should have been a Ghost in Queen Mary's Days. I wonder Holingshead does not speak of him. Every Limb about him is Chronicle: Pat and John of the Times were short-Livers to him. They say, he can remember when Pauls was founded, and London-Bridge built. I my self have heard him tell all the Stories of York and Lancaster upon his own Knowledge. His very Cane and Spectacles are enough to set up an Antiquary. The first was the Walking-Staff of Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury, which is to be seen by his Arms upon the Head of it. The other belong'd to the Chaplain of William the Conqueror, was of Norman make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis strange the late Author of M. Fickle forgot to make his Sir Arthur Oldlove swear by them, the Oath had been of as good Antiquity as St. Austin's Night-Cap, or Mahomet's Threshold. I have

have often wonder'd he never set up for a Conjuror: His very Look would bring him in Vogue, draw Custom, and undo Lilly and Gadbury. You'd take him for the Ghost of Old Haly or Albumazar, or the Spirit Frier in the Fortune Book; his Head for the enchanted brazen one of Friar Bacon. 'Twould pose a good Physiognomist to give Names to the Lines in his Face. I've observ'd all the Figures and Diagrams in Agrippa and Ptolomy's Centiloquies there upon strict view. And t'other day a Linguist of my Acquaintance shew'd me all the Arabick Alphabet betwixt his Brow and Chin. Some have admired how he came to be admitted into Orders, since his very Face is against the Canon: I guess he pleaded the Qualification of the Prophets of Old, to be Withered, Toothless and Deformed. He can pretend to be an Elisha only by his Baldness. The Devils Oracles heretofore were utter'd from such a Mouth. 'Twas then the Candidates for the Tripos were fain to plead Wrinkles and Grey Hairs; a Splay Mouth, and a goggle Eye were the cheapest Symon, and the ugly and crippled were the only men of preferment. And this leads me to consider him a little in the Pulpit. And there 'tis hard to distinguish whether that or his Skin be the courser Wainscot: He represents a crackt Weather-Glass in a Frame. You'd take him by his Looks and Posture for Muggelton doing Penance and paulted with rotten eggs. Had his Hearers the trick of Writing Short-Hand, I should fancy him an Offender upon a Scaffold, and the in Penning his Confession. Not a flux'd Debauchee in a Sweating Tub makes worse Faces. He makes Doctrine as
Folks

Folks do their Water in the Stone or Strangury. Ba-laams Ass was a better Divine, and had a better Delivery. The Thorn at Glastenbury had more Sence and Religion, and would make more Converts. He speaks not, but grunts, like one of the Gadareen Hogs after the Devil's enter'd. When I came first to his Church, and saw him perch'd on high against a Pillar, I took him by his gaping for some Juggler going to swallow Bibles and Hour-Glasses. But I was soon convinc'd that other Feats were to be play'd, and on a sudden lost all my Senses in Noise. A Drunken Huntsman reeling in while he was at Prayer, asked if he were giving his Parishioners a Hollow: He has preached half his Parish deaf: His Din is beyond the Catadupi of Nile: All his Patrons Pigeons are frighted from their Apartment, and he's generally believed the Occasion. He may be heard farther than Sir Samuel Moorlands Flagelet. Nay, one damn'd mad Rogue swore, should he take a Text concerning the Resurrection, he might serve for the last Trumpet. And yet in one Respect he's fitted for the Function. His Countenance, if not Doctrine, can scare men into Repentance, like an Apparition: Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful, than now while he is alive.

A Maid meeting him in the Dark in a Church-Yard, was frighted into Phanaticism. Another is in Bedlam upon the same Occasion: I dare not approach him without an Exorcism, In the Name, &c. is the fittest Salutation: Some have thought the Parsonage-House haunted since he dwelt there. In York-shire (tis reported) they make use of his Name instead of Raw-

Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones to fright Children. He is more terrible than those Phantoms Country Folks tell of by the Fire-side, and pretend to have seen, with Leathern-wings, Cloyen-feet, and Sawcer-eyes: If he go to Hell (as 'tis almost an Article of my Creed, he will) the Devils will quake for all their warm Dwelling, and crowd up into a Nook for fear of him.



F I N I S.
